CHAMBLISS' DIARY

OR, SOCIETY AS IT REALLY IS

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Yours truthfully
Wm. H. Chambliss.

CHAMBLISS' DIARY;

OR,

SOCIETY AS IT REALLY IS.

BY

WILLIAM H. CHAMBLISS.

Fully Illustrated with over Fifty Copper-plate Half-Tones and Photo-Engravings.

INCLUDING TWENTY-FIVE SOCIETY PICTURES BY

LAURA E. FOSTER.

NEW YORK:

CHAMBLISS & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,

PULITZER BUILDING.

1895.

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DEDICATION.

To my Mother, and all other Good Mothers:

Knowing that the mutual chief object of the lives of all true mothers is, as it always was and always will be, the improvement of the human family, and believing that a concentration of attention—which is bound to come about sooner or later—on certain evils which exist among the supposed better classes in our large cities, would result in a decided improvement, I beg to dedicate to you these pages as a testimonial of appreciation of what the better half of enlightened mankind would like to do for society.

W. H. Chambliss.

New York, April 14, 1895.

PREFACE.

According to the ablest critics, authors are witnesses. Therefore the press and the reading public must be the lawyers, the judges, and the jury.

This book contains the truth.

It is intended, bear in mind, for persons who possess intelligence enough to think for themselves.

While mainly on the subject of society, it nevertheless touches on travel.

As the book has been written at odd moments, and under a great variety of circumstances, in various parts of the world, it has received a title not inapplicable, I hope, to a record of individual experiences, candid opinions, and rambling observations of all classes of society.

I have kept a diary for more than twelve years, during which time I served a regular apprenticeship in the United States Naval Training Squadron, made a voyage around the world, served four years as an officer in ships of the merchant marine service, and afterward spent considerable time traveling abroad, as well as in the United States, in pursuit of additional knowledge of the ways of the world.

The foolish attempt of certain members of the parvenu element of San Francisco and New York to suppress the book before it was half written, by accusing me of being too personal in my remarks, and writing in a spirit of revenge, only goes to prove that the guilty sometimes

call attention to their errors by denying things of which no one has accused them.

In order to show the difference between real respectability and vulgar pretension in high, or alleged high, life, I have indulged in a few personal remarks, and have given some examples that will corroborate the openly expressed opinions of many honorable citizens, who declare that the alleged or self-styled high society is just the reverse of what it claims to be. I have written this for the good of society, and not with a view to injuring anyone.

No person has a higher regard for real respectability than I have, and my detestation for shoddyism, snobbery, and insolence, the three principal strands in the mainstay of the alleged high society, ranks second to that of none.

The compilers of dictionaries evidently never imagined that the parvenus of any American community would ever become so thoroughly un-Americanized as to necessitate the coining of a new word comprehensive enough to express the contempt with which the upstarts of the present day inspire all persons endowed with God's gift to man—common sense.

The word Parvenucracy (pronounce Par'-ven-ŏoc'-ra'-cy), used in this book, has been designed expressly for this subject.

Parvenucracy means those arch-parvenus, and their followers, who imagine that the mere acquisition of a few thousand dollars, coupled with an unlimited supply of insolence and arrogance, is all that they require in order to gain admission to the homes of persons of culture and refinement.

Throughout the book I have endeavored to write in language that is used in ordinary conversation. In order

to make the book readable, I have refrained from the perpetration of such "fashionable" absurdities as quotations from alien, unknown, and dead languages.

I have one request to make of the reader, and that is, to bear in mind that in commenting upon the absurdities of certain individuals, whose names I have used, I have not been actuated by any personal dislike. It is entirely a matter of principle. I see no harm in using the names of impostors who hanker after notoriety of the most ridiculous kind, in order to create the impression that they are that which, Heaven knows, they are not. There is no more personal feeling in the contents of these pages than there is in the writings of the humorous reporter, who is assigned by the city editor to supply a few columns of legitimate news for a reliable daily paper, or in the productions of the caricaturists attached to the staffs of *Puck*, *Wasp*, and *Judge*.

If it is wrong to point out certain corruptions; if it is sinful and irreverent to say that those corruptions are hurtful to purity and virtue; if it is wrong to criticise so-called gentlemen for ignoring their marriage vows; if it is unlawful to suggest the setting up of a social standard not to be cursed with the domination of ill-gotten wealth; and last, but not least, if it is wrong to say that the negro ex-slave—the very lowest of all creation resembling man—is unfit to become the husband of the American gentleman's daughter, the flower of our nation, then I sincerely hope that my humble opinions and truthful reminiscences may never reach the intelligent public.

THANKS FOR ADVANCE PRESS NOTICES.

THE author begs to inform the reader that all credit for the good that may result from the publication of his Diary is due to his Friends and the Press.

His friends advised him to write, and the press notified the public that the book was being written.

No better proof that the leading representatives of the American press favor the stamping out of corruption, and the establishment of a higher social standard, is wanted than the fact that they assist with their able pens all authors who write for the public good; and no better example exists at the present time than the liberal, friendly aid extended to the author of this book.

Since the announcement that the work was being prepared for publication, the gratuitous advance press notices, in various parts of the nation, have already amounted to the gigantic sum of over three hundred and ninety thousand words (390,000), besides pictures and caricatures enough to fill dozens of columns of valuable space.

The San Francisco *Examiner*, the monarch of the Western dailies, for instance, has, up to date, devoted over thirty columns of news space to the assistance of the principles advocated in the book. At the rate of 1200 words to the column, allowing for pictures and display head-lines, the notices of this great people's newspaper alone amount to 36,000 words of news, besides a leading editorial of 1000 words, all commending the

object of the book. The New York *Herald*, the Chicago *Tribune*, the Chicago *Times-Herald*, the St. Louis *Republic*, and many other leading American dailies, fell in line with the *Examiner*, and devoted column after column to it. The New York *Herald* published in its St. Patrick's Day edition an article of about 3500 words on the front page of the supplement. Extracts from this article were telegraphed all the way across the continent and published in many papers. *The Wasp*, the great cartoon paper of the West, published a caricature of the author in a bullet-proof coat; and the San Francisco *Call* made sufficient mention of the work to show his recognition of the effort.

The following extracts will show the spirit of the press concerning the book.

The first intimation that the public received of the work was in the following notice, under the head of Sparks, by Mr. Mackay, in the San Francisco *News Letter*:

"Since William H. Chambliss returned from the Orient he has been busy writing a book, which will soon be published. The most interesting features of the work will be extracts from his Diary, which he has kept since he was a boy. It will contain glimpses of life as Mr. Chambliss found it when he was enrolled in Uncle Sam's Navy, and sketches of his experiences in San Francisco society. There are few men of his age who have seen as much of the world as he has. He entered the navy when he was seventeen, and graduated in 1887, after having circumnavigated the globe in the schoolship *Essex*. His life as an officer in the Pacific Mail Steamship Company was interesting and varied, and he has in his possession many treasures of a world's pilgrimage."

The enterprising editor of the *Examiner* read the *News Letter's* friendly mention, and at once detailed Mr. C. M. Coe to call for some further information to give to the public.

After looking over the *Diary*, Mr. Coe picked out some extracts and published them in a two-column article, which attracted the attention of the press of the country.

From the *Examiner's* first criticism the following is extracted :

"CHAMBLISS AS AN AUTHOR.

"WRITING A BOOK ON SOCIAL LIFE.

"William H. Chambliss, the young society leader, and organizer of the Monday Evening Cotillion Club, is writing a book.

"The scheme of embalming his ideas in literature struck him many months ago, and with him to receive an idea is to act upon it.

"A call was made on him yesterday, when it was found that he had transformed his Palace Hotel suite of rooms into a veritable literary den.

"In his writings, he has not stinted himself in expression. He writes frankly and tells not only what he knows, but also what he thinks. *Chambliss' Diary* contains a mine of information of a kind not readily to be had."

FOLLOWING ARE EXTRACTS FROM PAPERS TAKEN UP AT RANDOM.

"Mr. Chambliss, a prominent society man of San Francisco, is writing a book descriptive of society as it really is, and Miss Laura E. Foster, a popular society lady, is illustrating it. The selection of Miss Foster for such a task is a decided compliment to her ability as an artist."—*Alameda Daily Argus.*

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"The forthcoming work on society, by W. H. Chambliss, will fill a long felt want."—*Sacramento Bee.*

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"The literary style of the book is peculiarly his own, and there is little doubt that he will create a sensation in society. In fact, it

is doubtful if anyone but Mr. Chambliss could have written it."—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

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"It is a protest against what the author calls the 'Parvenucracy,' which he asserts has society by the throat.

"The word is a new one, and describes a condition of wealth, arrogance, ignorance, bad manners, and immorality which the author says exists in parvenu society.

"He declares that the antics of the Parvenucracy, and the ridiculous make-up of their so-called society, place San Francisco in a bad light with the rest of the country.

"In New York, says Mr. Chambliss, you have the rich vulgarian whose wealth is due to brains, and whose sons stand a chance of inheriting brains, but in San Francisco we have the arch-parvenu, a complete mutton-head, who simply stumbled across a lot of money.

"The author is a Southerner, and he says this leveling of social requirement is degrading, and that a higher social standard should be set up."—*New York Herald.*

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"Judging from the extended notices given Mr. Chambliss by the New York and Chicago papers, his book will create a social sensation."—*Port Gibson (Miss.) Reveille.*

***

"The author of *Society as it Really Is,* is far from being a happy man. First he was worried to distraction by ambitious people who wanted to receive mention in the book; and now several persons, whose antics he has commented upon, threaten to quarter him if he mentions them. I would advise Mr. Chambliss to equip himself at once with one of Herr Dowe's bullet-proof coats."—*The Wasp.*

***

"Apropos of art, Miss Laura E. Foster of Alameda is illustrating Mr. Chambliss' society book, which one hears so much about nowadays.

"Miss Foster is very clever with her pen and ink. She won the prize offered by the *Examiner* for the best design for a lady's bicycle suit."—*Pacific Town Talk.*

***

"No subject has created more interest and speculation in society circles during the past few months than the book to be entitled *Chambliss' Diary; or, Society as it Really Is.*

"In the dedication the author gives the keynote to the contents of the forthcoming book. It is dedicated to his mother, and declares that, as the chief object of the lives of all true mothers is the improvement of society, concentration of attention on existing evils must result in a general improvement in mankind. The style of the work is straightforward, and no one can doubt the author's sincerity.

"Though caustic and fearless in holding up the absurdities and pretensions of the new-rich as a warning to others, he has nevertheless a dignified purpose and a certain kindliness of treatment which can offend only those whose errors he speaks of."—*San Francisco News Letter.*

***

"A recent announcement that a book would appear entitled *Chambliss' Diary* has caused more interest, and awakened more curiosity in the public mind, especially among society people, than any work for a number of years.

"The author is well known as a typical representative of honored heredity. His life and career have given him favorable opportunities to see society life as it really is, and the 'Diary' is a truthful narrative of the customs and usages of the best society, and a scathing review of shoddyism, vulgarity, and truckling sycophancy, abundant in the so-called society of parvenus."—*Jared Hoag's California and her Builders.*

***

"The object of the book is to show the difference between the better elements of society and the pretenders who claim social supremacy on account of wealth alone."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"*Chambliss' Diary* will be the most successful book ever issued on society. There is a profound conviction all around that the author is a man who has had the opportunity of studying the human nature he is portraying on paper. He has traveled extensively all over the world, always moving in the best circles of society. He comes from one of the oldest families in Mississippi." —*Miss Jessie Robertson's San Francisco Society.*

FUTILE ATTEMPT AT SUPPRESSION.

The high-handed attempt of several members of the Crocker-Huntington-S. P. R. R. faction to suppress the publication of the work has been told in the columns of the press. Mention of same will be found on pages 358 to 363.

The San Francisco *Examiner*, in commenting upon the absurdity of trying to suppress the truth, made the following remarks in a leading editorial :

"That there should be a considerable dissension from the publication of *Mr. Chambliss' Diary*, wherein he has unfolded his secrets concerning the personnel of society, is natural ; that the dissenters should be persons of prominence in that 'sacred' circle no less so. Whether the author has or has not portrayed 'Society as it really is' would seem to be a matter of minor importance in determining the cause of dissension. Of greater weight is the fact that he has portrayed it as it has pleased him to do. From Mr. Chambliss' tastes in pleasure neither social distinction, nor obscure origin, nor financial worth is adequate protection. Even great military prowess is insufficient to silence him."

CHAMBLISS' DIARY;

OR,

SOCIETY AS IT REALLY IS.

CHAPTER I.

THE word Society, as it is generally used in conversation and writing, by all civilized persons in the United States, is supposed to mean the better or more refined portion of any law-respecting community; well-bred persons of culture and enlightenment, to whom the masses may look for the very best examples in everything that pertains to social usages; citizens whose actions are above reproach; ladies and gentlemen who, by their pure instincts and good influences, direct and facilitate the advancement of respectability.

When we speak of the state of society, we do not mean the condition of any organization or "set," the members of which may claim distinction above all other "sets" or organizations in a community; we do not mean the high municipal officers, for mere incumbency is no guarantee of either veracity or integrity, or even common decency, nowadays; and we certainly do not mean the rich people of a community, for it is not necessary for a person to possess vast wealth in order to be a good citizen; we simply mean the general state of civilization.

All persons of intelligence should understand that the

present state of civilization is due to the labors of those who brought it about; therefore, the word society is not applicable to persons of leisure, who do nothing at all except boast that they never work, simply because they have enough to live on without doing anything that resembles work, or as they themselves express it: "We don't work because we don't have to."

That is just it exactly; they prefer to live their useless lives in idleness, and squander what was earned, honestly, perhaps, in some instances, by those who are no longer numbered among the living.

When a man boasts that he is a "gentleman of leisure," it is perfectly safe to consider him a fool, an impostor, an upstart, or anything except a gentleman.

Among creatures of this class, refinement, culture, politeness, proper behavior, and in fact, all things that tend to elevate mankind, are held in about as much esteem as honor among the politicians of the present time.

With those who claim to be members of the "leisure class," the definition of society seems to have undergone a complete change. According to their edicts, no one who is thoroughly upright and honorable in all things can possibly be a good citizen. To tell the truth about anything is high treason.

I wish it distinctly understood that in speaking of this useless "leisure class," I do not mean all persons who are rich enough to live without work, nor do I mean those who, having earned fortunes honestly, see fit, in the afternoon of their lives, to retire from active business cares and take some enjoyment out of the profits of their labors. Far from it, for it would be extremely absurd for me to give the reader any such impression of my personal knowledge of mankind, which has been derived

entirely from experience and associations. There are many retired business men, and retired officers of the army and navy, in this country, whom I consider gentlemen in every sense of the modern definition of the word.

In speaking of a gentleman's social qualifications, his financial standing should never be mentioned as a requisite factor, for if he *is* a gentleman, he will be one at all times and under all circumstances, adverse or otherwise, and the combined malice of all his enemies, and the malignant growling, the ludicrous barking, and the pitiful whinings of all the jealous rivals, two-faced acquaintances, and fair-weather friends in creation can never change his real nature, any more than such petty annoyances have changed the individual opinions of the man we now, for the second term, honor as the acknowledged highest official gentleman of the nation: Grover Cleveland.

It is customary at state dinners and banquets to propose the health of the chief magistrate of the host's country first. We Americans are noted for showing less respect to our Chief Executive than any other civilized people.

Supposing now that the reader has read and digested the prefatory remarks and the dedication, let us continue our dissection of the social system by proposing the health of the President upon whose shoulders all disappointed mercenary office-seekers and malcontented anarchists, irrespective of party, political hypocrisy, or previous occupation, have endeavored to saddle *all* the blame for the treachery and imbecility of the up-to-date Judases and would-be builders of a Tower of Babel, known, be it written to the sorrow and shame of society at large, as the Fifty-third Congress.

History tells us that a large majority of our great men

were born poor. Several Presidents of the United States were born in very modest circumstances. Our Saviour, for that matter, was born in a stable. Therefore a person who professes Christianity should never condemn a good man on account of his having been born poor, or because he works for his living.

The Revolutionary War left our forefathers, who fought for the independence of America, in very straitened circumstances. In those days men were not judged by the size of their bank accounts. Parvenus and "gentlemen of leisure" were unknown quantities for many years. Our ancestors found, after seven years of hard fighting, that they had independence and nothing else, except what they were able to produce by cultivating the soil and engaging in legitimate trade and business pursuits. They were equal to the occasion, however, and civilization made rapid progress under the new form of government; and by general consent it was agreed that there should never be any more aristocracy in America. As long as this principle was maintained, our country was the acknowledged paradise of the world.

It soon became known in all the countries of Europe that the American form of government allowed equal rights to all civilized races; and then the tide of immigration to this country set in. The newcomers met with receptions that they had never dreamed of in their native countries. They were welcomed upon their arrival, and extended all of the privileges enjoyed by those who had fought to free the country from the foreign yoke.

At first, immigration was a good thing for the country. Many good people, sick and tired of the oppression of monarchs and aristocrats, came over and proved to be valuable citizens. But too much of a good thing of this kind is worse than not enough. Out of this foreign

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND,

The Highest Official Gentleman, in the uniform of Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy.

By permission of The Illustrated American.

immigration there sprang up an evil which has grown to such alarming proportions that, at the present time, our very form of government is threatened with disruption.

Glad of an opportunity to get rid of their paupers, France, Germany, Italy, Portugal, Great Britain, Russia, Spain, Norway, and Sweden threw open the flood-gates of their sewers, and shipped us thousands and hundreds of thousands of the very lowest and most undesirable elements of civilization.

Those unfortunate creatures, who never enjoyed in their own countries the privileges that stray felines and canines are allowed over here, are the very devils, in human form, who defy law and order, and threaten the destruction of the government that fosters them.

Bad as the hated Chinese are, any true thinking person, who knows what he is talking about, will tell you that the European paupers who are pouring into New York, and spreading westward as fast as they can be counted by the corrupt officials, are worse than the Chinese a hundred times over. The Chinese laborer never interferes with our politics, nor undertakes to defy our laws, as the European beggar does. The Chinaman gives full value in labor for every cent that he gets from his employer, and he does his work without a murmur; while the European pauper, suddenly elevated to a three dollar a day job, is always ready to go on a strike and ruin his employer without a moment's notice.

Almost every day of the year that the weather permits, you can see the curbstone orators all over San Francisco shouting at the tops of their steam-beer-toned voices that "the Chinese must go!" but you never hear anyone of those vagabonds say anything about the European outlaws, or the "emancipated" African savages who are murdering the officers and soldiers of our government,

wrecking our railroad trains, robbing our citizens, assaulting and butchering American ladies and children, and pillaging and burning our homes. Oh, no! the demon who commits the crime is "only fighting for his rights." "He's all right," shouts the malodorous, anarchistic agitators and curbstone orators. "Let him go right ahead and rob, murder, burn, steal, wreck trains, stop the United States mails, ransack private homes, butcher defenseless ladies"—anything at all that his villainous imagination may suggest. Everything goes just so long as he will vote for a jingo for president, or an O'Donnell for mayor.* And he is winked at by General Dimond and ex-Admiral Meade, and treated to steam beer by other "soldiers" of the national "guard" of patriotic pension pickers. But "the Chinese," who never commit any such depredations, "must go."

Those very open-air politicians, who are obliged to do their fuming and raving in wagons and on street corners for the reason that the proprietors of public halls refuse them admission, are worse than the Chinese "high-binders" ever dared to be.

Now, I am not advocating the Chinese, by any means. I never did like a Chinaman. Personally, I dislike him very much, but I prefer him to the anarchist and the African at all times. This is merely an expression of candid opinion on the absurdity of allowing those anarchistic old beer-soaked vagrants of the Dennis Kearney, Dr. O'Donnell, Eugene Debs class of society, calling themselves orators, to obstruct the public streets to tell their illiterate followers that a man who never interferes with anybody's business must be killed or sent away, while the worst murderers, cut-throats, train-wreckers, robbers, anarchists, bomb-throwers, thieves,

* I mean Dr. C. C. O'Donnell of Chinatown, S. F.

and other outlaws that ever went unhanged, are allowed to commit the most atrocious crimes, and go along unmolested.

No politician or office-seeker seems to have the moral courage to say, "The anarchists and Africans must go!" Through fear of losing a few votes, the politicians do not even venture to say that the anarchists must stop coming over from Europe. When an anarchist is brought into court and tried for murder or arson, he generally goes free. The reason of this is because there are enough of them in the country to clog the wheels of the machinery of justice, which are oiled and regulated to protect all manner of fraud, and turn only in the direction indicated by organized political capital. The up-to-date politician is the friend of the anarchist; he cares nothing about his color or odor—he needs his vote.

The very vilest anarchists that ever lived are pouring into New York by the shipload, all the time, and yet no politician seems to make the slightest objection to their coming.

A Chinese exclusion act we already have. What we are sadly in need of now is an European exclusion act that will shut out foreign immigration of all classes. Not that I am opposed to foreigners on general principles; not that I am prejudiced against the *better* elements of European society, for no one appreciates more than I the indisputable fact that *real* ladies and gentlemen are desirable citizens, whether they are of Italian, Spanish, French, English, Irish, German, Dutch, or any other civilized nationality; but we have all that we can take care of now, and it is time to announce through Congress that the invitation list is closed. Herein lies a brilliant opportunity for some real American statesman.

The man who frames and engineers this bill through Congress will go down to history, and will be esteemed

by all true Americans as the greatest man of the day. The necessity of a general exclusion act is so great and so plain to every good citizen, that, if one is not framed soon, we will be forced into the belief that every member of Congress, capable of framing such a bill, is bought up by the gigantic steamship and railroad companies, and other corporations of Europe and the East, that contract for and bring those immigrants over. As a true born citizen, I move that our gates be locked against this foreign invasion, called immigration, and that the naturalization law be repealed at once. I am not a politician, but I should like to know if there is one politician or office-seeker in the country who is not afraid to second this motion.

An act authorizing the deportation of a few millions of anarchists and savages, irrespective of color or nationality, would be hailed with delight.

If those demons could be returned to their native countries and exchanged for law-abiding persons, Congress would be justified in appropriating a sum sufficient to defray all expenses necessary for transportation both ways. And we could well afford to let English ships do the transporting.

The general exclusion act should contain an article specially designed for the unconditional exclusion of penniless princes, lords, barons, counts, and all other cheap-titled adventurers who, like Prince Andre Poniatowski and Count de Castellane, are likely to be sent over here in the future, by the same board of matrimonial brokers that sent these two sweet-scented "noblemen" (?), to marry rich parvenuesses on percentage. Such adventurers are representatives of the better elements of foreign society about as much, in reality, as are the notorious members of the Parvenucracy who purchase them—and pay their gambling debts and mis-

PENNILESS PRINCE PONIATOWSKI'S SOCIETY AUCTION SALE.

"How much am I offered for myself, my gall and my empty title?

"First, second, third and last call and sold to the flour sack."

tress hire—representatives of true American society; namely, in their feeble minds.

A special clause should be worded so as to render it utterly impossible for those soulless daughters, adopted daughters, sisters-in-law, or nieces, as the case may be, of our Parvenucracy, who "marry" titled paupers with yellow striped crests, to ever return to America under any pretext whatever.

Those marble-hearted specimens of femininity who trade their very souls and bodies, as well as their ill-gotten gold, for ignoble empty titles, are worse, morally and intellectually, and really do more harm to society at large, than even the unfortunate Chinese and Japanese dancing girls who are imported to this country and sold to the Oriental merchants, who, as soon as they tire of them, again dispose of them to the keepers of houses of shame similar to the house kept by Maud Nelson, the daughter-in-law of the millionaire ex-senator, James G. Fair of Nevada and California.

Not one of Mr. Fair's daughters has succeeded in marrying a prince as yet, but the up-to-date "Magdalen" that his son Charlie married has a past record that, from a moral point of view, would compare favorably, as far as the income from her peculiar business permitted her to go, with that of any prince who has lived since the days of Charles II.; not excepting even Prince Hatzfeldt, who married the "adopted" (?) daughter of the C. P. R. R. octopus, surnamed Huntington; Prince Colonna, who married the daughter of Bonanza Mackay's "wife"; or Prince Poniatowski, whom William H. Crocker, the "king" of Snob Hill, is said to have purchased for a Fourth of July present for his "true American" sister-in-law, Miss Beth Sperry, soon after old man Carpentier, of Oakland, refused to buy it for his little niece, Miss Maude Burke, before the latter became Lady Bache-Cunard.

CHAPTER II.

From the San Francisco *Examiner* I copy the following article:

"So frequent has the exchange of American dollars for European titles become that the public hardly realizes what it means. The papers chronicle the engagement between the daughter of an American multi-millionaire and the scion of some impoverished, but long-pedigreed, noble house across the water. Pictures of both the young people appear in the larger papers throughout the country, in which pictures the beauty of the girl is generally in vivid contrast with the insignificant appearance of the man.

"Then follow columns upon columns concerning the trousseau and wedding preparations; finally a brilliant account of the marriage, and generally a year later divorce proceedings or something of that sort.

"The American public has almost ceased even to make fun of this remarkable barter of American girls. The average citizen is only mildly interested, and if he thinks about it at all dismisses it from his mind with the comforting belief that for every millionaire's daughter who carries her father's hard-earned dollars across the ocean to be expended in paying gambling debts or refurnishing wornout estates, there are a half hundred left. People consider the supply inexhaustible, but a careful investigation of the facts shows a state of affairs that is perfectly astounding.

"A complete list of all the marriages of American women

to titled men, for the past thirty-five years, shows that at least TWO HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS have gone away from this country in that period.

"What is even more alarming is the fact that eighty per cent. of this huge sum represents the marriages of the past six years only. This shows how the foolish fashion is growing. California has had more than her share of the burden to bear. Seven California girls have taken away from this State alone nearly twenty millions of dollars, or ten per cent. of the entire amount, in exchange for seven titles, most of which are both shabby and shop-worn.

"Prince Colonna has probably cost, up to date, in the neighborhood of five million dollars; Prince Hatzfeldt, an equal, if not a larger, sum. Prince Poniatowski came cheaper; a quarter of a million was about his price. Viscount Deerhurst and Lord Hesketh cost in the neighborhood of two and five million dollars respectively. The *dot* of Lord Wolseley's California bride was probably something under a million, but with moderate luck Sir Bache-Cunard will get some two millions of old man Carpentier's accumulation of dollars, as his bride, Miss Burke, is the Oakland capitalist's favorite niece, and should come in for a large slice off his estate.

"The appended list of American girls who have married titles has been carefully verified.* It speaks for itself, and shows an expenditure of about two hundred millions for some seventy titles, most of which are out of date.

"Anglesley.—The Marchioness of Anglesley was Miss Mary Livingston King, daughter of J. P. King of Sandhills, Ga. She was the widow of the Hon. Henry Wadehouse of England, and was married in 1880 to Henry Paget, fourth Marquis of Anglesley. The Marchioness of Anglesley took $250,000 to England.

* By the *Examiner*.

"Agreda.—The Countess Casa de Agreda was the widow of George Lorillard, and took $1,000,000 abroad.

"Amadei.—The Countess Amadei was Miss Mary Lewis, daughter of T. Lewis of Connecticut. She carried $100,000 abroad with her.

"Aylmer.—Lady Aylmer was Miss Ann Reid, the daughter of T. Douglass Reid of New York, and the divorced wife of George Steele of Chicago. In 1883 she was married to Sir Anthony Percy Fitzgerald Aylmer of Dono deo Castle, Kildare, from whom she was divorced in 1886. Lady Aylmer took to England a quarter of a million.

"Bache-Cunard.—Lady Bache-Cunard was Miss Maud Burke of Oakland, Cal.,* a niece of Horace Carpentier. She was married in 1895, and her *dot* may reach $2,000,000 upon her uncle's death. Her marriage settlement was probably a large one.

"Brancaccio.—Princess Salvatore Brancaccio, wife of an Italian prince of the House of Savoy, was Miss Elizabeth Field of New York. She married twenty-five years ago and carried a fortune of $1,000,000 to her Italian home.

"Blackwood.—Lady Terence Blackwood was Miss Flora Davis, daughter of John H. Davis of New York. She was married in 1893 to Lord Terence John Temple Blackwood, second son of the Earl of Dufferin and Ava, the British Ambassador to Paris. Fortune of $200,000.

"Butler.—Lady Arthur Butler was Miss Ellen Stager of Chicago, daughter of the late General Anson Stager, United States Army. She was married in 1887 to Lord James Arthur Wellington Faley Butler, second son of the second Marquis of Ormonde. Lady Butler carried $1,000,000 to England.

* She was engaged to penniless Prince Poniatowski in 1894, but that mercenary wretch jilted her because her uncle refused to "put up" ready cash.

"Castellane.—Countess de Castellane was Miss Anna Gould, daughter of Jay Gould. In March, 1895, she was married to Count Jean Paul Boniface de Castellane. Countess de Castellane carried the greatest fortune which has ever gone abroad with a bride. Her inheritance, most of which will be spent in France, amounted to $15,000,000.

"Churchill.—Lady Randolph Churchill was Miss Jennie Jerome, daughter of Leonard Jerome of New York. She was married in 1874 to the Rt. Hon. Lord Randolph Spencer Churchill, third son of the seventh Duke of Marlborough. Lady Randolph Churchill took $200,000 to England with her.

"Colonna.—The Princess of Galatio, Colonna, and of Stigliano was Miss Eva Julia Bryant Mackay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mackay of New York and London.* In 1889 she married Prince Ferdinand Colonna. The princess took abroad with her the income of $5,000,000.

"Craven.—The Countess of Craven was Miss Cornelia Martin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bradley-Martin of New York. She was married in 1894 to the Earl of Craven. The Countess of Craven carried $1,000,000 to England.

"Cumming.—Lady Gordon Cumming was Miss Florence Garner, daughter of William T. Garner. Lady Gordon Cumming took $1,000,000 to England.

"Frankenstein.—Countess de Frankenstein was Miss Brewster, daughter of William Cullen Brewster of New York. She was married in 1894 to Count Henri de Frankenstein, now of Rome, but a Russian by birth. Her fortune amounted to $400,000.

"Graham.—Lady Graham of Esk was Miss Eliza Jane

* It is said that the Princess Colonna is not Mr. Mackay's daughter at all; that she was Mrs. Mackay's child by "a former husband."

Burn, the daughter of Charles Burn of New York. Her fortune was small. In 1874 she married Sir Robert James Stuart Graham of Esk, Cumberland.

"Grantley.—Lady Grantley was Miss Katherine McVicker, daughter of William Henry McVicker of New York, and divorced wife of Major Charles Grantley-Norton of the Twenty-third Fusiliers, who is the uncle of her present husband, John Richard Brunsley-Norton, Lord Grantley, whom she married in 1879.

"Grey-Edgerton.—Lady Grey-Edgerton was Miss May Cuyler of Morristown, N. J. She was married to Sir Philip Grey-Edgerton in 1892.

"Hatzfeldt.—Princess Hatzfeldt was Miss Huntington, daughter of Collis P. Huntington.* She carried $5,000,000 abroad. It has almost all been spent.

"Choiseul.—The Marquise de Choiseul was Miss Claire Coudert, daughter of Charles Coudert of New York. She was married in 1892 to the Marquis de Choiseul of Paris. The Marquise de Choiseul took to France $100,000.

"De ca Cez.—The Duchess De ca Cez was Miss Isabella Singer, daughter of Isaac M. Singer. She carried abroad with her $2,000,000.

"De Dino.—The Duchess de Dino was Miss Adele Sampson, daughter of the late Joseph Sampson of New York, and the divorced wife of Frederick Livingston Stewart. She married, as the second wife, in 1887, Maurice, Marquis de Talleyrand-Perigord, Duke de Dino. The Duchess de Dino took abroad $3,000,000. The first wife of the Duke de Dino, whose title is Marquise de

*The Princess Hatzfeldt was never known as Mr. Huntington's daughter. She was supposed to have been the daughter of a man named Prentiss. She was probably "adopted" by Huntington's "second wife," prior to the death of Mrs. Huntington number one.

THE "QUEEN" OF SNOB HILL.

"I never read either the dailies or the weeklies, I do not know Mr. Chambliss, and take no interest in the matter they publish; therefore society should treat all such with silence and contempt."—Mrs. Crocker's Interview, *Examiner*, March 16th, 1895.

Talleyrand-Perigord, was Miss Curtis of Boston. She spends most of her time in America.

"Devonne.—Countess Devonne was Miss Florence Audenriel of Washington. She was married in 1891 to Count de la Forrest Devonne. The countess carried $200,000 abroad.

"Essex.—The Countess of Essex was Miss Adele Grant of New York. When she married the Earl of Essex, several years ago, she brought with her a fortune of $1,000,000.

"Halkett.—Baroness Halkett was Miss Sarah Phelps Stokes, daughter of Anson Phelps Stokes of New York. She was married in 1891 to Baron Hugh Halkett. Baroness Halkett carried $1,000,000 abroad.

"Harcourt.—Lady Vernon Harcourt was Miss Elizabeth Motley, daughter of the Hon. J. L. Motley, the historian, and the widow of J. P. Ives. In 1876 she married the Rt. Hon. Sir William George Granville Venables Vernon Harcourt., M. P. Lady Harcourt took to England $200,000.

"Hesketh.—Lady Fermor-Hesketh was Miss Florence Emily Sharon, daughter of the late Senator William Sharon of Nevada.* She married, in 1880, Sir Thomas George Fermor Fermor-Hesketh, and took to England $2,000,000.

"Hornby.—Lady Edmund Hornby was Miss Emily Augusta Roberts, daughter of John Pratt Roberts of New York. She carried away $100,000.

"Kaye.—Lady Lister-Kaye was Miss Natica Yznaga del Valle, daughter of Senor Antonio Yznaga del Valle of Cuba and Louisiana. She married Sir John Pepy Lister-Kaye in 1881. Her fortune was $50,000.

*Senator Sharon's contract wife (Sarah Althea Terry) is now in an insane asylum in California. Old "mammy" Pleasant still lives, also.

"Kortright—Lady Charles Keith Kortright, Miss Martha Ella Richardson, daughter of the late John Richardson of Philadelphia.

"Lante-Monfeltrio.—The Duchess of Lante-Monfeltrio della Royere was Miss Mathilde Davis, daughter of Thomas Davis of New York. She took abroad with her $3,000,000.

"Langier-Villars.—The Countess Langier-Villars was Miss Carola Livingston of New York. She was married to the count in 1893, and took abroad with her $500,000.

"Linden.—Countess Eberhard von Linden was Miss Isabella Andrews, daughter of Loring Andrews. She carried $1,000,000 abroad.

"Manchester.—Duchess of Manchester was Miss Consuelo Yznaga del Valle. She married George Victor Drogo Montague, Viscount Mandeville, 1876. Her husband succeeded to the title of Duke of Manchester just before his death, two years ago. Her fortune was small.

"Marlborough.—The Duchess of Marlborough and Princess Mendelheim was Miss Lillian Price, daughter of Joshua Price of Troy, and widow of Louis Hammersley of New York. She was married in 1888 to George Charles Spencer Churchill, eighth Duke of Marlborough. The duchess took the income of $7,000,000 to England.

"Mores.—The Marchioness de Mores was Miss Medora Marie Hoffman, daughter of J. Hoffman, the New York banker. In 1882 she married Antoine de Manca-Smat de Vallambrosa de Mores and Monte-Maggiore. She took abroad $5,000,000.

"Northcote.—The Hon. Mrs. Northcote was Miss Edith Livingston Fish, daughter of Hamilton Fish of New York. She married Sir Arthur Paget. Lady Paget took $500,000 to England.

"Pappenheim. — Countess Pappenheim was Miss Wheeler of Philadelphia. She carried $1,000,000 to Europe upon her marriage with Count Pappenheim.

"Playfair.—Lady Playfair, wife of Sir Lyon Playfair, was Miss Edith Russell, daughter of S. H. Russell of Boston.

"Plunkett.—Lady Plunkett, wife of Sir Francis Richard Plunkett, was Miss May Tevis Morgan, daughter of Charles W. Morgan of Philadelphia. She took $1,500,000 away.

"Poniatowski.—Princess Poniatowski, wife of Prince Andre Poniatowski, was Miss Beth Sperry of California.* Her wealth was $250,000.

"Rochefoucauld.—The Duchess de la Rochefoucauld was Miss Mattie Mitchell, daughter of Senator Mitchell of Oregon. She was married to the duke in 1891 and took with her $300,000.

"Rottenburg.—Countess von Rottenburg was Miss Marian Phelps of New York. Her fortune was small.

"Selliere.—Baroness de Selliere was Miss O'Brien, daughter of the New York banker and widow of Charles A. Livermore. She was married in 1892 to Baron Raymond de Selliere, and carried $2,000,000 to France.

"Sierstoepff.—Countess Sierstoepff was Miss May Knowlton, daughter of Edwin F. Knowlton of Brooklyn. She was married in 1873 to Count Johannes von Francken Sierstoepff. The countess carried abroad $1,000,000.

"Scey-Montbeliard.—Princess Scey-Montbeliard was Miss Winneretta Singer, daughter of the late Isaac M. Singer. She carried $2,000,000 abroad.

"Vernon.—Lady Vernon, wife of Lord George William Venable Vernon, was Miss Margaret F. Lawrence, daughter of Francis Lawrence of New York. Lady Vernon took $1,000,000 to England.

* It is alleged that she is of American Indian extraction.

"Wolseley.—Lady Wolseley, wife of Sir Charles Michael Wolseley of Wolseley, Staffordshire, England, was Miss Anita Theresa Murphy,* daughter of the late Daniel Murphy of San Francisco. Lady Wolseley took $2,000,000 to England.

"Vriere.—Baroness de Vriere was Miss Annie Cutting, daughter of the late Heyward Cutting of New York. The baroness took abroad $1,000,000."

What right have those un-Americanized parvenucratic heiresses, some of whom are said to be uncertain as to their genealogy, to parade through this country with those unnatural alien "husbands," purchased with the ill-gotten gains of their supposed fathers or relatives? What right have they to come back and beg our judges, whom they formerly treated with contempt, to divorce them from the reprobates for whom they deserted their country and forfeited their birthrights? Why, the Society for the Prevention of Vice should take up all such cases. I don't mean the "vice preventers" who raided the dance halls of the M. H. de Young Midwinter Fair, and made such a sanctimonious parade of the girls whom they arrested there for indecent behavior, and then never said a blessed word about the owner of the hall and leader of that branch of the cotillion industry known as the "muscle dance," that pious old saint and "salter" of mines—to the ecstasy of trusting English capitalists—Alexander Badlam.

The man who marries a woman for her money, no matter who he is,—prince, duke, count, or any other individual,—becomes the property of the woman, the same as does the Chinese dancing-girl become the property of the

*She wrote some sweet letters in connection with the scandalous Murphy will contest.

Dupont Street or Tenderloin District opium fiend who buys her outright from the dealer in female flesh. The Chinaman who goes to the market to purchase a wife always gets more for his money than does the American heiress who goes shopping for a titled husband ; for no man, even if he is a Chinaman, is foolish enough to pay out

"It's a cold day when I get left."—*A. Badlam, owner of the muscle dance hall of the Midwinter Fair.*

good money for a physical wreck, such as some that the women of the Parvenucracy have paid fabulous prices for.

If those feeble-minded daughters of railroad magnates and others of the new rich Parvenucracy have a right to bring their purchased husbands over here, then the Chinese merchant who owns property enough to entitle him to a residence certificate has a right to bring his wife over, provided he can prove that he has paid for her.

Those purchased wives and husbands are personal property, and if they are to be brought to this country at all, their owners should be compelled to enter them on their baggage lists as household goods. For instance, when Miss "Beth" brings the penniless Poniatowski over, her list of articles, necessary for her comfort and *pleasure* on the voyage, should read about as follows :

One steamer trunk.

One valise.

One bundle, done up in a shawl strap, containing fur robes, rain coat, pillow, etc., etc.

One canary bird, in cage.

One pug lap dog.

One prince (in glass case).

One dozen bottles of perfumery and deodorizers.

In the name of common sense, will our novel-reading girls never learn that a foreign title amounts to nothing more than the paper that it is written on? It makes me sick to hear ladies mention some of those good-for-nothing titled sports. It is enough to nauseate a pig to hear such specimens of broken-down humanity referred to as noblemen.

If the penniless Poniatowski could only induce his new owner to dress up in good, old-time American style,—the style of her ancestors, so to speak,—I think she would make a great hit on the *Boulevard*, and on Fifth Avenue, or even on our own Market Street promenade, where wildness and wool and papoose baskets are fresh in the memory of men still living in San Francisco.

Of course, that is all bosh about the Sperrys being ashamed to admit that there is Indian blood in the family. It is simply absurd to accuse a man of Mr. Crocker's caliber of trying to deny that his wife is of Indian extraction, just because he does not think that it

sounds nice in "society," or perhaps, because he was fortunate enough to inherit a big slice of Southern Pacific Railroad stock, and feels that he needs a prince brother-in-law in the family to give a proper European flavor to its uncertain standing in foreign "society," in case he should be forced to give up his inherited fortune to help pay the Government what the man who left him the money owed in connection with Mr. Huntington and other octopuses.

The style of her ancestors, so to speak.

And then again, I am much inclined to the belief that the story to the effect that Mrs. Carolan thinks that Mrs. Crocker's manners entitle her to the leadership of that society which we hear of away up in the Black Hills, where the ladies wear feathers in their heads and pack their papooses about in little baskets, artistically strapped on their backs, has been very much exaggerated. Even admit the fact that Mrs. Crocker did refuse to receive Mrs. Carolan one day when the latter called on her to say "Good-by," before going East, that, after all, is only circumstantial evidence that Mrs. Carolan has said unkind and cutting things about the "queen" of Nob Hill, or "Snob" Hill, as I believe some thoughtless persons call that part of our city.

I think that the stately daughter of George M. Pullman, the ex-cabinet-maker-car-builder, who reduced the wages of his employees 33⅓ per cent. in order to be able to purchase a one hundred thousand dollar bond issued by the disciples of Henry VIII., and payable on presentation to St. Peter at the Universal Bank of Heaven, is too much of a lady to dig up the history of Mrs. Crocker's ancestors. Besides this, she has too much pride and self-esteem, to say nothing of *hauteur*, to bother her head about such a trifling matter as getting snubbed by a lady whose ideas of politeness would admit of such a bad break as refusing to receive, when she was "not at home to callers." Even the daughter of the man who precipitated a strike that paralyzed commerce, and made it necessary for the President to declare martial law in Chicago, deserves some consideration.*

The State of California is indebted indirectly to Mrs. Carolan's father for causing General W. H. Dimond to establish, beyond any question or doubt, the fact that he (Dimond) was eminently qualified to command the National Guard of California—whenever there was no fighting to be done.

General Dimond was about as far out of place in command of the militia at Sacramento during the great strike as is John H. Wise in the office of Collector of the Port at the present time.

The Chinese Exclusion Act has been a law for several years, and it would be a good thing if properly enforced —by honest officers.

* Mr. Pullman took $100,000 from the wages of his employés to pay for a church to be dedicated to himself. Rather than acknowledge his hypocrisy, and refund the money, he fled, and allowed Anarchist Debs and his lawless strikers to destroy millions of dollars of other people's property.

GENERAL W. H. DIMOND,

The Modern *Bombastes Furioso*, N. G. of Cal., who allowed the State Troops to drink beer with the enemies of law and order at Sacramento. July, 1893.

Under this act no Chinese can come into the country without a certificate showing him to be a resident and a property-owner returning from a visit to China—except those who can raise ready cash enough to pay their way in through our courts of justice—beg pardon—corruption. I happen to know positively that the repeated assertions of our daily papers, the *Examiner*, *Call*, *Report*, and *Bulletin*, that a great many Chinese come into San Francisco on bogus certificates, are only too true. I occupied a position in the Pacific Mail Steamship Company that enables me to verify not only the statements that Chinese by the hundreds have been admitted on payment of certain fees to our corrupt officials, but also, that tons upon tons of contraband goods, such as opium and silk, have been smuggled in by certain dishonest officials of the United States Customs service and their colleagues in knavery.

I don't mean the hard-working inspectors who get three dollars per day for searching the baggage of passengers, and watching, day and night, the officers of ocean steamers in port, and occasionally, for the sake of appearances, arresting some poor quartermaster or engineer for trying to bring a silk handkerchief ashore for some lady friend : I mean such persons as ex-Deputy Collector of Port John T. Fogarty, and his partner Whaley, and such well known local "business men" as arch-smuggler Bernard Reiss, of Newberger, Reiss & Co.

I was connected with the Pacific Mail service, and Spreckel's line, from 1887 to 1891, and made a great many voyages to Japan and China, Panama, Mexico, Central America, Australia, Honolulu, and other foreign places.

Apropos of bogus Chinese "certificates of previous residence," I have seen with my own eyes numbers of them. Chinese passengers *en route* to San Francisco have come

to me during voyages and asked me to give them a description of the signers of their return certificates which they had purchased in China. Many of those papers were signed by Mr. Fred Davis, "the Chinatown detective" of the Palace Hotel, and formerly bodyguard to the late Senator Sharon, of divorce court "fame."

If the following certificates are not sufficient proof that I know what I am talking about, I will, after reproducing these papers, give a few extracts from my private diary, which I have kept for the past twelve years, during which time I booked thousands of full names in connection with many cold, stubborn facts, which I shall not hesitate to lay before an honest law-abiding public. These certificates will show that the positions that I held undoubtedly brought me into contact with various classes of society during the performance of my regular duties. Therefore I present them just as they are :

AGENCY PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
ALEXANDER CENTER, *Gen'l Agent.*
SAN FRANCISCO, March 16, 1892.

To whom this may concern :

This is to certify that Mr. W. H. Chambliss entered this company's service as quartermaster of the Steamship *City of New York*, November 9, 1887, and that on November 15, 1889, he was appointed third officer of the Steamship *City of New York*, and served in that capacity until October 29, 1890, when he was transferred to the Steamship *City of Peking*, and served as third officer of that vessel until October 21, 1891, when he went East on a leave of absence, since which date he has not returned to duty on account of his health.*

Mr. Chambliss, during his term of service in the Company, has always performed his duties with entire satisfaction to the Company in every way. (Signed) ALEXANDER CENTER.

* *There was nothing wrong with my bodily health; but I did not care to endanger the health of my reputation by remaining in the Pacific Mail Company after it fell into the hands of C. P. Huntington.*

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
S. S. "CITY OF PEKING."
SAN FRANCISCO, June 7, 1894.

To whom it may concern :

This is to certify that Mr. W. H. Chambliss has served as an officer of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, as follows :

He entered the service as quartermaster of the Steamship *City of New York* (3,019.56 tons), November 9, 1887, and was promoted to the position of third officer of the same vessel November 15, 1889, and served in that capacity until October 29, 1890, when he was transferred to the Steamship *City of Peking* (the largest ship in the fleet, 5,019.62 tons), and served as third officer of that vessel until he went East on a leave of absence, since which time he has not returned to duty on account of his preferring to remain East, rather than continue in the service on the Pacific.

Mr. Chambliss, during his term of service as an officer of this Company, has given entire satisfaction.

ROBT. R. SEARLE, Senior Captain P. M. S. S. Co.*
Commanding S. S. *City of Peking.*

* Captains Searle, Cavarly, Seabury, Clark, Ward, Mortensen, Smith, Friele, Dow, Taylor, Johnston, Russell, Pitts, Passmore, and others whom I have met, were in the Pacific Mail Service many years before Huntington ever had anything to do with the institution. When Mr. Huntington took charge, as president, he showed his appreciation of the long and faithful services of the old officers by reducing their salaries from $3000 a year to $2400. And then, as if to add parvenu insult to robber baron injury, Mr. Huntington placed "Lieutenant" Schwerin in the position of "manager," over the heads of Messrs. Center, Rice, Wiggins, Green, Avery, Armstrong, and other practical men who had *forgotten* more about managing the company than little "Lieutenant" (?) Schwerin ever knew.

CHAPTER III.

I LANDED in San Francisco in November, 1887.

Prior to the morning of my arrival the idea of coming here to stay had never entered my head.

I had read a great deal about California, and had heard many interesting stories from men who had been here.

Wonderful tales were told of the ease with which large fortunes were accumulated during the excitement of the mad rush for the gold regions, and later on in the fifties. I had met several gentlemen in New York, Philadelphia, and New Orleans, who had come out to California in '49, made fortunes in the mines, and then returned to their old homes in the East and South, "to enjoy the fruits of their labors."

So enthusiastic were those gentlemen in sounding the praises of the "glorious climate of California," that a person would feel tempted, at first, to ask them why they ever left such a delightful country. An attentive listener to their stories generally could draw his own conclusions without asking any questions.

They pointed out the vast resources of the State, and spoke of the opportunities that single men, who would do as they had done, would find here to make money enough in a few years with which to return to "The States" and settle down.

One thing, however, that impressed itself upon my youthful mind as being rather extraordinary, was the fact that those men who had made their fortunes in

California, and invariably referred to the State in such flattering terms of praise, had not one good word for San Francisco's alleged high society. They never thought of advising a young man to come to San Francisco to live; but, on the contrary, their advice to men coming West was to return to the "States" when they were ready to get married and settle down. They declared that very few of the people who remained in San Francisco were of the class that would do to grace New York or New Orleans drawing rooms.

Married men who were determined to bring their wives out here were advised to steer well clear of San Francisco. They were told that any place in the State, even Sacramento and Oakland not excepted, would be better for married gentlemen who entertained hopes of raising children of their own.

According to some of the "wise men of the East," there seemed to be something in the climate of California that was peculiarly antagonistic to the most sacred laws for the government of domestic happiness and modern civilization.

This remarkable climate was more destructive to family peace and happiness in San Francisco than in any other part of the State.

But there were others, however, who stoutly maintained that the climate had nothing to do with the peculiar state of affairs in some of the alleged best families of the city, whose social pretensions could not be kept up, even in San Francisco society, except on a financial basis.

The defenders of the climate declared that it was the nature of those persons to be bad, and that bad blood would be the same in any climate. And they went on in defense of the climate by mentioning the indisputable fact that they could name a great many families in San

Francisco who were just as nice and refined as any to be found in the East, or South.

Those descendants of the F. F. V.'s, for instance, who moved West after the close of the Civil War, should not be classed with the arch parvenu element that ascended from Lieddsdorff Street grog shops to Nob Hill mansions at one stride.

But those of the bad climate theory refused to give in; their arguments being based mainly upon the fact that some of the worst people in the city were supposed to be all right until they were found out.

So there the case rested.

However, this difference of learned Eastern opinion concerning the cause of San Francisco's numerous social eruptions amounted to nothing, for, whatever the cause, the effect was a matter of fact that was universally conceded.

The general opinion of the most liberal-minded men of the East and South, who spoke from actual experience, was that San Francisco's alleged society was in such a state that it would require many generations to purify it so that it would be prudent for a young married couple to undertake to live here for any length of time without losing confidence in one another. They said that there were more divorces in San Francisco in a given time than in any city in the world of twice its size; some of those getting divorces never taking the precaution of having them recorded. And in addition to this, they could name many prominent men of wealth who posed as leading members of the alleged best society, and kept second establishments, and raised two families at the same time.

An instance was related of a judge, surnamed Heydenfelt, who sat on the bench and dealt out justice to the

THE "KING" OF SNOB HILL.

THE PART THAT MR. W. H. CROCKER AND HIS LITTLE LACKEY, "BIRDIE," PLAYED IN THE "HORSE SHOW," AS IT APPEARED FROM A COMMON-SENSE POINT OF VIEW.

"There seems to be a great deal of Crocker and lackey, but very little horse."—*Public Opinion.*

public for a long time. When this judge's lawful wife died, he thought to consolidate both "families" under one roof, by moving his other wife and illegitimate heirs into the house with his lawful children. Of course, these latter objected to having their father's mistress take the chair just made vacant by the death of their mother, who, I am told, was a good-hearted woman, and endured for years this shameful treatment of her husband rather than seek a legal separation. It was then that this "judge" informed his legitimate children that if they were not satisfied with his decision they could leave the house, and appeal to a higher court. This little incident did not affect the judge's standing in Nob Hill "society," for he, like several other San Francisco "judges," had money, and money is the god of Nob Hill.

Of course, it would be extremely unjust to condemn the alleged best society of any large city on account of the actions of a few dozen of its prominent members; but older men than I am, and men who have had large experience in the world, hold to the argument that if San Francisco's alleged high society was any part of what it ought to be, to say nothing of what it pretends to be, it would never tolerate such characters as are to be found in its membership.

Judging from the fact that some persons can do almost anything and still be received into *some* of the wealthiest homes, and also at the gatherings of the alleged ultra "set," any thinking person is bound to come to the conclusion that the majority of the alleged best element is made up of very coarse material.

When a man can marry his common-law stepmother, and take her into "society," and flaunt her name in the papers as a "belle," it is time to protest.

It is bad enough for the father of grown-up sons to

keep a second establishment; but when one of those drunken sons marries the mistress of his father's common law home, the limit of depravity seems to have been stretched beyond comprehension.

While it is quite true that many of the wealthy men of the city came here without anything, not even common school education,—some of them having been born of parents who never knew what it was to live outside of the humblest sections of New York, or some of the other large cities of the East, and Europe, where people descend to the lowest depth of degradation to be found outside of China,—we would naturally suppose that, with the accumulation of wealth, those persons would make some effort to show a little more appreciation of the good fortune that circumstances, in many instances, have thrust upon them since they came here. I do not mean those who have made their way in the world by honorable dealings with their fellow-man; I mean those vultures, of the dive-keeper, saloon-keeper, and gambling house-keeper element, who came here to prey upon the generosity and hospitality of the reputable classes of citizens who made California what she is to-day, in spite of the opposition of the S. P. R. R. faction of the Parvenucracy.

Nobody envies those vultures in the possession of their accidentally and dishonestly acquired wealth, except, perhaps, the commonwealers and strikers, and even those, bad as they are, would hesitate about exchanging places with some of the alleged society lights, if reputations and past records had to be exchanged, and those of the latter published in the papers.

Nobody wants the Parvenucracy to divide its wealth among the poor, and go back to its original occupations, and it is very ridiculous for it to think so, because all intelligent citizens know that there are too many saloon-

keepers and hod-carriers and men of that ilk out of employment already, while the city is very much over-supplied with "clairvoyants" and "massage artists" and other females of that class. It is utterly useless for such creatures to undertake to deceive the public as to what they really were before they struck the streak of good luck that enabled them to go forth and display their ignorance and arrogance to the world. You can tell them as far as you can see them. But, after all, if those creatures tried very hard, they could at least master the common rules of politeness, which would give them the appearance of a better breed of swine, if nothing more. You can never expect to change a pig's real nature, but you can, by shutting him out, prevent him from rooting up your front yard and spoiling your flower beds.

The Parvenucracy makes itself very conspicuous in large crowds, at the park, at the opera, at the race track, and around the hotels and summer resorts. The height of its ambition seems to be to make indifferent people believe that it belongs to some "exclusive set."

More particularly noticeable are the members of the Parvenucracy when they manage to get into social gatherings of really well-bred, cultured, refined society. They sometimes secure invitations to nice places through the courtesy, or rather, I should say, the carelessness, of some business acquaintance who may be on the ragged edge of a polite set, or is perhaps an optimist.

Then after they get in they are in perfect agony from the time they enter the house until they leave. Being conscious that they are out of their element, they feel their position keenly, and, in desperation, they put forth their best efforts to act like the rest of the assemblage. But in this they only remind you of the Anglo-maniac,

who, undertaking to impersonate the English dude, only succeeds in imitating his valet.

I saw a striking instance of this kind at a little gathering in Yokohama, in honor of the Duke of Newcastle. The duke is a very unpretentious little man, and he is a cripple besides. One of his legs is several inches shorter than the other. His man-servant, who accompanies him everywhere, is a typical dude. A young nincompoop named Blanchard, from San Francisco, who had never seen the duke, succeeded, by some means or other, in getting in, and was standing near the door, when a naval officer greeted him with, "How is the duke this evening?" The poor fellow, thinking that the officer had mistaken *him* for the duke, began to swell out like a toad, and gasp for breath. Before he recovered his voice sufficiently to enable him to reply, the officer discovered his mistake, and apologized to him by saying, "Excuse me, old man, I thought you were the duke's boy."

Speaking of the duke, I wonder if some of our "society belles" remember how they followed him up and down the coast from one summer resort to another during his visit to California in the spring of 1893. Many of those "belles" will, no doubt, remember the time that they rushed over to San Rafeal, looking their prettiest, when they heard that the duke was going there to see the Fourth of July tennis tournament. The grounds of the Hotel Rafael and the tennis court certainly presented a beautiful appearance on that occasion, for some of the prettiest girls in San Francisco were there. Those who have seen as many San Francisco girls as I have, know what that means.

It was a study that Mr. Wores or Miss Foster should have immortalized on canvas, to watch the expressions on their pretty faces while Basil Wilberforce, the lawn

tennis fiend, was piloting the duke around the grounds, before the doubles commenced.

I felt a little sorry for some of the girls whose mothers had persuaded them to go, for it certainly looked pitiable to see so many lovely young women drawn up in a line, as it were, for a man so little favored by nature as the duke to take his pick from.

When I went over to San Rafael a year later, to see the famous Hardy-Driscoll tennis contest, July 4, 1894, I noticed in the crowd quite a number of people who were there during the summer of '93. Among those, I took particular notice of a little blond-haired woman, with a complexion that reminds you of sliced peaches and cream. She sat around the hotel and the tennis court with a languid air, and a forlorn look on her once pretty face, that would have led you to believe that she had lost her last friend. She was the very personification of unhappiness. I could hardly believe that she was really the same bright, high-spirited young woman who, only one short year before, went over to San Rafael with the avowed intention of capturing the duke, and, failing in that undertaking, did the next best thing, by taking charge of the champion of the day—for the day only.

Inspired by curiosity, I asked a mutual acquaintance if he could tell me what ailed the unhappy little creature.

This acquaintance explained that after the duke went away the poor broken-hearted girl had married the first man that she could get. "Come over to the clubhouse," said the acquaintance, "and I will show you what she married."

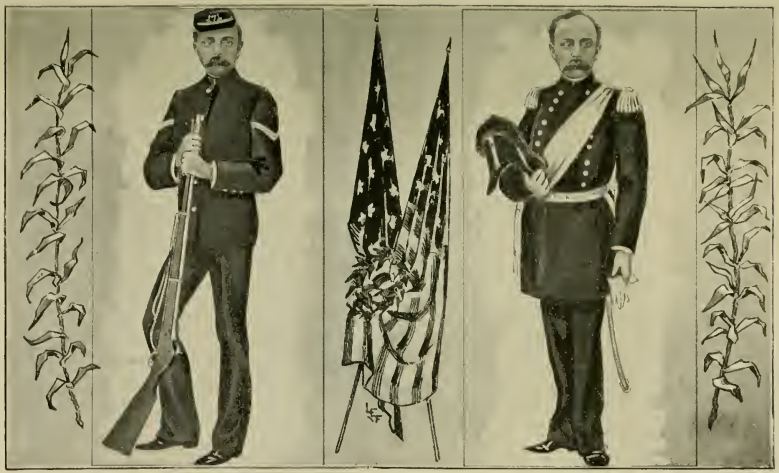
We walked over to the club, and there, leaning over the bar, in company with a lot of other feeble-minded nincompoopish dudes, stood the husband, a great, stupid, overgrown, flabby specimen of humanity, with a big

vulgar red face, and regular bologna-sausage and sauer-kraut cheeks, that almost rested on his disgustingly rounded shoulders. Altogether, he was a curious looking individual, and he could safely be called, what Alex Kenealy would term, a typical mutton-head. Just what the little blonde who married this beautiful specimen of manhood should be called, I will let the reader decide.

These were not by any means the only interesting persons whom I saw at San Rafael.

Besides Mr. Wilberforce, who always makes people weary when he attempts to talk, and Webster Jones, who is always talking about the quantities of wine consumed at the latest parvenu dinner party,—but never mentions his father-in-law's "business," or past record (?),—and Charley Hoag, who was looking around to see if there was anybody in the crowd whose name he did not have in the *Blue Book;* and "Billy" Barnes, who ruined his prospects of getting the nomination of the "Octopus" party for governor, by publishing his picture in the *Wave;* and Ward McAllister, Jr., whom C. P. Huntington appointed to a fat position, as Pacific Mail attorney, in order to curry favor with a certain leader of some of New York's prominent dancing people, there were some remnants of a crowd of silly parvenus who disgusted everybody of any refinement at the Sea Beach Hotel, Santa Cruz, in June, 1893, by putting "private parlor" signs on the reading room door.

Among those remnants there was one young woman who made her "*debut*," through the newspapers, three or four years ago, and is still single in spite of the fact that her name appears in the "society," columns of certain papers all the time. Her father uses her name in the "society" columns as a free advertisement for his profession.



Corporal. *General, U. S. A.*

W. H. L. BARNES, "GENERAL U. S. ARMY."

As he was and as he imagines he was.—*Deduced from the history of the Seventh New York.*

Occasionally her picture comes out (this costs money) accompanied with a lot of taffy about her beauty, which is, in fact, purely imaginary. Mr. Anthony E. Kaeser, a young society man from East Oakland, in speaking of the young woman's mouth, remarked that had it been made any larger, her father, who is a "prominent" doctor, would have been obliged to set her ears further back in order to permit of the additional enlargement.

Some men have an aversion for big-mouthed women; but the young naval lieutenant, who will be away at sea a good portion of his married life, could scarcely fail to congratulate himself on that score, if he really intends to marry her at all.

Apropos of the "prominent" doctor, it is a well known fact that he has acquired nearly all of his "prominence" through the fake society reporters whom he hires to write up the doings of his wife and daughter.

The rest of his "popularity" he gained by endorsing the "new discoveries" of patent-medicine men and corn doctors.

CHAPTER IV.

HAVING already stated the fact that I came to San Francisco about seven years ago, it might, perhaps, be a good idea to let the reader know how I got here.

I did not come out on one of those railroad passes especially designed for the accommodation of senators and congressmen and such other politicians as may be willing to take pay for voting against any and all propositions to compel Messrs. Huntington, Crocker, and others to pay that seventy million dollar debt that the Southern Pacific Company owes the United States.

I did not beat my way out, either, but I have often wondered whether or not the public ever stops in the middle of a political campaign to consider seriously which one of the three individuals is the worst rascal: the man without money or employment, commonly called the tramp, who may be in search of honest work when he steals a ride on the brake of a freight car; the smooth-tongued "gentleman" who is elected to office on his solemn promise to vote honestly, and then, as soon as he is elected, shows his true colors by voting in the opposite direction; or the railroad magnate, who issues passes to the dishonest office holder, as part payment, on account, for acting dishonorably with his constituents.

The dishonest office holder who accepts the hospitality of railroad companies, and rides free while he is in office, is a worse thief a hundred times over than the poor tramp, because he robs the honest people who put him

into office, while the tramp only steals a ride from a gigantic corporation of freebooters.

Apropos of the author, I am an American citizen. I was born in Claiborne County, Miss., on the 15th of November, 1865. My ancestors on both sides of the house were among the earliest settlers of Claiborne and Jefferson Counties, they having gone there, from Virginia, about the year 1790. They did not go there empty-handed, but carried with them their slaves and mules, and developed the agricultural resources of the greatest cotton State in the Union, incidentally killing off the troublesome Indians as they went along.

For full particulars concerning my ancestors and relatives after they went to Mississippi, see the history of that State, and note the names of the Harpers, Dardens, Calhouns, Campbells, Whitneys, Comptons, Valentines, Hubbards, Hastings, Smiths, Bolles, Georges, Chaineys, Corbins, Martins, and Zollicoffers.

Many of my relations reside in Virginia and the Carolinas. The early part of my life was spent on what was left (after Grant got through) of the old cotton plantation, with my parents, brothers, and sister.

My father, who in 1861 was classed as one of the solid financial men of the South, was fifty years old at the close of the war. Finding himself at that age with a large family, and not a dollar in the world,—his entire estate having been swept away by the fall of the Confederacy as if by a cyclone,—he adopted that which he considered the wisest course for him to pursue during the few remaining years of his life: He became a country school teacher, and devoted his time to the instruction of the children of his friends and neighbors. He never took his own children to his school; we had a nice little private school at home, with mother for teacher.

At the age of ten I was sent to the little country school of Mrs. Elizabeth Pattison Montgomery, near the spot where the town of Martin, Miss., now stands.

My father died when I was fourteen, at which time I was still attending Mrs. Montgomery's school.

My father was buried in the private burying plot in the cedar grove in front of the old family residence of his father and mother.

Of the many good things that his old friends had to say on the occasion of the funeral, I shall never forget the words of Mr. J. D. Phillip: "The worst thing that I ever knew him to do was to swear; and he commenced that when he heard of the election of Abraham Lincoln. He was a careful observer, and he foresaw the terrible destruction that the ascendency of fanaticism was bound to bring to American peace and happiness."

Having a pretty good idea of my mother's limited income, and having been brought up with the old reliable American idea that all legitimate labor is honorable, I decided to do something for myself.

An opportunity presented itself in this way:

In the autumn of 1881 I read an advertisement in the New York *Weekly Sun*, setting forth the fact that the National Publishing Company of Philadelphia required the services of a few agents to procure subscribers for a publication entitled "The Life of President Garfield."

I dispatched a letter to the publishers informing them that my services were at their disposal provided they would give me the agency for Claiborne County. By return mail I received a satisfactory letter, and later a prospectus of the book and a package of orders for subscriptions.

Upon speaking to a schoolmate of my intentions I was laughed at; but that did not discourage me. Acting

upon a piece of quiet advice from headquarters, I called upon the most influential gentleman in the county, Colonel James S. Mason, editor and proprietor of the *Southern Reveille*, Port Gibson, Miss. The result of this call was the first newspaper notice that I ever received. This notice, setting forth the fact that I was the duly appointed agent for the National Publishing Company, and that the book was a splendid work, and winding up with the editor's "trust that the sprightly boy who will call upon you may be patronized to encourage him," had an affect upon the citizens of my native county that opened my eyes concerning the power of the press.

From that time on my success as a book agent was assured.

I soon became anxious to extend my territory beyond the county lines, and with that object in view I wrote to headquarters, and received a letter telling me to "go right ahead wherever I could sell books fastest." I *did* "go ahead," and what that section did not know of the life of our lamented president by the following Fourth of July was hardly worth knowing.

Just how many books I would have sold I can only judge from the fact that I secured four orders from every five heads of families that I called upon. All that I had to do was to say that the *Reveille* endorsed the book, and out would come $2.50.

In the midst of my success I received a set-back. Having bought a small forty-one caliber pistol, I proceeded to learn how to shoot, and, in so-doing, shot myself. The ball entered my right calf, and ranging downward lodged near the ankle joint, where it remained—thanks to the surgical skill of Dr. John W. Barber of Port Gibson—for ten years. I had the ball extracted by

Dr. McNutt in San Francisco, in 1892, after having carried it around the world.

The accidental wounding of myself upset my plans completely. It was a long time before I could walk without great pain; but I was young then, and in due time the ball became encysted, and I started out again on new lines. I went to Philadelphia and became a reporter on the staff of the *Times*, under City Editor Julius Chambers. Mr. Chambers is at present editor of the New York *Recorder*.

While in the capacity of reporter I heard of the United States Naval Training Squadron, which at that time was offering special inducements to boys of my age who desired to "see foreign countries and become officers."

After thinking the matter over after a fashion, I decided to abandon the position of reporter and go into the schoolships, and learn navigation and seamanship.

On the Fourth of July, 1886, I found myself on board the United States ship *Minnesota*, at New York, along with about two hundred other boys. I had been in the Naval Training Squadron nearly two years then; had passed through the regular courses of training on the *New Hampshire*, at Newport, R. I., and on board the cruising schoolship *Portsmouth*, in which latter vessel I had served thirteen months, during which time a cruise had been made to Europe and return, and also a six months' cruise to the West Indies and return.

To some good, honest citizens it may seem strange that I should in this volume give detailed accounts of the doings of certain officers of the United States Navy, whose acquaintance I made during the period of three years and a quarter that I spent in the service of our country.

In explanation I wish to say that the officers herein

described are well known in this country; some of them having actually married San Francisco and New York society girls. Besides this, our naval officers are received into the best society the world over. They are, in fact, our nearest approach to titled aristocracy. To this latter reason, principally, is due the fact that they are always in demand in the better elements of society, as well as at the gatherings, public and private, of our coarse, vulgar, un-Americanized Parvenucracy. Therefore, I think it would be a serious mistake on my part to omit some information that I possess concerning certain officers. With a few exceptions, the officers of our navy are well-educated, well-bred, courteous men; good-hearted, whole-souled, and honorable to a degree that is truly refreshing to a person who has traveled among the Parvenucracy. I take pleasure in saying that our naval officers are gentlemen as a rule, and it is with a feeling of regret that I admit that there are some painful exceptions to this truly good rule.

To know a man well, it is necessary to have seen him under a great variety of circumstances. What I know about these gentlemen I could never have learned at all had I not sailed on the same ships with them. I do not wish to be misunderstood, so I will say, right here, that I consider the worst naval officers whom I shall undertake to describe several degrees higher in the social scale than the shoddyites who run after them, dine them, wine them, cart them around the city,—when they are sober enough and will condescend to go,—and offer them their daughters, when there are no princes, lords, dukes, counts, or other drunken, blear-eyed, deformed, broken-down, foreign fortune-hunting sports in the country. When any of these latter are here the naval officers are not "in it."

I am obliged to admit the deplorable fact that, particu-

larly among the younger officers, from the ensigns of the senior grade on down through the ranks of ensigns of the junior grade, and cadets on their first cruises, there are to be found a few of the sorriest specimens of the true American gentleman that I have ever seen.

While I am loath to admit that some of these young fellows seem to have never in their lives possessed one iota of the requisite instinctiveness of anything above upstarts, and that they are getting worse and worse all the time, I am thankful that my experience in the schoolships of the service enables me to point out the causes that render such a state of affairs possible.

The older officers, from the admirals and commodores on down to the lieutenants, deplore the fact that the positions which they have filled with such credit to themselves and their country must in time be occupied by such dudes as now get into Annapolis. But these estimable old veterans are powerless to better the coming conditions. The politicians run things at Annapolis, and those whom they send there, to suit themselves, regardless of the future welfare of the American navy, the country, or anything else, except the feathering of their own nests.

First and foremost of all, the present system of officering the navy is wrong. I will prove the assertion by facts: The cadets are appointed to the Annapolis Naval Academy by the congressmen from their respective districts, as the vacancies at Annapolis occur. These vacancies do not often occur, and when they get into the hands of the congressmen they come high. The congressmen, having had their "legs pulled" during the campaign by all the political bosses in their respective districts, have got to devise all sorts of schemes in order to exist until they are called upon by the monopolists

after election; consequently they cannot afford to appoint a cadet to Annapolis on his merits alone. The applicant whose father offers the highest bid secures the the appointment, regardless of merit, good breeding, common sense, or anything else that a gentleman should possess. The Parvenucracy, ever on the alert for such opportunities to place its sons in positions which should be occupied by sons of representative citizens only, is filling the navy with nincompoops. At Annapolis the old adage, "You must learn to obey before you can learn to command," is rapidly becoming obsolete; therefore, it is no wonder that some of our officers are regular Anglo-maniacs. Of course the reader remembers the story of Captain Marryat's midshipman, who, while giving orders from a book, gave the command to let go the anchor while tacking ship in mid-ocean, and then, when called to account for it by the captain, had the impudence to say that the wind blew the page over. We are getting lots of Midshipmen Easys in our service under the present system. The sons of the Parvenucracy make very good book sailors, that is, in calm weather.

Some years ago the politicians around Washington City set up a great howl that it was "too hard on the poor cadets to go out to sea before the masts for a few months for practice each year"; and thus they managed to get that excellent old rule practically abolished. If a cadet is too delicate to go through with the course of training that the seaman who does the fighting on a man-of-war has to go through, how is that cadet ever to become a good officer? The politicians do not seem to take this into consideration at all.

But I am devoting too much space to people who occupy only an insignificant place in the kind of society that I am dealing with, so I will proceed with my story of the

trip around the world on the *Essex*, and tell a few of the things that I recorded in my diary about Commander Jewell, "Humpty Dumpty" Bicknell, "Missionary" Wadham, "Papa" Galloway, "Spunky" Walling, "Count" Fechteler, "Billy" Poundstone, "Boozer" Loomis, "Dude" Hoggett, Mr. Rodman, Dr. Hawke, Paymaster Smith, and others.

Having entered the Naval Training Squadron at the age of eighteen, to take the regular course to enable me to become an officer in the United States Merchant Marine Service, I had signed the articles of enlistment to serve in the navy during minority.

Although my course of training was practically complete at the time of which I speak, I still had more than a year to serve.

After the boys who enter the schoolships as I did finish the course on those vessels, it is customary to place them on board regular men-of-war to serve out the remainder of their enlistments.

The United States corvette *Essex* was at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, fitting out for a three years' cruise to China and Japan. Although I knew that my enlistment would expire long before the *Essex* returned to the United States, I was delighted when I saw my name on the list of seventy-four who had been picked from the Training Squadron to man her for the expedition.

CHAPTER V.

On the second day of September, 1886, the *Essex*, fully equipped for the long cruise, cast off her lines from the dock at the Navy Yard, and swung out into the East River.

After a good deal of backing and filling as we picked our way through the great fleet of ferryboats, steamers, tugs, and every kind of craft imaginable, we passed under the great Brooklyn Bridge, and steamed on down past Castle Garden.

Passing the famous Bartholdi Statue of Liberty, on Bedloe's Island, on our starboard hand, we went ahead full speed down the Bay and through the Narrows.

As we steamed on out toward Sandy Hook, we passed the big Guion Line steamer *Alaska*, lying on the sand-bar with her bow high and dry up out of the water. The *Alaska*, bound for Liverpool with a large list of passengers, had run aground in trying to get out to sea during a dense fog. It was at high tide when she struck, and as the water ebbed away she remained hard and fast. A perfect swarm of tugboats hovered around her, taking her passengers off and lightening her, so that she could be floated with the next tide. This was accomplished eventually, as we saw by the papers after we arrived on the other side of the Atlantic, a month later.

The *Essex* could not begin to carry coal enough to steam all the way across the Atlantic, so, as soon as we were clear of the pilot grounds, Commander Theodore F. Jewell ordered the chief engineer to haul fires and

lower the smokestack, and send all the black squad—the firemen and coal heavers—on deck to assist the seamen.

Favored with a fair breeze from the westward, we made sail to top-gallant sails, and shaped our course for the Azores, or Western Islands.

Crossing the Atlantic Ocean under canvas is rather slow work, at best, for any man-of-war. Having an idle propeller to drag through the water, our progress was so retarded that the best speed we could make was about ten knots an hour ; and we could not do that with anything short of a moderate gale on the quarter. This, of course, we were not so fortunate as to have all the time. We had to stop over thirty times during the voyage to take deep sea soundings. These soundings made no end of trouble, and on one occasion came very near causing a duel between two of our most promising young officers.

Some old whaling captain had reported a sunken rock somewhere off the coast of the Azores, and the *Essex* was ordered to look it up on her way to the Mediterranean.

Lieutenant A. V. Wadham, the navigater,* had charge of the sounding apparatus, and he detailed a regular crew to man it, consisting of Ensign Hoggett, Quartermaster Billy Thompson, Seamen Apprentices Jarrett, Schipperus, and myself. The deep sea sounding machine consisted of a wheel or drum two feet in diameter and six inches wide. Around this drum was wound several thousand fathoms of very fine copper wire. To the end of the wire there was attached a piece of brass pipe about a foot long and two inches in diameter, fitted with a

* The navigating officer of a man-of-war ranks next below the first lieutenant. The spelling of his title with an "e" instead of an "o" in the last syllable is a naval technicality, not mentioned in Webster. Some navigaters are *not navigators*.

valve in the lower end so that it would bring up specimens of sand or mud or anything soft that it might strike on the bottom. This piece of pipe was called a cup. A sixty pound shot with a hole through it was used for a sinker. The cup, which was made to fit the hole in the shot, was fitted with a spring, which held the two together until they struck the bottom, when the shot became de-

U. S. S. *Essex* under sail.

tached and remained on the bottom, leaving the cup free to be hauled up.

The sounding apparatus was placed on the end of the bridge extending out over the starboard side of the ship, and it was fitted with indicators, which resembled the face of a clock, to tally the number of fathoms of wire out. It was also supplied with a little steam engine to reel up the wire.

Like everything else on board a man-of-war, there was a lot of ceremony and "red tape" attached to the sounding machine.

Lieutenant Wadham would come up on the bridge, tell the officer of the deck to stop the ship, and have the boatswain's mate sing out for the "sounding gang"; then the fun would commence.

Jarrett and Schipperus would go down to the shot

locker and bring up a shot; old Billy Thompson would attach the cup and fit the shot on, and report, "All ready, sir," to Mr. Wadham, who would then give the order to "Heave!" which meant to lower the shot down into the water. My duty in the performance was to look after the indicator and keep tally of the fathoms of wire out; one turn of the drum was a fathom. I was required to sing out "Mark!" at every tenth fathom, so that Mr. Hoggett could keep tally also. If our figures did not agree with the indicator when the job was finished, Mr. Wadham generally told us what he thought of us. He never called us anything worse than "land-lubbers," or "hay-makers," however, because he was too "religious" to call us anything that would reflect on our ancestors.

Mr. Wadham never used any of those harsh descriptive adjectives by which the conversation of nearly all sailors is distinguishable, but I have a strong suspicion that he frequently thought them.

Sometimes the cup, together with a thousand or so fathoms of wire, would remain on the bottom to keep company with the shot; then we would catch the devil, so to speak. One day we tried to get a sounding when there was a heavy sea on. We could get the bottom without much difficulty, and could tell how many fathoms were out, but getting the cup back was where the trouble came in. The ship would drift over the wire, and a rough place in the copper on the bottom of the ship would cause it to break off, and down would go the cup. Then we would reel in what was left of the wire, get the kinks out of it, put on another cup, and try it again.

After losing about six cups and as many thousand fathoms of wire, Mr. Wadham decided that Thompson was to blame for it all, and I know that he was sorry he was "too religious" to swear at him.

"Thompson," said Mr. Wadham, "if you lose another cup you had better get hold of the end of the wire and go down with it, for you'll be better off down there in Davy Jones' locker than on board this ship."

"Aye, aye, sir," said old Thompson, as he lowered the seventh cup over the side. The words were hardly out of his mouth when the wire, which had got a kink in it during the excitement, snapped off, and away went the cup.

In obedience to the command of his superior officer, Thompson started to dive overboard, but Mr. Wadham countermanded his order by telling Billy to "Belay!"

Mr. Wadham then went aft and reported to Captain Jewell that it was too rough to take soundings. "I think it's a d——d nice time for you to discover it, after losing seven cups," said the old man, as he sung out to the quartermaster to "put her on her course"; "those cups cost the Government forty dollars apiece."

The captain then gave standing orders to the chief engineer to get up steam enough to give the ship steerage way whenever there was any sounding to be done.

Mr. Wadham got excited one day, and in trying to keep the ship from drifting over the wire, he gave the signals "go ahead," "stop," "back," "go astern," etc., in such rapid succession that the engine-room bell was kept going like an alarm clock.

The engineer on watch stood it until patience ceased to be a virtue with him, then he yelled out up through the ventilator, "What in hell's the matter up there?"

Young Lippincott, whose duty it was to pass the word along, passed it up to Mr. Wadham just as he got it from the engineer.

"How dare you tell me anything like that?" yelled Mr. Wadham; and he ordered Lippincott to go to the

"mast," while he sent for Mr. Bicknell, the first lieutenant. Mr. Bicknell, whom all the boys called "Humpty Dumpty" on account of his small stature, and "Burnsides" came up, and Mr. Wadham explained to him that Lippincott had asked him "What in the hell was the matter with him?" Then Lippincott explained that he had merely passed along the word as he had got it from the engineer. That acquitted Lippincott, and he came up forward and told his friends that Mr. Wadham was crazy.

Then Mr. Bicknell walked aft and said: "Mr. Fechteler, what the devil do you suppose is the matter with Mr. Wadham?" "I'll be d——d if I know," replied Mr. Fechteler, as he signaled to the boatswain's mate to "pipe mess gear."

Mr. Wadham made several other bad breaks which rendered him very unpopular with the boys, right from the start. Among other things, he wanted us to read the Bible and sing psalms during our watch below, and he even volunteered to lead us in prayer; but these were not popular studies, for we remembered distinctly that nothing of the kind was included in the articles of enlistment. So, from that time on, Mr. Wadham became known as the "missionary officer."

One day he came on deck, called out the "sounding gang," stopped the ship, and proceeded to take a sounding without reporting to the officer of the deck. Lieutenant B. F. Walling was on watch, and he very promptly took Mr. Wadham to task for usurping his authority, and he did it in a way to make the navigater remember it.

Going forward to where the sounding gang was at work, he addressed Mr. Wadham about as follows:

"What do you mean, sir, by taking charge without reporting to the officer of the deck?"

"I am navigater of this ship," replied Mr. Wadham, "and I have a right to stop her whenever I feel like it."

"I don't care a d——n who you are, or what you have a right to do!" said Mr. Walling; "when I am officer of the deck I want you to respect me as such, and if you don't know how to respect the officer of the deck, I'll teach you."

By this time all the watch on deck had crowded around, and some of the boys had roused out the watch below to see the fun, for there was every prospect of a set-to. The man-of-war's-man is a sport, in his way, and nothing suits him better than a fight. When he can't get into a fight himself, his next greatest pleasure is in seeing others get battered up. So a fistic encounter between two officers was not to be missed under any consideration. For several minutes the two lieutenants made the air blue with choice nautical language that would hardly do to repeat in this book. It looked as if one was afraid to fight and the other dared not. At last Mr. Walling got tired of the row, and, suggesting to the navigater the advisability of going to a certain warm place, the name of which was quite familiar to the boys, he went aft and began to pace up and down the poop deck, muttering something about the inaptitude of "d——d missionaries" for sea service.

The navigater dismissed the sounding gang, went aft to the cabin, and reported Mr. Walling to the captain. He told the "old man" that Mr. Walling had been using abusive and vulgar language to him and insulting him in the presence of the crew. This was all summed up as "conduct unbecoming to an officer and a gentleman."

Captain Jewell rang for his orderly, and sent word up

to Mr. Walling to have his relief called and report to him at once.

It so happened that the gentleman who was to relieve Mr. Walling was no other than Lieutenant A. F. Fechteler, who is now the son-in-law of our esteemed townsman, United States District Judge W. W. Morrow of San Francisco.

Mr. Fechteler was enjoying a quiet afternoon snooze when the orderly woke him up and informed him of what had happened, and he made use of some pretty strong language about the two gentlemen whose differences had caused him to be so unceremoniously robbed of his beauty sleep. Possibly he was in the middle of a beautiful dream of the day when he would come to San Francisco and capture one of the prettiest girls who ever graced the halls of the Palace Hotel. At any rate, while putting on his clothes he expressed the opinion that Mr. Walling ought to have had better sense than to pick a row with Mr. Wadham, and that the latter was a "cussed fool" for reporting him.

In due time Mr. Fechteler went on deck and relieved Mr. Walling, and that gentleman went down to the cabin and reported himself to the captain.

After informing Mr. Walling of the charges which had been preferred against him by the navigater, Captain Jewell asked him what he had to say for himself. In a very few words Mr. Walling told the captain that the navigater had stopped the ship and taken charge without notifying the officer of the deck, and that he, as officer of the deck, had asked the navigater what he meant by it, and the navigater had insulted him and called him names in the presence of the crew.

Under the law for the government of the United States Navy, Captain Jewell could have ordered both Walling

A NAVAL BATTLE IN TIME OF PEACE.

The Lieutenant Walling-Wadham Sunday morning Set-to on the *Essex*, with the crew for an audience.

and Wadham under arrest and recommended them for a court-martial ; but he did not do anything of the kind. As captain of the ship with orders from the Navy Department to proceed on out to the Asiatic station, the old man did not consider it necessary to have such little misunderstandings recorded in the log book. So he decided to settle the case in a way that proved satisfactory to everybody, and especially to all the deck officers.

He issued a standing order to the effect that when the navigater had any deep sea sounding to do, he should relieve the officer of the deck and look out for the ship himself while taking his soundings. As it frequently took an hour, and sometimes two or three hours, to get a sounding, this would give the deck officer a chance to go below and take a nap.

CHAPTER VI.

The sunken rock that we were sounding for was considered so dangerous to navigation that it was deemed advisable to use great caution in approaching it.

The old whaling captain who reported it had given the position, but the Bureau of Navigation at Washington wanted it verified by Mr. Wadham before placing it on the charts; hence the great care that we used in "feeling our way along." One beautiful morning, when there was scarcely a ripple on the water, the navigater took his observations of the sun, and reported to the captain that we were just ten miles from the dreaded rock. Extra lookouts were detailed, and a quartermaster was sent aloft with a long glass to keep a sharp lookout for breakers. The speed of the ship was reduced to barely steerage way.

At last we were directly over the dangerous place. The drift lead with fifty fathoms of line out had been kept over the quarter all the morning with a picked man tending it, to report as soon as it touched bottom. In addition to this, to make it doubly safe, the hand lead was kept going from the fore chains all the time. All hands, from the captain to the quarter gunner's "chicken," were on deck, looking over the bows and the sides of the ship.

The men at the leads kept reporting "no bottom," until Mr. Wadham gave the signal to stop. Surely he could not have made any mistake about the position! The captain and "Humpty Dumpty" had taken obser-

vations, too, and they said that the navigater's figures were correct.

We then steamed around on a circular course of a mile, and described a hollow square, with the lead going all the time; but still "no bottom" at fifty fathoms. Then we stopped again, and let out seventy-five fathoms, and then a hundred fathoms with the same results. "Very, very strange," said the navigater; and everyone else was of the same opinion.

"Try a deep-sea sounding," said the captain.

The shot and cup were soon adjusted, and Billy Thompson reported "All ready."

"Heave!" said the navigater, and the shot was lowered into the water, and the drum began to reel off wire.

"Stand by to stop her on short notice," said Mr. Wadham, as the one hundred fathom mark was reached. The drum kept revolving,—one hundred, two hundred, three hundred fathoms. "What! What!" exclaimed the navigater; four hundred, five hundred. "Great Heavens! no bottom yet?" yelled the captain. Soon the indicator registered one thousand fathoms, then fifteen hundred, two thousand. It was now impossible to stop the wire without breaking it, so we just let her rip.

The three thousand fathom mark went out, and it began to look as if there was not enough wire on board to reach "the sunken rock that made it so perilous for ships sailing on the Atlantic." When the thirty-three hundred fathom mark was reached, Billy Thompson remarked that it was the deepest sounding that we had struck. Just then the wire slackened, and the reel was stopped as the indicator registered the deepest water that we found on the whole expedition—3350 fathoms, equal to nearly four English miles.

Thoroughly satisfied that American commerce was in

no immediate danger from the sunken rock, we abandoned deep sea sounding on the Atlantic, and shaped our course for the Straits of Gibraltar.

Up to that time we had experienced very little trouble with the weather, and it began to look as if we were to have an exceptionally fine weather voyage. But old Neptune had had his weather eye on somebody on board, and he came down upon us when we were least expecting him. I think Mr. Wadham was the "Jonah."

During the mid-watch one night, while we were going along under topsails and courses, with the wind abeam, making about nine knots, the quartermaster noticed an ugly looking cloud up to windward. Lieutenant Fechteler was officer of the deck, and he gave the order to "reef the foretopsail."

The halliards were lowered away and the weather braces were rounded in. As the forecastlemen and foretopmen went aloft we were greeted with a shower of hail. The main topmen were sent aloft to lend a hand in reefing the sail, leaving only the afterguards on deck. While in this predicament we were struck by a terrific squall that threw the ship almost on her beam's ends.

Mr. Fechteler ordered the quartermaster to "put the helm bar hard up, and let her go off," but, with the main sail and main topsail set and the foretopsail lowered, and the wind abeam, she of course refused to go off, and instead, rolled over until the entire lee rail was under water.

It looked as if she would never right herself again. All hands were called on deck to "save ship." Captain Jewell having been thrown clean out of his bunk, as the ship keeled over, rushed out on deck and took charge. The first thing that he did was to order the main sail clewed up. As soon as this was accomplished she

righted herself, and went off before the wind. The storm moderated after the squall, and by sunrise we were running before a strong breeze with all sail set.

On the evening of October 3 we sighted Cape St. Vincent light, on the coast of Portugal. This was the first land that we had seen since we sailed from New York.

Early on the morning of the 4th we came to anchor in the harbor of Gibraltar, distance from New York 3526 miles. I shall never forget my first impression of this great British stronghold. Sailors just call it "The Rock." The great black mass, rising up almost perpendicularly out of the sea, inspires one at first sight with a feeling of awe. The more you look at it, the more thoroughly convinced do you become that it is impregnable.

This historical stronghold is called the "key to the Mediterranean." The famous Krupp guns there are too well known to the readers of the monthly magazines and Sunday papers for me to perpetrate a lengthy description of them here. The City of Gibraltar, standing on the side of the hill, reminds one of Vicksburg, Miss., and it also resembles Hong Kong, China.

On the 9th of October we sailed from Gilbraltar, and on the 15th we arrived in Valletta, Island of Malta. This island belongs to England, and the harbor of Valletta is the rendezvous of the British fleet in the Mediterranean.

There are many interesting things in Valletta: The catacombs and underground passages built by the Knights of Malta are similar, in a smaller way, to those of Rome. The historical Cathedral of St. John's is said to have had gates of solid gold, and Napoleon Bonaparte is accused of having taken them away along with other golden fixtures.

I wanted to buy a Maltese cat to bring home to my

mother, but was informed that the only one on the island was owned by the American consul, who had brought it there from the States. This breed of cats has become extinct in its native country.

We sailed from Malta on the 21st of October. A very extraordinary thing occurred on sailing day. The officers gave a little party on board in the afternoon, and quite a number of ladies and gentlemen from Valletta attended. When the party broke up, Paymaster Smith went ashore in a gondola with some of the ladies, one of whom, I believe, was a "friend" of Captain Jewell's. Something had evidently happened that displeased the captain, for no sooner had the guests left the ship than he gave the order to "unmoor ship and get under way." The lines were cast off, and the ship was soon steaming out of the harbor. A large number of boats and a big English steamer, coming into port, blocked the narrow entrance to the harbor so that we had to stop a few minutes. The paymaster took advantage of the opportunity by coming off in a small boat. He managed to get hold of the Jacob's ladder, and crawled up over the stern just as the signal was given to "go ahead, full speed." Young Wade, the mail orderly, who had been sent ashore on duty, was not so fortunate. He got left in Malta.

The day after sailing two stowaways were found in the coal bunkers. They were brought on deck, where they were identified as soldiers of a Royal Scottish Highland regiment stationed at Malta. They had come on board as visitors, and, on learning that we were going to Egypt, had decided to accompany us. When we arrived at Port Said, Egypt, on the 26th of October, we found that we would have to wait there several days before we could get through the Suez Canal.

This delay enabled Mail Orderly Wade to overhaul

NEARLY MISSED HIS PASSAGE.

Paymaster Smith, U. S. N., returning aboard the *Essex*, at Malta, after the Ball.

us; he having been sent on from Malta on one of the Peninsular and Oriental steamers, which happened to call at Valletta soon after we sailed.

Egypt is a very low-lying country. The land is only a few feet above the level of the sea. From the deck of the ship approaching the coast, the trees and houses and even people and animals are visible on shore before any land can be seen. Port Said is a very dull place. It is only a coaling station, with a few stores which have been built there since the canal was opened.

After remaining at Port Said five days, we got away on the 31st of October, and proceeded on our way through the canal. Being a man-of-war, we had to stop and haul into the locks fully a dozen times to let other steamers pass before we got through. At that time ships were not allowed to go through the canal at night.

We reached Ismailia about sunset, where we hauled into the lock and tied up for the night.

After we got the ship made fast nearly everybody on board went in swimming in the canal.

The Khedive of Egypt has a beautiful Swiss cottage near the canal at Ismailia, where he goes to recuperate after his periodical jag.

At daylight on the morning of Novemher 1st we got away from Ismailia, and proceeded on through the canal. We saw, walking along the bank of the canal, our two Scottish Highlanders who stowed away at Malta. Captain Jewell had put them off the ship at Port Said, and then they had stowed away in some steamer and got thrown off of her about midway between Port Said and Suez.

At ten o'clock we stopped at Suez, and sent the mail ashore; then we got under way and steamed out into the Red Sea.

It was somewhere along here that Moses and the Israelites crossed over, the time they went on that famous strike and decided to run away from Egypt, without notifying Pharaoh so that he might employ a new "gang" to fill their places.

At that time the Isthmus of Suez was probably a very narrow neck of land; perhaps only a few hundred yards wide and several miles long. It was undoubtedly covered with water six or eight feet deep at high tide.

Before calling his men out Moses familiarized himself with the rise and fall of the tide. He calculated so well that he reached the water just at the beginning of ebb tide. Naturally he was in advance of his people. Stretching his walking stick out over the water he commanded it to break away and let him pass. The rest of the Israelites came up about that time, and, seeing the water recede, they supposed that the Almighty had done it to oblige Moses. Indeed it would have been a very foolish thing of Moses to tell them any better, when he saw that they actually believed that he had such a "pull" with God. In due time the whole crowd of Jews walked over on dry land. Several hours later Pharaoh started out in pursuit, with his faithful employees, and, perhaps, a few deputies. Following their trail through the sand, he reached the isthmus at the beginning of flood tide. Pharaoh knew nothing about the tide, and, seeing the tracks of the Israelites, he followed on. The tide rose and caught him before he got over, and he and his men were all drowned through his sheer ignorance. I think, however, that Pharaoh was more to be pitied than blamed for his ignorance of the tide, because there were no summer resorts on the coast in those days, and that was probably the first time that he had ever had occasion to go to the seaside. It was a mean thing for Moses to

"GOAD" FORM ON PUBLIC EXHIBITION AT MONTEREY.

The class of society that Ex-cook Manager Schonevaldt always catered to at the Hotel del Monte.—Picture reproduced from the S. F. *Examiner*, July 29th, 1894.

fool him in that way, but Moses, as leader of the first great strike, did not intend that the iron-hearted Pharaoh should catch him. While Pharaoh was getting cooled off Moses made good his escape.

People who go to the seaside resorts nowadays learn a great deal. They not only learn all about the rise and fall of the tide, but they come home pretty well posted about the rise and fall, principally the latter, of young girls who go there to have a good time, and have it regardless of consequences. If that famous hot-bed for scandal, called the Hotel del Monte, where the Parvenucracy and dove-shooters go, and where young "society ladies" go into the gentlemen's bathing tank in a seminude state, in order to get their pictures published in the *Examiner*, had existed in those days, I think that Pharaoh would have been there.

You can find almost any kind of society that you ever heard of at Del Monte.

The kind of female society that kings are fond of is very abundant there during the "season."

Since writing the above I am pleased to learn that Del Monte has been supplied with a long felt want in the position of manager: namely, a gentleman.

Mr. Arnold, formerly of the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, has succeeded the arrogant, low ex-cook, Geo. Schonewald, as manager of beautiful Del Monte.

For many years the better elements of California society have steered well clear of this beautiful spot, on account of the objectionable class that Schonewald, who could not speak English intelligibly, always catered to.

I am glad to see that the owner of the hotel—the Pacific Improvement Company—has at last opened its eyes to the real cause of the apparent unappreciativeness of the more refined classes, who have boycotted this

place which nature—though handicapped by a pitiable, ignorant, alien menial—has made so charming.

Under the management of gentlemanly Mr. Arnold, Del Monte will come to life again, and will be appreciated and patronized by respectable society. Messrs. Botsch, Junker and Pine, and the other civilized employees of the house will no doubt appreciate the change of management also.

CHAPTER VII.

We passed the lightship at Newport Rock, off Suez, about noon, November 1, bound for Aden, Arabia.

The peak of Mount Sinai, in the Holy Land, was plainly visible in the distance.

We experienced splendid weather in the Red Sea, and had a fresh breeze on the quarter for more than a week.

On the 9th and 10th of November we passed through the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, in company with a large Japanese man-of-war that was on her way out to Japan, from France, where she had been built.

This is the place where young Ham is supposed to have crossed over into Africa, after he was cursed by Noah for having laughed at the old man when the latter had a quiet jag on.

Ham subsequently married the daughter of a venerable old monkey, and settled down in Abyssinia and raised the first family of "colored society."

Lineal descendants of this inter-tribe union are to be found at the Lotus Club and other social organizations of razor fame in San Francisco ; also in Thompson Street, Sixth Avenue, and Thirty-second Street, New York; South Street, Philadelphia, and in every town and county in the "Cotton Belt."

"Colored society" has had a hard struggle for social recognition in the United States. It was first introduced into America, in the year 1620, by a Dutchman who brought twenty members of it over from Africa, and landed them somewhere up the James River. The

F. F. V.'s refused to acknowledge the introduction of the Dutchman, from a social standpoint. Whether this was on account of the color or odor of his *protégés*, or whether it was because of the Dutchman's own uncertain social standing (he was probably a pirate), I have not been able to ascertain; but at any rate the "first families of Virginian colored society" were not received as guests; and what is still better, their descendants never will be. A man named McAllister,—long live his name!—a predecessor of Ward, declared that society must have a grandfather. The Dutchman proved up "grand-paternity," accursed as it was, by the Bible, but it leaked out that there was a "tail" connected with its "ma-ternity," or monkey-turnity, I don't remember which, and the Dutchman, freebooter that he was, was so shocked that he sold his *protégés* to some old planters for slaves.

In due time the planters discovered that their slaves were useful about cotton farms. These slaves were prolific, but not enough so to supply the demands of the cotton raisers of the South; so some enterprising New Englanders procured a ship and brought over some more of the descendants of Ham from Africa, and sold them for good prices.

Subsequently whole fleets of New England ships ran between Africa and different American sea ports, bringing over "colored society" to order.

No one ever dreamed of receiving "colored society" on a basis of equality until a rail splitter, named Abraham Lincoln, through accident, got to be President of the United States.

Mr. Lincoln was told that the white overseers and slave drivers from Indiana, who superintend Southern cotton plantations for American owners, were trying to make "colored society" white, and that they had already

changed a good deal of it to a dingy, disgusting yellow. Mr. Lincoln thought that if a few Hoosier overseers could make "colored society" yellow, the president of the jingo party ought to be able to make it snow white. So, after stirring up a great civil war, and wrecking the country, he issued a proclamation setting all "colored society" "free," and placing it on a white basis, so he thought.

But, so far as benefiting "colored society" was concerned, Mr. Lincoln's scheme was a rank failure,—that is, if the opinion of "colored society," on that particular subject, counts for anything,—because eighty per cent. of "freed colored society" in the South says: "Lord bless yoh soul, chile, we am wuss off now dan we eber was befo'. Umph, my Lord! we had homes befo' we was freed, but now we aint got nothin'—nothin' 'tall."

After setting the slaves free, it was found that they could not take care of themselves, and that white society ignored them socially. Then a man named Booth, a frenzied crank, took pity on society and killed Mr. Lincoln, to keep him from making a giant April fool of Uncle Sam by allowing the fanatics to try to further facilitate the *début* of the descendants of Ham and his monkey spouse into the society of legitimacy and the White House.

As it stands to-day, "colored society" has no social standing in America at all, and it never will have any.

It should be sent back to Africa, where it came from, to raise watermelons and poultry for itself, instead of stealing all that the "poh white trash" raise.

Early in the morning of November 11, we came to anchor in the harbor of Aden, which is, perhaps, the dryest city on the face of the earth. However, it forms an important link in the long chain of English fortified coaling stations extending around the world. There is not a

drop of natural fresh water to be found within miles of Aden. The city bears the distinction of having a manufacturing industry that consists solely of a water factory where fresh water is condensed from the salt water of the ocean.

On the afternoon of November 17, we took our departure from Aden, and stood for the Island of Ceylon.

On the 19th we passed Cape Guardafui and the Island of Socotra.

After that we took a few deep-sea soundings in the Indian Ocean, probably just to give Mr. Wadham a chance to lose the rest of the sounding cups and wire that were left over from the expedition on the Atlantic. After he had lost all of the cups, and nearly all of the wire, Captain Jewell placed Mr. Hoggett in charge of the sounding machine, with a single cup made by the engineers on board the ship. Mr. Hoggett had better luck than Mr. Wadham, and we managed to get along without mishap until all the soundings were taken.

Fifteen days after leaving Aden we sighted the beautiful Island of Ceylon, and on the afternoon of December 2 we moored ship in the harbor of Colombo, the principal city on the island.

Our lines were barely made fast before the Parsee peddlers began to swarm over the gangway, loaded down with cheap jewelry, and bogus precious stones purported to have been found in Ceylon, but actually imported from Europe and America.

The Parsees, be it understood, are called the "Jews of Asia." They received this title from the first white people who ever went to India, for the reason, no doubt, that there were no other people on the face of the earth except the Jews who could be compared with them for "business ability." Had it not been for the fact that

the Jews were known to the Europeans before the Parsees were, I think that their respective titles would have been reversed, and that the Jews would now be called the Parsees of America and Europe. The shrewdest venders of collar buttons, socks, and second-hand clothes on Baxter Street, New York, and Kearney Street, San Francisco, could not hold a candle to the Parsees. When it comes to a "bargain," Raphael, Roos Brothers, Cohen & Co., and the other world-beaters for bum overcoats, simply "aint in it" with the Parsee crepe shawl peddlers.

One of these latter asked me twenty-five *rupees* for a shawl. Not wishing to buy the shawl, I offered him five *rupees* for it, and he took it.

After a pleasant sojourn of four days at Colombo, we put to sea on the 6th of December. Passing Point de Galle, the southeastern extremity of Ceylon, we pointed our prow eastward across the Bay of Bengal, and stood for the Straits of Malacca.

Hauling fires and sending the black squad on deck, we continued under canvas the same as we did while crossing the Atlantic.

On the 9th and 10th of December we ran before the heaviest gales that we encountered during the whole cruise. On the 10th the storm increased to such violence that we were compelled to heave to for a whole day.

This was the same typhoon that destroyed Madras, and played such havoc with the shipping all up and down the east coast of India. It was estimated that the wind blew at the rate of over one hundred miles an hour. The weather moderated on the morning of the 11th, however, and we shook the reefs out of our sails and proceeded on our course.

On the 14th we stopped off the west coast of Sumatra to have our quarterly target practice and torpedo exercise. A target was rigged up on a raft and launched. Then Captain Jewell came on deck and gave the order: "Clear ship for action!" In a very few minutes the light spars were sent down, and everything was made snug aloft. The decks were cleared of everything not needed in battle, and we were ready to execute the manœuvers just as if we were going into an engagement with "the enemy." For fully an hour the broadside guns, the big eight-inch pivot gun, and the bow chaser were turned on the target. Shell after shell went hissing across the water, and the cannonade was something terrific. The best gunners in the ship pointed and fired the guns; but, when the quarterly allowance of practice shells was exhausted, the target still floated peacefully on the smooth sea. They had never touched it.

Then the Gatling guns were brought into action, and the marines and sharpshooters gave an exhibition of *their* markmanship, but the bullets from their guns only ricocheted across the water until the last round of the quarterly allowance of small-arm ammunition was gone.

Mortified and disgusted with his gunners, Captain Jewell ordered the torpedo division to blow up the impudent target, which had drifted alongside the ship right in the face of the terrific fusillade which had been directed at it. Very soon a small dynamite torpedo was rigged out on the end of the starboard lower studding-sail boom.

These torpedoes are exploded by electricity. The electric battery was aft on the poop. The wire, extending forward along the bulwarks, was run out and connected with the torpedo on the end of the boom.

There was a switch at the break of the forecastle, just

like an ordinary electric light switch, that connected or disconnected the battery with the torpedo as occasion required. Ensign Rodman, assisted by Quarter Gunner Henry Hudson, had charge of the torpedo division up forward, while Lieutenant Fechteler looked after the electric battery aft. The ship steamed around in order to get into a position so that the torpedo could be lowered into the water and exploded under the target.

All the boys, and, in fact, nearly the entire crew, crowded up on the top-gallant forecastle to watch the blowing up of the raft. While this was going on, someone turned the switch connecting the torpedo with the battery before the torpedo was lowered into the water. Lieutenant Fechteler, supposing that everything was all right in connection with the torpedo up forward, pressed the button just to see if the battery was in working order. A terrific explosion followed. The ship trembled from stem to stern, while fragments of the copper torpedo flew in every direction. When the smoke cleared away the forecastle presented a pitiable sight. Lying in a pool of blood, at the breech of the six-inch rifle bow chaser, was all that remained mortal of Seaman Apprentice Peter Hagele. A piece of the torpedo had penetrated his temple, killing him instantly. A few feet away lay W. C. Hammond, another seaman apprentice, with the blood flowing from an ugly wound in the temple.*

R. F. Gerbach ran aft with the blood flowing from a wound in his left knee. August Rettig received a fragment of copper in the leg. W. J. Morgan, the chief boatswain's mate, had a small hole in his leg, and W. J. McFadden was down on his knees calling frantically upon

* Hammond was afterward sent to Bellevue Hospital, New York, to have the piece of copper extracted from his brain. At last accounts he was a lunatic from the effects of the wound.

the Blessed Virgin to stop a small stream of blood that was trickling from his forehead. Nor was this all. Down under the forecastle was old Corporal Boyd, of the marine guard, picking a piece of copper out of his head with his knife. Boyd, who was an old veteran, was looking out of a porthole when the explosion occurred. When he found that he was not dead, he quietly extracted this missile from his head, and, tying his handkerchief over the wound, proceeded to assist the rest of the injured.

As this all happened on the equator, where the temperature was 100° in the shade, it was impossible to keep poor Hagele until we reached port.

At three o'clock the same afternoon the boatswain's mate sounded the solemn call, "All hands bury the dead."

The entire ship's company mustered on deck. The flag was hoisted at half-mast. The corpse, sewed up in canvas, with a sixty pound shot attached, was brought to the starboard gangway on a broad plank.

Giving the order to "uncover," Captain Jewell took off his cap, and read the burial service. As he came to the last words he signaled to Summerville, the captain of the maintop, who tipped the plank outward. There was a splash, as the remains of our shipmate disappeared into the sea, and all was over. Motioning to the boatswain's mate to "pipe down," and signaling to the engineer to go ahead full speed, the captain proceeded to shape his course for Singapore.

We went ahead through the Straits of Malacca, picking our way through the narrow channels between the islands along the south coast of the Malay Peninsula, as fast as our engines could propel the ship through the water. As an everlasting reminder of somebody's

THE DEATH OF PETER HAGELE ON BOARD THE ESSEX.

"Lieutenant Fechteler pressed the button. A terrific explosion followed. When the smoke cleared away, Hagele was dead, Hammond was crippled for life, and four others were dangerously wounded."—*Extract from Author's Private Diary, Dec. 14th, 1886.*

blundering work, which could safely go down to history as criminal carelessness, one life had been sacrificed and another had been blighted. In addition to this, two persons were under the surgeon's knife, with the very best prospects of developing gangrene, in which case they would have lost their legs and, probably, their lives; and three others were more or less injured.

The court of inquiry, composed of officers of the ship, decided that nobody was responsible. The sad occurrence was summed up by the talented court as an "unavoidable accident," and such it is still believed to have been.

Nothing can ever restore the life that was lost, and nothing *will* ever restore the mind that was wrecked, but nevertheless, a review of the prominent facts in the case is, I hope, not out of place even at this late hour.

Several commissioned officers were superintending the experiment through which the "accident" was brought about. The person killed, and all of the wounded, were enlisted men. The court of inquiry was composed of officers. I suppose the court made some inquiries about the man whose duty it was to see that the torpedo was handled carefully. Whether or not anyone was supposed to turn on the current at a given signal, I could not say. If this was overlooked someone was guilty of criminal carelessness. But I sincerely hope that the decision rendered was just

CHAPTER VIII.

On the 18th of December, 1886, we dropped anchor in the harbor of Singapore, Straits Settlements.

Two days later we sent Rettig and Gerbach to the hospital, to be treated for the injuries received in the torpedo explosion.

We celebrated Christmas at Singapore in the regular, good old American style. Our dinner table was set on the spar deck, reaching from the break of the forecastle to the mainmast. On top of it was piled a *menu* consisting of all the different varieties of eatables that could be found in the market. This we washed down with various brands of liquid refreshments; Captain Jewell having granted us that privilege, at the request of our esteemed and beloved first lieutenant.

The eccentricities of old "Humpty Dumpty" certainly entitle him to more than a casual mention. In his way he was one of the most extraordinary characters that I have ever met. He possessed an individuality peculiarly his own. Imagine a little man of perhaps fifty, about five feet four inches in height, with moderately long red side whiskers and mustache to match, and it will give you some idea of how Mr. Bicknell appears at first glance. On closer observation you will notice that he has a pair of very keen bluish-gray eyes, a large nose, and a fairly firm chin, which, owing to his "Burnsides," appears at first to be somewhat abbreviated. Along with all these he carries a set expression that would puzzle Kendall, or

any other fake mind reader in the world, to account for, further than that it is harmless. Altogether, while he is far from being handsome, Mr. Bicknell is by no means uninteresting. When he is dressed up in his social coat, with brass buttons, and has on his Sunday smile, which he assures himself of every now and then by running his fingers through his whiskers, he is actually pleasing to behold; but when he dresses up for a ball in his evening uniform suit, with epaulettes and low cut waistcoat, showing a white shirt front, he is a distressing failure. He dances as gracefully as a tortoise.

Having heard a great deal of the different heathen "religions,"—so-called from the fact that they acknowledge a Supreme Ruler,—I decided to visit some of the Buddhist and other temples in Singapore. I had been too busily engaged in other ways at Colombo and Aden to even ask anybody if there were any places of worship in those cities, and, besides this, our own missionary lieutenant had been holding so many fake prayer meetings on board, that the word "religion," uttered seriously anywhere forward of the smokestack, was like waving a red shirt before a herd of wild bullocks.

Jack Hartel, Jimmy Welch, Willie Lamb, and several other irreverent boys had organized a vigilance committee to protest against Mr. Wadham's "zeal," and the entire class of boys had joined in and adopted resolutions tabooing psalm-singing and everything of that nature. Anyone who broke the rules was liable to be severely punished, and all crimes committed while on shore were punishable just the same as if committed on board ship. After dinner was over, on Christmas Day, a meeting was called on the forecastle, and the rules and regulations concerning religion were suspended, only as far as they interfered with sight-seeing. Those who asked permis-

sion to visit the heathen temples were cautioned to steer clear of all churches in which the English, French, or German languages were spoken.

Jarrett, Schipperus, Lippincott, Funk, Link, and I were about the only boys who were anxious to see the heathen at "worship." We went up to the large temple out toward the Zoölogical Gardens. As we started to enter, the door-keeper made signs to us to take off our shoes. Seeing us hesitate, he pointed to a long row of sandals just outside the door. Then we understood. As we deposited our shoes with the door-keeper, I noticed that ours were the only leather shoes in the pile; all the rest being the grass, bamboo, and wooden sandals of the Malays, Indians, and other natives.

Inside the temple we found the congregation, of men only, squatting on the earth on their haunches, with their heads bowed down until their faces touched the ground. Around the sides were hideous-looking images of dragons, devils, monsters, fierce Oriental warriors, and many other unpleasant things. We did not stay very long, for the reason that the noxious incense and a mixture of other disagreeable odors, peculiar to the climate of Singapore, made us sick.

When we came out we found that our shoes were not where we had left them. Supposing that the door-keeper had put them away, we looked around for that individual, and discovered that he, too, had vanished.

There we stood, bare-footed, in the streets of Singapore. We knew that it was useless to go in quest of the thief, so we spoke to a big East Indian policeman who understood English, but seeing that we were Americans he only laughed at us. Perhaps he did this to remind us that he knew a thing or two about the way our own policemen act when anybody asks one of them to arrest

a thief or a hoodlum or some other outlaw of the policeman's own ilk.

Not wishing to walk around town in our bare feet, we went down to the dock, and all of the party returned to the ship, except Link, who declared that he would remain on shore until he found the man with his shoes.

Several days later a long, dangle-legged Englishman, a resident of Singapore, came on board accompanied by one of the most ridiculous objects that I saw on the whole voyage. Whether it was a gorilla from the "Zoo" or a wild man from Borneo, no one could tell as it leaned against the main fife rail. It was about the height of "Humpty Dumpty," whatever it was; it walked on two legs, and appeared to understand what the Englishman said to it. It wore, on the upper part of its body, a portion of an undershirt, the sleeves and tail of which were missing, while the bosom stood open showing a healthy growth of bristles. Its lower limbs were incased in a pair of trousers, rolled up at the bottoms, but still dragging under its feet, while the waistband was held up under the arms by means of a belt, after the fashion of Alex Basil Willieberforce at a tennis tournament. It could actually talk; that is, it could utter sounds a trifle more intelligible than Mr. Willieberforce's presentation speech to Sam Hardy, when the latter wrested the tennis championship cup from Tom Driscoll, at San Rafael, on the Fourth of July, 1894. However, the curious object turned out to be neither a wild man nor a gorilla, nor even a near relative of Mr. Wilberforce.

In the meantime all the boys had crowded around, and the officers came on deck to see what was up. Mr. Fechteler, who was officer of the deck, having been assured by the Englishman that the thing was tame, approached it, and declared that it was the missing Link.

Mr. Fechteler was right; but at that time, so he told me at dinner on board the *Albatross* not long ago, he had never seen Mr. Willieberforce, or he might have reserved his verdict for the San Rafael tennis tournament.

When asked by "Humpty Dumpty" to explain why he had broken his leave, and come on board out of uniform, and in this cloudy-day-in-London rig, Link said that he had found a policeman wearing his shoes, and upon asking the policeman, who happened to be the only Irishman on the "force" in Singapore, to return them, he had received a clout over the head from the Irishman's club. Link, having taken boxing lessons from Lieutenant Tommy Carter, on the *New Hampshire*, was something of a scrapper himself, a fact of which he proceeded to convince the rude policeman, by knocking the latter down and walking all over him, and taking his shoes by main force.

While Link was putting on his shoes, the vulgar policeman blew his whistle, and in a few minutes a whole squad of other policemen came tearing down upon him from every direction. These preservers of the peace not only recaptured the shoes, but they stripped Link of his clothes, struck him in the eye with brass "knucks," sandbagged him, and left him for dead.

While in this plight he was found by the Englishman, who took him to his house, rigged him up in the manner aforesaid, which was the correct style in the Singapore Cricket Club, and brought him on board the *Essex* in a sam-pam.

CHAPTER IX.

New Year's Day, 1887, found us at anchor in Singapore harbor, with steam up and all ready to sail.

In the afternoon we got under way, bound for the Philippine Islands. We put to sea and ran right into a current of bad luck that stayed with us for many days. To begin with, we encountered a head wind, the northeast monsoon. This interfered very much with our progress, as can readily be understood from the fact that we were rigged for sailing. We bettered our condition a little by sending down all the light spars at first, and later on, as the wind increased, we sent down the topsail yards, and fore and main yards, housed the top-masts and rigged in the jib-boom.

On the 4th of January, 1887, the career of the *Essex* came very near being ended forever. Early in the morning we sighted one of the small islands in the lower China Sea, about four hundred miles north of Singapore. The navigater laid the ship on a course that would have taken her on the side of the island nearest to the coast of Siam. We were going along steadily at about eight knots an hour, having run into smooth water on the lee side of the island, when all at once Ensign Loomis, the officer of the forecastle, yelled out to the officer of the deck; "Rocks ahead, sir!"

"Stop her! Back her full speed!" yelled Mr. Walling, who was officer of the deck.*

* I hear that Mr. Walling was the officer of the deck of the *Yearsarge* when that ship was wrecked on Roncador Reefs seven years later.

These startling commands, followed by the quick clanging of the engine-room gong, brought all hands on deck. Right ahead of us, and on each side, could be seen the sharp, jagged points of numerous rocks, ugly looking things, that would have torn the whole bottom out of the ship had she not been stopped in time. The navigater refused to believe his own eyes, for those rocks were not laid down on the chart. He was not even satisfied with the soundings obtained with the hand lead ; but insisted on lowering the whale boat, and sending a quartermaster ahead to make sure that the rocks were genuine.

Having fully satisfied himself and the captain that the rocks were not the result of the imagination that succeeds a beautiful New Year's jag, as the old man had thought when he heard that Mr. Loomis had seen them first, the order was given to "'bout ship."

This meant to turn around and go back, which we did. On consulting the chart again, it was found that we had merely undertaken to pass on the wrong side of the island. With the morning's experience, and a gentle hint from the captain that the smartest of navigaters often find it necessary to consult the charts, as reminders, Mr. Wadham decided to go around on the other side of the island, where we found water enough to float all the ships in Uncle Sam's navy.

After a tiresome voyage of ten days, during which time we came very near being reduced to the necessity of burning up all of our light spars, on account of running out of coal, we reached Manilla on the morning of January 11. So completely exhausted was our supply of coal, that the bunkers were swept, and the last shovelful of coal dust was thrown into the furnace as we reached an anchorage about five miles out.

Manilla is on the Island of Luzon, and it is the largest

city in the Philippine group, which is under Spanish rule.

We managed to get a fresh supply of coal at the end of three days, at which time, January 14, we started across the China Sea for Hong Kong.

We had the wind in our favor going over, and we took advantage of it.

There is such a thing, however, as trying to make too much out of a fair wind : and we found this out in a way that was calculated to cause us not to forget it. On the 16th of January we were driving along with all sail set, and the engine going as fast as ever she could, when suddenly there was a great commotion up forward.

Crack ! rip ! flapity-flap-flap ! and away went out foretopsail yard, sail and all.

The accident did not detain us very long, for the watch on deck ran aloft and straightened things up—that is, what was left—in very short order.

Continuing on our course, we sighted the coast of China early the next morning, the 17th, and in the afternoon of the same day we let go our anchor in the harbor of Hong Kong. About the first thing we did at Hong Kong was to send Ensign Radman to the hospital, he having contracted a touch of brain fever after the torpedo explosion.

The city is situated on the Island of Hong Kong, right in the mouth of the Canton River. Like Gibraltar, Hong Kong is a British possession. As Gibraltar is the key to the Mediterranean, so is Hong Kong the key to China, and it is the great center of trade of all Asia. It is said that the tonnage of the shipping that enters the port of Hong Kong annually, is equal to, if not greater than, that of any other port in the world, not excepting even New York, Liverpool, London, and San Francisco.

We love to make fun of the Britisher about his accent,

his loud dressing and talking, his inability to understand a joke, and his ignorance of our democratic social usages. Perhaps he might be forgiven for the last-mentioned crime, since so many bankrupt princes, dukes, lords, and other specimens of his cheap-titled aristocracy have been bought up by our railroad magnates, and other members of the Parvenucracy, for husbands for their brainless daughters, who flaunt their pictures out before the public in the daily papers as if they had not already made everybody tired long before. According to our notion, everything that the Englishman does is wrong. However, when we come to take an inventory of what has been accomplished by the inhabitants of the little group of islands off the coast of France, we are bound to admit that when it comes to gobbling up foreign territory, and seizing important commercial centers and fortifying them so that it would be utterly impossible to capture them, our friend John Bull is no slouch, even if he did get knocked out in 1776.

One thing that I have always admired in the Englishman is his strong love for his country. Ridiculous and uncouth as his manner certainly is to us, he never attempts to deny his nationality. No matter what edict the Prince of Wales issues concerning the number of reefs that a gentleman should wear in the bottoms of his trousers' legs, and no matter what part of the world the English dude happens to be in when the cablegram announcing the change in the weather in London reaches him, he obeys without a murmur. Since the Prince of Wales turned up his trousers one night as he came out from the theater, the national boast that "the sun never sets on the English flag," will soon be supplanted by the startling announcement that the moon never sets on turned-up evening dress trousers.

We took our departure from Hong Kong on the 23d of January. Owing to the violence of the northeast monsoons we found it necessary to put into Ah-moy, China, on the 25th. We remained at Ah-moy until the 28th, when we put to sea again with all our yards down on deck, and top masts housed, and everything secured for steaming up the coast. This run from Ah-moy up the coast of China, through the straits of Formosa and the China Sea, was the most disagreeable part of the whole voyage around the world. For six days we drove right into a heavy head sea, during which time the decks were continually flooded. Every now and then a big sea would break over the forecastle and rush clean aft to the cabin door, carrying everything movable that came in its way. However, we kept right on, and on the morning of the 3d of February we ran into the harbor of Nagasaki, Japan, for a fresh supply of coal.

At Nagasaki all the stevedores and coal heavers are females. The women have a monopoly on this particular branch of labor, especially coaling ships of war. It is said that men are not allowed to handle coal there under any consideration.

I wonder how some of our society ladies, like mannish Mrs. Clara Foltz, and Laura de Force Gordon—they of the Portia Law (d)-help-us Club—and their *clique*, who are always agitating the woman's suffrage question, and forever and eternally crying out for "woman's rights," would like to go on board a man-of-war, and form a line from the port gangway to the coal bunkers, and pass coal on board out of the collier, in little baskets which hold about forty pounds each? These baskets are passed along the line of "new" women from one to another, and they must be kept in motion, at a rate of speed that would make your head swim, from the time they leave the lighter

alongside the ship until they are dumped into the bunkers.

Let our would-be mannish ladies, who wear bloomers and ride bicycles, take warning from the present plight of their almond-eyed sisters across the water, who kept insisting on having the same privileges that their husbands and brothers enjoyed, until they finally got just what they deserved in the manner aforesaid.

We remained at Nagasaki just about six hours, during which time the young society lady advocates of Woman's Suffrage piled coal enough into our bunkers to last us to Yokohama, for which port we cleared out at four o'clock in the afternoon.

The next morning we passed the active volcano of Iwoga, commonly called "Smoky Jack," in Van Diemen's Straits. From that time on our spirits began to rise, for we were approaching our destination, where we expected to have a little rest. The varied experiences through which we had passed during the long and tedious voyage from New York, had created a desire in some of our minds to rest on our laurels for a while.

Early in the morning of February 7 we sighted the tall snow-capped peak of Fuji-Yama, or the mountain of fire, the sacred mountain of Japan.

Fuji-Yama, the loftiest mountain in Japan, is an extinct volcano, on the Island of Nippon. It is about 12,500 feet high.

About noon of the same day we passed up the Gulf of Tokio, and dropped anchor in the harbor of Yokohama. Thus ended this long voyage of over 15,000 nautical miles, equal to about 16,875 English miles, or more than two-thirds of the circumference of the earth.

Having reached our destination, the first duty of Cap-

tain Jewell was to report for duty to Admiral Ralph Chandler, commander-in-chief of the American naval forces on the Asiatic station. These naval forces consisted of several "men-of-war," such as the *Monocacy*, an old double-ender, which would be about as useful in battle as one of the Oakland or Jersey City ferryboats with one paddle-wheel gone ; and the *Palos*, a little, old, worn-out tugboat, about as big as one of Spreckles' towboats, or one of the Long Island fishing tugs. These formidable battle ships had been patched up so often that scarcely any parts of the original vessel remained, except, perhaps, the dimensions and the engines, which were out of date a long time before the civil war between the States. These two worse than useless old hulks, besides having been the laughing-stock of all the foreign naval squadrons and foreign vessels in the China seas for years and years, have actually cost the Government of the United States more to keep them afloat than it would take to build two modern fighting vessels. Even the Chinese and Japanese make fun of our fleet of "ships" out there. The Chinese refer to the *Monocacy* as a "heep no good junk."

Whenever anybody ventures to suggest the advisability of condemning these old tubs, and selling them at auction to the dealers in junk and scrap iron, the boodle politicians around Washington City, and "society" in general throughout the East, raise a great hue and cry about it being a shame to destroy historic vessels. Sometimes the cranks even go so far as to threaten to take up subscriptions from the "widows" and "orphans" (?) of the Grand Army pension pickers to repair the "dear old ships," and keep them in commission as relics of "The War," in order that the American flag may continue to be a target for the ridicule and sarcasm of foreign

nations as long as it is kept waving from the peaks of such dilapidated old dug-outs.

Admiral Chandler, having received Captain Jewell officially, instructed the latter gentleman to have the *Essex* scrubbed and painted, and made ready for receiving visitors, after which he would receive him socially, and introduce him and his staff into Yokohama society.

The admiral was a jolly, good old fellow. He had two daughters who were great society girls; but he did not want them to go into Yokohama society, so he declared. The old admiral went on to tell Captain Jewell something about Oriental society; that is, the "society" of the Americans and Europeans in Japan. He said that in no other place outside of San Francisco could a fellow have more fun in a quiet way, without running any risks of being shot by jealous husbands, than he could right in Yokohama. Very few of the naval officers ever take their wives out to Yokohama. These foxy gentlemen tell their better halves that the water in Japan is very unhealthful, and the climate very bad for married ladies. This may be true, but the naval officers don't drink much water at any place. And then the climate that is "bad for other men's wives" seems to agree with such gentlemen as Captain Jewell, Captain McCormick, and Captain Gridley.

"But don't forget, Captain Jewell," said the admiral, "that mum's the word out here." And the good old admiral winked the other eye, and poked Captain Jewell in the ribs with his index finger.

Then they both had a good, hearty laugh and some lemonade with fiddlesticks in it; and Captain Jewell returned to his ship, and told his officers what a nice soft snap there was in store for them, and that it was theirs

as soon as they could get the ship ready for receiving visitors on board.

The fact that the officers had been away from their homes for more than five months only increased the desire of the fashionable "society ladies" to meet them as soon as possible.

The trouble was, that some of these "ladies" were afraid that the newly arrived gentlemen would pay their respects to the bewitching almond-eyed fairies of Yoshiwara* and Kanagawa before entering into the "swim."

In order to prevent the Japanese girls from securing the first outburst of long-smothered flames, the swell society ladies lost no time in arranging a ball complimentary to the captain and officers of the *Essex*, in order that they might waltz those smothered flames into life to the enchanting strains of such popular airs as: "If *You* Love Me, Darling, Tell Me With——" "After The Ball is Over," "Love Will Find a Way," and other inspiring music, vocal as well as instrumental.

The "ball" was literally a howling success. No broken sighs were breathed there. Plain English was the order of conversation during the night, and Yokohama society ladies, the married ones in particular,—whose husbands, like E. V. Thorne, professional gambler, lottery ticket vender, "editor," publisher, and proprietor of the blackmail sheet called the *Box of Curios*, spend six nights out of every week playing poker at the hotels, barrooms, and clubs, and the seventh at the "tea houses" of Yoshiwara,—understand how to use it to the best advantage on an occasion of this kind.

This ball settled the fate of most of our officers dur-

* Yoshiwara is the Japanese name for a certain section of each city that is fenced off for the use of persons who prefer to ignore the marriage law. New York and San Francisco should follow suit.

ing the sojourn of the *Essex* in Yokohama. Whether these gentlemen acted on the advice of Chesterfield, or merely through a sense of gentlemanly duty to suffering humanity or femininity, I am not prepared to say; but if, through neglect, they made any lifelong enemies among the married ladies of Yokohama's little Parvenucracy, I think it must have been unintentional on the part of the officers. It should be remembered, however, that a fresh shipload of American naval officers, five months away from home, does not arrive in Yokohama very often; and when such a precious cargo of manly freight does arrive, the demand, like the demand for fresh beef and pork in Chicago during a railroad strike, is always greater than the supply.

I should like to mention, here, that I did not approve of the killing of Mr. Gower Robinson, English dude and broker, by Lieutenant Hetherington, U. S. N., for his carryings-on with the latter's giddy wife. Lieutenant Hetherington was well aware of the tropical temperature that prevailed all the year around in Oriental society, when he permitted his silly young wife to go out to Yokohama; and I think that in slaying the first man who paid his respects to Mrs. Hetherington during his absence, the lieutenant not only made a fool of himself, but he displayed a lack of appreciativeness that was very unbecoming to an officer and a gentleman, and detrimental to good order and discipline. Mr. Hetherington knew how amiably and kindly his brother officers were always treated by the semi-matronly ladies of Yokohama, therefore he had no right to slaughter a man like that for merely trying to make an old established rule work both ways.

There was one officer on board, however, who would have nothing to do with that class of society. Lieuten-

ant Wadham, true to his "faith," devoted all his leisure moments to missionary ladies.

It was hinted by Mr. Walling and Mr. Hoggett, and others who did not like the navigater, that the latter was not as religious as he pretended to be. Some of these wicked officers even went so far as to declare that Mr. Wadham was a huge fraud, and that he had only been practicing up his religion on the way out from New York, in order to be able to "stand in" with Mr. Meecham, Miss Britton, Mr. Staniland, and Mr. Loomis, and other old sinners of that sanctimonious ilk in Yokohama, and incidentally to curry favor with the wives and daughters of all the other missionaries in Japan.

Methodist missionary society in Japan is about on a par with San Francisco's South or Market Tar Flatocracy, and New York's Tenderloin-Tammanocracy as Dr. Parkhurst and Father Ducey have portrayed it.

I have seen missionaries of both sexes, who landed in Japan and started in with a little steamer trunk and a certificate from the American Bible Society, or some Methodist Missionary Manufacturing Company, return home, after a few years, with silks, satins, and other Oriental luxuries enough for a princess. These valuables they had received, no doubt, in exchange for "salvation of the souls of the heathen" (?). "Christian civilization!" Bah! Our Saviour never taught any such Christianity as that. But it is "irreverent" to expose such hypocrisy.

From a mere rumor at first, it soon developed into common talk all over the ship, that the navigater was just as bad as the rest of the officers, and, indeed, worse, for the others never pretended to be saints, while the navigater wanted to convert the whole crew, from

Captain Jewell on down to the quarter gunner's "chicken" (a boy named Conan) into a little Salvation Army.

After we had been in Yokohama a couple of weeks, and the daily routine had been resumed,—after the ball,—and all hands began to evince a decided inclination to stay on board the ship at least two nights during each week to recuperate, Mr. Wadham made one mighty effort to redeem his lost reputation and re-establish his amateur prayer meetings. He announced, one day, that he would bring some of his lady friends on board that night, to entertain the boys with music. The idea would not have been a bad one had he brought along some of the lady friends of the other officers; but this he would not do. He brought all missionaries. It took three trips of the steam launch to the creek landing to bring them all on board. And such a lot of old pie-faces you never saw in all your life! The toughest-looking specimens of ex-massage artists, and other "Mary Magdelens" that I ever saw in the Salvation Army would be Venuses alongside of some of the prettiest of the navigater's ex-cook, ex-chambermaid, and ex-washerwoman missionary friends. The fact of his keeping company with such frightful-looking old freaks was, at least, one point in the navigater's favor, so far as the re-establishment of his religious pretensions went. We boys were very young then, and we had a good deal to learn. Some of us were inclined to let up on Mr. Wadham a little, and make less fun of his psalm-singing, for we were beginning to think that we had been a little too severe in our criticisms of him all along, and that, perhaps, after all, he was all right, except in the head. Hartel and Walsh called a meeting of the boys on the forecastle, and a motion was made to send a committee of three to apologize to the

navigater and beg his pardon for having called him a "sanctimonious old sinner."

The tidal wave of public sympathy was at its height, and the motion was just about to be voted upon, and most undoubtedly it would have been carried by acclamation, had it not been for the presence of older and wiser counsel. Old Nick Leah, one of the boatswain's mates, asked if he might be permitted to address the meeting. Nick was an old war veteran of wide "social" as well as fighting experience. A veritable old salt was he, with his closely cropped mustache and long hair protruding from his nostrils, reminding you of a Turk. In a brief but well-chosen speech, Old Nick explained to us that beauty was only skin deep, after all; and he further stated that he could prove it by the history of New York's alleged "Four Hundred," that some of the greatest men of the day preferred the "society" of the homeliest ladies that they could find, to that of the reigning belles of the season; and he further stated that he considered Mr. Wadham a sly old fox.

Nick put a clincher on his argument by relating some hitherto unpublished facts that came out in connection with the famous Beecher-Tilton adultery case. He declared that it had been proven beyond any question or doubt that Mrs. Tilton was the homeliest "lady" in Plymouth Church. Nick went on to relate the anecdote of how Mr. Beecher had explained to an inquisitive friend why he preferred Mrs. Tilton's society to that of some of the younger and handsomer ladies, by showing the friend an old rutsy-looking silver watch, the movement of which he declared was superior to that of his gold watch.

This was more than we could stand. Bad as we had believed the navigater to be, we had never dreamt that he was a disciple of Henry Ward Beecher. Instead of

sending a committee to beg his pardon, someone suggested the idea of keel-hauling him for attempting to run such a bluff on us. After passing a resolution thanking Nick Leah for his timely advice, and carrying by acclamation a motion that if the navigater tried any more of his funny business with us we would throw him overboard, we adjourned the meeting subject to the call of the chairman. Just what Mr. Wadham's fate might have been is uncertain, for the next day he was transferred from the *Essex* to the position of flag lieutenant to Admiral Chandler, on board the *Brooklyn.*

CHAPTER X.

Sir Edwin Arnold has told the world what a good time he had with the Gaisha girls in Japan, and Clement Scott has illustrated and portrayed in several ably written articles the different kinds of fool that old Sir Edwin made of himself over the tea-house fairies, and how he maligned and insulted the ladies of America and Europe by comparing them with the Japanese girls, and declaring that these clumsy, shapeless little pug-nosed creatures were prettier than our own queenly girls. Therefore, I will not devote any space to the Japanese girls further than to indorse all that Clement Scott has written about that particular class that he and Arnold discovered. They are not "in it" with American "ladies" of similar occupations(?).

I should like to keep on and give the reader the full benefit of all that I have recorded in my diary concerning the doings of American and European society as it really is in Yokohama, Tokio, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Chee-foo, Hong Kong, and other Oriental cities, but, in order to do justice to the subject, it would be necessary for me to take the reader back over a considerable portion of the distance that we have already traversed between New York and San Francisco. As I said before, I considered it necessary to tell how I happened to come here before undertaking to reproduce what I have written in my memorandum book since my arrival ; therefore, I will leave Oriental society to the naval officers, and give a

very brief outline of the rest of the trip around the world.

I remained on the *Essex* eight months after our arrival in Yokohama, during which time several cruises were made to the south of Japan, Formosa, China, Corea, and back to Yokohama, the headquarters of the Asiatic Squadron. We spent some time at Chemulpo and Chee-Foo during the summer of '87.

In October I made application to Captain Jewell for permission to return to America. My reason for desiring to come home was that my enlistment would expire in November. The *Essex* at that time was at Nagasaki, Japan. My application having been approved of by Admiral Chandler, I was duly detached from the *Essex* on the 8th of October, 1887, with orders to proceed to Yokohama and take the first American mail steamer for San Francisco, and report to Captain J. W. Philip on board the receiving ship *Independence*, at the Mare Island Navy Yard, California, from whence I was to return to New York to stand my final examination before leaving the Training Squadron.

Just as I was leaving the *Essex*, who should come on board but our old friend Mr. Wadham! He was surprised, he said, to see me going home before the cruise of the *Essex* was finished, and, as he bade me good-by and wished me a pleasant voyage, he expressed a regret that he was not going home also. I am sure that he meant it, for the crew of the *Brooklyn*, the admiral's flagship, was more violently opposed to amateur prayer-meetings than the boys of the *Essex* had been. Ensign Hoggett, Mr. Wadham's old first assistant, and afterward successor, in the deep-sea sounding expedition, was the officer of the deck when I left the *Essex*, and he, too, said that he wouldn't mind going back to a civilized country.

On the 10th of October I left Nagasaki on the United States steamer *Palos*, and on the 14th we arrived in Yokohama, where I had to wait several days for the mail steamer. This gave me a chance to go around and say good-by to my friends, and visit Tokio, the capital and largest city in Japan.

At nine o'clock in the morning of October 19, 1887, I went aboard the Pacific Mail steamship *City of New York*.

The steamer was moored to her buoy all ready for sea, and was only waiting for the sailing hour to arrive. Mr. Greathouse, the American consul-general, came aboard with some final business instructions to the captain, and to wish us a pleasant voyage.

Promptly at ten o'clock Captain Searle stepped up on the bridge and waved his hand to the first officer up on the bow.

"Aye, aye, sir!" answered Mr. T. P. Deering, as he ordered the boatswain to "let go."

"Hard-a-port," said the captain to Quartermaster Rufus Dixon; and he gave the engine-room gong a quick pull at the same time.

In response to the signal the ponderous engines began to work, and the big steamer, in obedience to her helm, swung slowly around until her prow was pointed toward Honmoku lightship, when the captain gave the order, "Steady as you go."

Three blasts of the steam whistle and a dip of our flag announced the departure of the *City of New York* from Yokohama. Passing slowly out of the harbor, we soon rounded the lightship, when the captain gave the order to "go ahead full speed," and away we went. Down the Gulf of Tokio, past Kanan-saki, past Sagami, and we were out upon the Pacific. At two o'clock we passed

Cape King, and headed up in a northeasterly direction. This indicated that we were taking the Great Circle course for San Francisco.

That evening, as I stood on deck and watched the sun go down behind the dim outlines of Fuji-Yama, I realized that I was homeward bound. Some time before I left the *Essex* I had received a very encouraging letter from

The ill-fated *City of New York*. Wrecked on Point Bonita, Cal., in 1893.

Mr. Herbert Van Dyke, a prominent attorney of New York, assuring me that he would put me into a good position just as soon as I completed my course in the navy. I had received another still more substantial letter from Mr. Henry P. Marshall, cashier of the Seamen's Bank for Savings, 74–76 Wall Street, New York, informing me that certain remittances that I had sent from different parts of the world had all been received and credited to the account which I had opened with the bank some time before leaving New York. Naturally I felt pretty well satisfied with the prospects that the future seemed to have in store for me.

Nothing that seemed to be of any importance transpired during the voyage across the Pacific, outside of the usual daily routine of life on board a passenger steamer. There were very few passengers on the ship, besides a couple of hundred Chinese down in the steerage. As there were no nice young ladies on board to talk to, I passed most of the time during the voyage with my books. Occasionally I would have a few minutes' conversation with Mr. Deering, the first officer, and the genial Dr. Seymour, the surgeon. We experienced good weather during the greater part of the voyage, and everything went along as smoothly as could be expected.

On the morning of the 4th of November we sighted Point Reyes Lighthouse, on the coast of California. Continuing on our course, we soon fell in with a pilot-boat, when we stopped and took a harbor pilot on board, and headed for Fort Point.

Just as we were entering the Golden Gate, Dr. Seymour came up to me, and said he would like to have a few words with me. Supposing that the doctor wanted to tell me how to have a good time in San Francisco, I joined him, and we walked up toward the smoking room. Dr. Seymour was a man of very few words. He first asked me what I meant to do after leaving the navy. Upon my telling him that I had taken a course of training that would enable me to fill a position in the merchant marine service, he said that he was glad to hear it. Then he informed me that he and the first officer had been talking about offering me a position on the ship, and he surprised me by telling me that if I would like to take a position on the *City of New York*, all that I had to do was to say so.

I thanked the doctor for his friendly interest in my welfare, and told him that I could not take any position

just then, because I had to go on to New York before I could get my discharge from the navy.

Then the doctor told me that if I could possibly arrange it at Mare Island so that I could get my discharge without going to New York, it would be to my advantage to do so. I had a talk with Mr. Deering then, and that gentleman reiterated what the doctor had said, and added that if I could get my discharge at Mare Island, I could have the position of quartermaster.

While I was talking with the surgeon and Mr. Deering, Dr. McAllister, the health officer for the port of San Francisco, came alongside in the tugboat *Governor Perkins*, and climbed aboard.

After inspecting the passengers Dr. McAllister had a talk with Dr. Seymour, and then informed Captain Searle that he could go up to the wharf and land his passengers.

I shall never forget my first impressions of San Francisco. Leaving my baggage on the steamer, I walked up the dock to make some inquiries concerning the boats and trains running between San Francisco and Mare Island. Upon learning that I would have to wait over until the next day, I accepted an invitation from Charlie Elsasser, one of the junior officers of the *City of New York*, to go uptown with him. Charlie is a native son and he is as bright and quick-witted as they make them. Owing to his many good qualities he is what we term an all-round jolly, good fellow; and what he does not know about things in general around San Francisco amounts to very little.

The first thing that I saw, as Charlie and I came out of the Pacific Mail dock gate at the junction of First and Brannan Streets and Mission Bay, were numbers of whisky and beer saloons and chop houses. These drink-

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

"The organization known as Mr. Greenway's 400 is composed of the sons and daughters of just such citizens as you see here," said Mr. Charles Elsasser.

ing places were not like the halfway decent-looking lager beer saloons which are so conspicuous along Market and Kearney Streets, on account of the big "V" that adorns the door and front windows of the places where the dudes of the Cooke-Nosegrave-Mearns-Irving-Johnny Powers free lunch *cliques* are generally to be found nearly all the time. They were low, filthy-looking places, with vulgar signs on their windows which read "Steam Beer, five cents."

The men standing around in front of these places were in every way in keeping with the general appearance of their surroundings: tough-looking citizens with their dilapidated old hats all knocked in, and the buttons all gone off their ragged, greasy and beer-stained old clothes. Some of these old drunks were Greeks, some were Scandinavians, some were Dutchmen and Germans, while there were others who had upper lips showing a frontage of three or four inches between the noses and the openings that they poured their steam beer into—ugly, vicious-looking old hodcarriers they were.

There were some females standing in the doors of these vile places, great, flabby, vulgar-looking specimens of femininity, with filthy little children hanging on to their skirts. The background for this scene was the south side of Rincon Hill, which can be seen to good advantage only from the Mail dock gate. Upon the side of the hill were the residences of the Mail dock stevedores, with numerous dogs and goats prowling around.

The above-described scene did not surprise me in the least, for everybody knows what kind of inhabitants are to be found around the wharves and slums of all large cities. But when Charlie told me that the so-called high society of San Francisco, the society that we read of in Mr. Greenway's reports, was made up of the sons and

daughters of just such people as these, I must confess that I *was* surprised.

Charlie went on to tell me that the part of San Francisco now known as Nob Hill, or Snob Hill, where the leading parvenus of the city have built big houses, was a regular wilderness forty years ago, and that some of the people who live up there now came to San Francisco in early days,—about the time that gold was discovered in California,—and opened up just such vile "joints" as those in the slums of Tar Flat. But gold was plentiful in those days, and the saloon-keepers, gamblers, and keepers of disorderly houses had very little difficulty in accumulating stockings full of it. The most successful of these saloon-keepers were those who had women about their grog shops to dish out the soup and free lunch to the old miners who came to the city, fresh from the mines, with their wallets full of gold dust. The more lewd and vulgar the women they had about their free-lunch counters, the more patronage they got from the ancestors of the Parvenucracy. Many of those early day "gin-mill" keepers purchased large blocks of city real estate, and even gold mines, with the proceeds of the whisky that their "wives" served out over the bars by the drink. One of these, Flood by name, is said to have accumulated enough to build a brown-stone house and still have several millions left over. Fair, O'Connor, and O'Brien were among other names that were mentioned.

As we walked up Third Street to Market, the city began to look better. Still those old wooden shanties, within a stone's throw of the Palace Hotel, plainly showed that San Francisco was a very young city, and that its architectural appearance, as well as the past records of many of its "prominent" citizens, would have to be remodeled in order to bring the city up to a level with the

the present state of civilization in some other parts of America.

As we walked on down toward the Appraisers' building, Charlie told me that all that part of the city from Montgomery Street down to the Oakland ferry landings was "made land." There was originally an arm of the bay extending up as far as the place where the Occidental Hotel now stands.

A mental glimpse of the village of San Francisco as it appeared forty-eight years ago is all that is necessary to confirm the statements of the native sons and daughters who take such pride in telling strangers how their fathers built up the present city. When the United States sloop-of-war *Portsmouth* arrived here, in 1846, she found a few rudely constructed *adobe* houses standing around on the sand dunes. There were scarcely forty houses in the whole settlement. These included residences, custom house, warehouse, school, church, hotel, bar room, and calaboose. This latter, no doubt, proved indispensable to the citizens whenever a man-of-war came into port. The *Portsmouth* anchored somewhere in the vicinity of Sacramento and Davis Streets, about where the storehouse of H. Dutard, the "bean king," now stands. All that part of the city from Montgomery Street to the ferries, and from the base of Telegraph Hill for some distance south toward Market Street, was at that time a cove, which afforded anchorage for vessels. As the city grew up, this cove was gradually filled in with all sorts of rubbish. For years it was used as a free dump, into which was deposited all the *débris* of the rapidly increasing city—such as the ordinary garbage that accumulates in back yards: dead cats and dogs, and all other malodorous substances, including, I venture to say, a few quacks, like Colson; shysters, like Cannon;

street-corner orators like O'Donnell and Dennis Kearney; prize fighters like Jackson and Sullivan; fanatics like Harriet Beecher and General Booth, S. A.; bum actors like Rankin and Steve Brodie; dramatic critics like seedy Peter Robertson; "spiritualists" like Mrs. Charles Fair; card sharps like the "Fruit Pickers"; fake society reporters like Cooke, Cosgrave, Greenway, Hume, and the Little Tumble-bug Irving—in fact, offensive and useless things of every description were thrown in to help fill up.

On top of all this bologna-sausage and oleomargarine mixture the good citizens who favored the advancement of civilization piled the sand and gravel brought down from the hills as they graded the streets. Thus the ground upon which the greater portion of the wholesale houses of the city now stands is "made land," indeed. Considering certain portions of the material used, the stranger should not blame the commission merchants for all the variety of odors which arise from that part of the Pacific Slope metropolis.

CHAPTER XI.

On the 5th of November, 1887, the day after my arrival in San Francisco, I went up to Mare Island and reported on board the U. S. S. *Independence*, and made application a day later to Captain J. W. Philip, for my discharge from the navy.

The captain said that it was against the rules and regulations of the Navy Department to discharge apprentices on the Pacific Coast, but he would telegraph to Washington and see what he could do for me. Walking over to his desk, Captain Phillip wrote out a telegram and, handing it to me, he said: "Take this up to Admiral Belknap and tell him that I told you to ask him to approve it."*

I did as the captain instructed me. Going up to the admiral's house, I rang the door bell and the butler let me in. The admiral spoke very encouragingly to me, and besides approving the telegram, he gave me some good advice,—for which I am very thankful,—and then ordered the coxswain of his private steam barge to take me over to Vallejo in order that I might send the telegram off right away. This special courtesy from the admiral just prior to my promotion was appreciated.

* Admiral Belknap retired from the Navy in the year 1892, after having spent about forty-six years of his life in the service of the country. He resides with his family at his home on Beacon Street, Brookline, Mass. He bears the distinction of having fired the last hostile shot at Fort Sumter.

A few minutes later the young lady operator at Vallejo sent the following message over the wires:

MARE ISLAND NAVY YARD, CAL.,
November 7, 1887.

To Chief of Bureau of Equipments and Recruiting, Navy Dept., Washington, D. C.

Respectfully request that W. H. Chambliss be given his discharge here to enable him to take an officer's position on Mail Steamer. He waives all claims to transportation East. Please answer soon as possible. Steamer sails soon. Chambliss' enlistment is out.

(Signed) COMMANDER PHILIP.

(Approved) BELKNAP,
Commandant.

The next morning Captain Philip sent his orderly to tell me to come into his cabin. I had read a great deal of nature's own noblemen, and had heard certain people spoken as such, but when I left the *Independence* that afternoon for San Francisco, it was with a firm conviction that I had met one in the person of Captain J. W. Philip, U. S. N. I still think so. It was not on account of the great favor that the captain did for me that made me form such an exalted opinion of him; it was his highly refined and courteous manner, and his manly way of saying and doing things. Having informed me that he had just received a telegram from the Navy Department at Washington granting my request for discharge, the captain proceeded to give me some good advice, which I shall never forget.

No man could make a mistake in acting on any advice that Captain Philip might favor him with. He went on to tell me that frankness and truthfulness were among the first qualifications of a gentleman, and that if a person would make up his mind to be perfectly natural and

Yours truly
Geo. E. Belknap

Rear Admiral, U. S. N. (retired).

"When a foreigner who has only been in this country a few years says that he has as much right here as a native-born citizen, I deny it."—Belknap.

straightforward in all things, and stick to it, nothing could prevent him from getting along in the world.

After paying me a compliment that I could not repeat here for fear of being called egotistical, Captain Philip informed me that he had recently commanded the *City of New York*—in fact, had brought her out to San Francisco from Philadelphia, by way of Cape Horn, when she was a new ship. He considered her one of the best ships under the American flag, and he congratulated me on being so fortunate as to get a position on her along with "so courteous a gentleman as Captain Searle."

Captain Philip then shook hands with me and bade me good-by. Then I walked over the gangway of the *Independence*, and stepped down into the steam launch, and out of the service of the United States Navy, a full grown American citizen.

Crossing over to Vallejo, I boarded the steamer *Julia*, and was soon on my way to San Francisco. While I was glad to be out of the navy, I had no regrets for having served three years and three months under the commands of such refined gentlemen as Captain Arthur R. Yates, Captain Silas Terry, Captain Theodore F. Jewell, and Captain Philip.

The next morning, November 9, 1887, I reported for duty to First Officer T. P. Deering on board the steamship *City of New York*, and was immediately appointed to the position of quartermaster.

The principal duty of a quartermaster of an ocean steamer is to steer the ship. One of the quartermasters must be at the wheel all the time at sea.

While the steamer is in port, the duties of the quartermaster correspond with the duties of an ensign on a man-of-war of the second class—that is, he stands the deck watches and looks out for the ship at night.

At sea, as well as in port, the quartermaster is in a position to see and hear a good deal more that goes on among the passengers than even the captain. He can't help hearing and seeing, no matter how distasteful some things may be. As he is only a junior officer, the passengers are not so particular about how they act in his presence as they generally are when one of the higher officers or the captain is around. I once asked an old sea captain—I do not mean Captain Searle—why he had never married, and his reply was that while he was quartermaster he had seen so much of the carryings-on of married ladies traveling without their husbands, that he had decided to stay single until he got able to give up going to sea, so that he could live on shore. The old sinner argued that since the wives of gentlemen who live on shore act so funny as soon as they get on board ship and out of sight of their husbands, it stands to reason that a sea captain's wife left on shore would do the same thing during her husband's absence.

The more I saw of the married portion of the traveling public,—and I have seen a great deal—especially ladies who go off on sea voyages while their husbands are toiling away in their offices, the more I thought of what the old captain said about them ; and the more I think, the more thoroughly convinced do I become that there was a good deal of sound logic in his words, even if it did sound a little crude. It is a mistake for a seafaring man to get married and go off to sea, leaving his wife in San Francisco.

It is bad enough even when these men have homes of their own to leave their wives at during their absence ; but when it comes to leaving a young wife in one of those Pine Street or Sutter Street "family" boarding houses, among the "fruit-pickers," while the husband

goes off to China or Australia for a two months' voyage, it is enough to distress the most indifferent husband in the world.

It would seem that no married man could live a more unsatisfactory life, or be placed in a position that would render him more unhappy, than he who runs between San Francisco and distant foreign ports, while his wife stops all alone in a boarding house, such as the Vella Blista.

Incredible as it may seem to the uninitiated, there are others who are worse off twenty times over, in this respect, than the ordinary steamship men. Those others are the naval officers who go off on long cruises, and are sometimes separated from their wives and children for periods of three years at a time. I heard a young man, prominent in San Francisco society, give a touching illustration of the uncertainty of this sort of life not long ago. Although the young man did not mean to betray any of the little secrets that his mother may have intrusted to his keeping, his own words will serve to confirm the general opinion of the public concerning the inadvisability of those long separations.

It happened at a large dinner party at the Palace Hotel. After several speeches had been made by other distinguished guests, the young man in question was called upon. He responded very promptly, and entertained the party at least ten minutes by relating the history of the wonderful military achievements of his father, who was a captain in the navy. He finally concluded his narrative by stating that he was born at the close of the Civil War, and that at the time of his birth his "father" and mother had not seen each other in four years.

To my esteemed friends who go to sea for a living, I

wish to offer this piece of friendly advice : Don't get married unless you can live on shore with your wife.

If you feel that you must get married, anyhow, for God's sake give up going to sea, unless you have a home of your own for your poor wife to live in during your absence.

CHAPTER XII.

When I accepted the position on the *City of New York*, it was my intention to make one voyage to Japan and China and then return to my home in the South.

I never had the remotest idea of remaining in the Pacific Mail service as long as I did.

On the 19th of November I sailed from San Francisco on my first voyage as quartermaster. Instead of going on East as I had intended to do, here I was going right back to China again, and in the very same ship that I came over on. This goes to show how little it takes sometimes to change the course of a person's whole life. Had anybody told me when I was leaving Yokohama, on the 19th of October, that I would return within two months' time, I should have laughed at the idea.

After a stormy voyage of twenty days we arrived at Yokohama on the 10th of December.

Three days later we sailed for Hong Kong, and arrived at that port on the 19th.

In just eight days from the time of our arrival at Hong Kong, we were on our way back home, having in that time discharged our cargo of flour, and reloaded the ship with tea, silk, rice, hemp, and a general assortment of other Chinese merchandise, in addition to which we brought about six hundred Chinese passengers in the steerage.

The mail steamers plying between San Francisco and Hong Kong call at Yokohama going and returning. When we called there on the 5th of January, 1888, I

noticed among the large fleet of ships in the harbor the old *Essex*.

As soon as I was off watch I got into a *sampam* and went on board the *Essex* to see my old friends and shipmates. No one recognized me at first, in my brand new Pacific Mail uniform with brass buttons and regulation cap.

Whenever a stranger goes on board a man-of-war everybody wants to know who he is. As soon as the boys found out who I was, their curiosity to learn how I got back to Yokohama so soon, and how I happened to be rigged up in a brass-bound uniform, was so great that they crowded around me as if I had just been restored from the dead. Of course I had to give an account of myself from the time that I left the *Essex*, at Nagasaki. When I told them all about it, and added that I was in the line of promotion in the largest steamship company under the American flag, the last one of them vowed that they would go into the merchant service as soon as their enlistments expired.

Then Mr. Frank, the master-at-arms, came up, and, informing me that Mr. Galloway wanted to see me, took me down into the wardroom where the officers were. Besides Mr. Galloway, there were Mr. Fechteler, Mr. Poundstone, and Dr. Hawke sitting around the mess table in the wardroom. These gentlemen were as much surprised to see me as the boys had been. They all remembered me as soon as they heard my name.

Mr. Galloway, who had succeeded to the important position of navigating officer of the *Essex*, vice Lieutenant Wadham, was very much interested; so much so that he made me tell him all about my new position, how I got it, how I liked it, and how much salary I received. In the meantime Dr. Hawke had rung the bell for the steward,

and presently that dignitary appeared on the scene with a tray of glasses and a big bottle of good old bourbon.

Dr. Hawke said that he had been a surgeon in the navy for a great many years, and that after experimenting with all the different medicines that he had ever heard of, he had come to the conclusion, that for ordinary complaints a little whisky was the best thing that a man could take. He said that it was a big mistake, however, to drink it straight, as nearly all New York and San Francisco boys do. Whisky should invariably be taken in water. "An ordinary drink in half a tumbler full of water," said the doctor, "not only tones up the digestive organs, but it kills all the microbes and other dangerous impurities in the water."

After a round of drinks, the doctor went on to express his opinion of other beverages, such as champagne and "society punches." He said that it was a waste of time, and a useless expenditure of money, to drink champagne, and he considered the vile punches that society people drink at swell receptions worse than any other kind of drunkard's drinks that he had ever tasted. Some of those punches are enough to drive an ordinary man insane. The only reason why the dudes are not all raving maniacs, from the effects of what they get to drink in "society," is because idiots can't go crazy.

All the rest of the officers agreed with the doctor, for the time being, at least ; and to convince him that they considered whisky the proper thing for gentlemen to drink, they drained the last drop out of his bottle, after which I bade the gentlemen good-night and returned to my own ship.

The next day I made some calls on some of my acquaintances on shore, and met the sanctimonious "Reverend" Henry Loomis, who devotes his time to collecting

butterflies instead of preaching to the "heathen," as he is paid to do by the American Bible Society, a business institution which has a branch store in Yokohama.

We sailed from Yokohama on the 8th of January. One of our cabin passengers died the following morning. She was not a society lady by any means, but nevertheless she had a great many "friends" among the "society" swells of San Francisco. Perhaps the mention of her name will remind certain prominent members of the Bohemian, the Olympic, and the Pacific Union clubs of many a pleasant little midnight coaching party from a certain Ellis Street establishment to the Cliff House; for among her baggage were photographs of several prominent members of the above mentioned clubs. How she got those photographs I will ask the reader to decide.

The woman's name was Dolly Adams, better known as the Water Queen; and the establishment that she received her distinguished "friends" in was similar to the notorious Stockton Street establishment formerly kept by Maud Nelson, who is now Mrs. Charles Fair. I make no apology to the reader for using the name of such a character as Maud Nelson, because she has married into a set that ranks among the most presumptuous and arrogant parvenus of America. When she married Charlie Fair, and took him off to Europe on a bridal tour on the income from the Stockton Street house, she became the daughter-in-law of ex-Senator James G. Fair, and the sister-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, of newspaper society "fame."

The reading public knows very well how the names of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, and the rest of the Fair crowd, have been boldly flaunted in the papers to let people know that they had lunched or dined with some other member of the same "set" that they belong to. And I

A TYPE OF THE TOUGH SWELL.
Very abundant in the Olympic Club, San Francisco.

suppose we will soon learn that Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Fair are being entertained by members of the same vulgar set. Are they not birds of a feather, and are they not eligible to membership in the Friday Night Cotillion Club, provided that they can raise the necessary five dollars to hand over to Mr. Greenway for their admission to the dance hall?

If Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Flood, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Paxton, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. V. Spalding, Mr. and Mrs. Wise and others of that stripe are eligible, I see no reason why poor, much-abused Charlie and Maud should be excluded. I merely speak of this because I believe in fair play.

If the escapade of young Charlie Fair is not a repetition of history, I should like to know what you would have me call it. When such creatures as those can pose before the public in the society columns of the papers as representatives of California polite society, it is time for reputable citizens to keep out of print, except to protest against such "journalism" and such "journalists" as would permit such foul names to appear in a society report and on a basis of equality with pure, innocent girls.

We did not bury Dolly Adams at sea. Dr. Frank S. Sutton embalmed the body, and placed it in a Chinese wooden coffin, and brought it on to San Francisco, where it was turned over to some charitable institution for burial.

On our way home from Yokohama we called at Honolulu, on the 19th of January, to land several hundred Chinese contract laborers that we had in the steerage for Spreckels' sugar plantation in the Hawaiian Islands.

Owing to the fact that the smallpox was raging at Hong Kong, from which port we brought those Chinese laborers, the authorities at Honolulu refused to allow us

to land either passengers or freight at that port; consequently we had to bring the whole load on up to San Francisco.

Upon our arrival here on the 27th we were immediately placed in quarantine by Dr. McAllister (this gentleman is no relation of the late society leader, Ward), who ordered us to anchor over at the Angel Island quarantine station.

On the 3d of February all our steerage passengers and Chinese crew were placed on board the *Shenandoah*, an old United States man-of-war that Williams, Dimond & Company, the Pacific Mail agents, had chartered for a quarantine ship. The cabin passengers were permitted to land. The *Shenandoah* was then towed over toward Hunter's Point, and anchored off Butchertown, from whence the delightful odors that arise from the slaughter-houses were continually wafted by the strong breezes that sweep across the Potrero Flats.

Captain Searle also transferred all his officers and engineers, except First Officer Deering, Chief Engineer Hurlihy, Freight Clerk Neill, and Dr. Sutton from the *City of New York* to the *Shenandoah*, along with the six hundred quarantined Chinese. Of course we were not mixed in among the Chinese. The old quarantine ship had been prepared expressly for the occasion. We were comfortably domiciled in the cabin, and the whole forward part of the ship was occupied by the Chinese. To insure us additional security from the smallpox, a high bulkhead, or plank wall, was built across the spar deck just forward of the cabin door, and no Chinese except our cooks and servants were allowed to come aft in our part of the ship.

Aside from the unpleasantness of being compelled to remain on board ship in the harbor of San Francisco,

MR. AND MRS. CHAS. L. FAIR.

(Nee Maud Nelson of Stockton Street) recently admitted to membership in the Friday Night Parvenucracy.

By permission of The Wasp.

without the privilege of getting ashore at all, and the danger of catching the smallpox from the infected Chinese, life in quarantine was not quite so bad as one might have been led to suppose. We had enough interesting characters on board the *Shenandoah* to relieve the monotony of the daily routine enough to render life worth living, if only to study certain peculiar natures.

Second Officer James M. Dow, better known in the Pacific Mail service as "the Little Fellow," a title that Quartermaster Ahman had given him on account of his small stature, was in command; and his staff officers were Third Officer Lewis B. Park, Dr. Hunter, Engineer Charlie Elsasser, Mr. Crane, a special night watchman, and Quartermasters Ward, Dixon, Lindholm, and myself. Mr. Dow was one of the most extraordinary captains in his way that I ever served under. The quarantine ship was his first command, and he realized the importance of his position as much as if he had been in command of the *Charleston.* He did not seem to fancy the idea of being considered unsociable, but at the same time he gave the rest of us to distinctly understand that he was captain of the *Shenandoah.* He sat at the head of the table with as much dignity as Jere Lynch presenting a fake Egyptian mummy to the Bohemian Club, and related his own version of his wonderful exploits with as straight a face as "General" (?) W. H. L. Barnes could command in telling to a crowd of other not over-credulous fabricating bum Bohemians of his own ilk, how he (the "general") had vanquished two "murderous footpads," who afterward turned out to be two quiet servants of the club, who were detailed to escort the "general" home after the latter had got into an argument with somebody at the club.

I hope I may be pardoned for diverging from the

regular course of my narrative in order to relate a little bit of history concerning so prominent a personage as the "general." I should think that Mr. de Young would use his influence with the gentlemen who rent offices in the *Chronicle* building, and try and persuade them to do less gossiping about certain other tenants of the same building who sometimes go broke. Those little differences between landlords and tenants, which arise out of the neglect of the latter to pay their office rent, are of such frequent occurrence among *lawyers of a certain class* that polite landlords positively refuse to discuss them. If a tenant forgets to pay his rent for several months, it is the duty of the obliging landlord to remind the delinquent tenant, and not the public, of the indebtedness; at least that is what I have been told by gentlemen who have had experience in such matters. Therefore, I fail to see any reason why the case of "General" Barnes should be made an exception to this rule. Mr. de Young, with all his wealth, ought to feel proud to have as a tenant a prominent Bohemian "General," who after getting into a discussion over a little matter of an overdue poker "I. O. U.," or some such trivial thing, could make the unsuspecting portion of the entire newspaper-reading public believe that he had been regularly waylaid and sandbagged by professional footpads.

The public will remember the ridiculous story, published in the papers, accompanied with pictures of the deadly sandbag and midnight assassin mask that the "general" said he captured from his assailants. The Chief of Police took up the case on his own hook, so to speak, and placed detectives on the tracks of the "footpads." In due time a man was arrested and identified as one of the persons who was seen coming from the direction of the "general's" house about the time the assault

MR. W. S. BARNES, THE "GENERAL'S" MODEST BOY.

"What of it if I *am* young? Wouldn't I make a better Governor than Old Hoodoo Estee?"—*Billy in the Wave* (at so much per line). *Recommended for the free dump.*

was reported by the "general" to have been made. Simultaneously with the report of the arrest of the supposed footpad, the whole affair was dropped, the same as Downey Harvey would drop a hot *tamale*.

The question naturally arose as to why the "general" declined to prosecute the "footpad," after he had been duly "run down" and arrested while at work at his honest occupation.

A prominent citizen answers the question about as follows :

"Rats ! That man was no footpad. He was simply one of the two Bohemian Club waiters who were detailed to take the 'general' home after the *séance*."

I do not say that Barnes never was a real general, but can anybody tell me how, when, or where on earth he got his title? Was he general manager of some concern? or was he a director general of some National Guard campaign ?

I have several friends who were in the Seventh New York, the regiment that the "general" "commanded" during the war between the North and South, and they ought to know something about the officer who really commanded it.

General T. B. Bunting was a captain in the Seventh New York, and he says that that regiment was commanded by one Colonel Smedberg, who, although he was a full-fledged fighting colonel in the army, has never been able to obtain a higher rank since he left the service. I think that Colonel Smedberg ought to be able to give some information about Barnes' military rank.

General Bunting got his title from President Barrios of Guatemala, and he would like to know how Barnes got promoted from the rank of corporal to that of general at one big jump. During the course of a discussion of

Barnes' phenomenal rise in military titles one day, a mutual acquaintance handed me a big book entitled "History of the 7th New York Regiment." There, in plain English, was the startling and unkind information that Mr. Barnes actually got up as high as the position of corporal in the United States Army. But that is an honorable position. A corporal might be just as much of a gentleman as a real general, if he possessed the requisite natural instincts.

Sometimes people come by their titles in very peculiar ways. I know a man in Mississippi who is called Colonel de Salt Patterson. I asked old man Joe Phillips of Tillman, to tell me how the "colonel" got his title. Mr. Phillips is an old resident of Claiborne County, and he is well liked by his friends.

"Well, William," said Mr. Phillips, "so long as your father was a warm personal friend of mine, I will tell you all about it.

"When Grant laid siege to Vicksburg," continued Mr. Phillips, "and cut off our line of supplies, salt became very scarce in our vicinity, because we had been getting what we needed shipped up the Mississippi by steamer. All the neighbors got together and raised a large amount of money, and employed Colonel Patterson, who was at that time only a private citizen, to go to Louisiana to buy salt. Patterson started off on the expedition with the money, and did not return until the close of the war, when he explained that he had been captured by one of Grant's foraging parties and taken off to prison. Patterson's initials were 'D. S.' When your father heard the yarn, he at once commenced calling him 'De Salt,' and, in order that he might be in the fashion, I dubbed him 'colonel,' since which time he has been known as 'Colonel de Salt Patterson.'"

GENERAL THOMAS B. BUNTING.

A genial retired army officer, residing near Santa Cruz, Cal. Formerly a Captain in the 7th New York,—the regiment that Barnes did not command.

Occasionally a man will receive a title from sharpers who take this means of working on his vanity. I know something about titles of this kind myself, and since I am giving my experience for the benefit of the public, I will tell you how I happened to be called "captain" for a few evenings only.

CHAPTER XIII.

This is how it happened: A crowd of enterprising young men who conducted a private poker game for "friends only," on the top floor of the very "quiet and highly respectable" boarding house at 905 Sutter Street, heard that I had saved up about a thousand dollars with which to defray the expenses of a proposed Eastern vacation; and they decided among themselves that they could invest this money to a better advantage than I could.

I had been introduced to one of these young men by a relative of his, who was well known in San Francisco and in the Sonoma Valley as a school teacher, and is still better known now on account of her having figured largely in the divorce courts and daily papers in the spring of 1893. Therefore, when the young man showed a disposition to continue my acquaintance on a chance introduction of this kind, I naturally supposed, as anyone else would under the circumstances, that it was all right.

It was not very long before I received an invitation from my new acquaintance to call upon him at his chambers in the boarding house above mentioned. When I called, he greeted me as if he had known me all my life:

"I am delighted to see you, captain; come right up to my rooms, and take off your overcoat, and make yourself at home," said my extraordinary host; and before I had time to catch my breath to request him to call me plain

"Mister," instead of captain, he ushered me into a pleasant looking suite of apartments, and introduced me to several of his guests, who were sitting around the room. The most startling episode of this occasion was the manner in which he introduced me :

"Gentlemen," said my distinguished host to his colleagues, "allow me to present you to my friend, Captain Fruit-tree, of whom I was just speaking when the door-bell rang. Captain, permit me to present you to my friends of whom I was telling you at the ball." Then (aside to me in a whisper as I was taking off my coat) he said, "These gentlemen are fruit-pickers."

I had always had an idea that "fruit-pickers" were persons who worked in orchards; and it struck me at first as rather strange that young horticulturists who gathered apples, oranges, prunes, and other California fruits for a living should wear swallow-tailed coats and diamonds when making an ordinary evening call on a gentleman friend. And then these "fruit-pickers" were so affable and courteous that I felt sorry for having for one instant imagined that they were ordinary dressed up farm laborers. Subsequently I felt sorry for the farm laborers.

I supposed, of course, that the "fruit-pickers" would tell me all about picking plums, grapes, and the more delicate fruits which are so abundant in this State, (I knew that such sweet-scented dudes could never compete with the Chinese in picking the coarser and more vulgar fruits, such as watermelons, pumpkins, and squashes,) but they did nothing of the kind, and I did not feel like asking such "polished" young men whether they picked prunes and strawberries at so much per bushel, or whether they worked by the day, week, or month. It was after dinner, and we were all in even-

ing dress; and it is very bad form, you know, to talk "shop" after a gentleman doffs his rough working clothes and dons his tailor-made suit of that hue and fashionable cut which polite society ordains that all well-bred gentlemen shall wear after the business of the day has been laid aside for the peaceful enjoyment of an evening with friends. The "fruit-pickers" talked about everything except their occupation. They never said one word about fruit of any kind.

A nice plate of pears and apricots stood among the decanters of wine and bottles of "O. P. S." and Bethesda water on the sideboard, but, although I was invited to sample the liquid refreshments, my host never once asked me to have a plum.

When the conversation about balls, parties, charity high teas, and the latest parvenu divorce scandals began to grow less and less interesting, my host expressed a regret that a high regard for good form prevented him from inviting a few of his "lady friends" in to enliven the occasion with a little music; and, just by way of an apology for the lack of musical talent, he suggested a little game of poker, "just to while away the time, you know."

One of the "fruit-pickers" declared that his knowledge of the game was limited, and I felt called upon to offer the same excuse; but our courteous host soon made us feel quite at ease with this ingenuous and somewhat humorous little speech:

"Why, the idea!" said he. "We are not going to play for money; but we will play *with* a small amount each, just to add interest to the game, and, as our experience is limited, we will limit the game. Gentlemen never play *for* money; they only play *with* it."

That settled the question, and my courteous host

THIS IS HOW IT HAPPENED, OR HOW I LEARNED TO PLAY POKER.

"Captain, permit me to present you to the "fruit pickers," said my distinguished host.

invited me to take the "lucky" seat between himself and his trusted first assistant card manipulator. He then produced a "deck" of brand new cards, and red, white, and blue poker chips enough to go around.

The host fixed the value of the chips at five cents for the whites, ten cents for the reds, and fifty cents for the blues. Each player purchased two dollars worth of chips to start in with, and the host's first assistant, who acted as banker, deposited the money in a cigar box, and then, after shuffling the cards and extracting the joker, he invited me to "cut for deal"; ace high and king next. I drew a big red ace and got the opening "deal."

"Everybody *ante* up a white chip," said the host. "The limit will be a blue chip, and no one will bet any more than that amount at one time."

By direction of my host, I dealt each "fruit-picker" five cards and the same number to myself.

After the "deal" all the "fruit-pickers" said "pass." I supposed, of course, that they had reference to the bottles of O. P. S. and Bethesda; but the host came to my rescue, like the courteous host that he was, and explained that the word "pass" only meant that the gentleman who said it did not wish to bet on his "hand" just then. He further explained to me that since all the rest had "passed" it was my turn to speak. If I had a hand that I could bet on, I could signify the same by "chipping in" a white one. If I did not wish to "chip" I should gather up the cards and pass the "deck" to the man on my left; and I had the privilege of making it a "jack pot" if I chose.

"A jack pot," my affable host explained, "cannot be opened with anything less than a pair of jacks on the deal." If no one got jacks or better before the "draw," the "deck" should be passed to the next man on the

left, who would shuffle the cards and deal them over. This was called "progressive jack," and it progressed with each deal as follows: Jacks or better on the first deal; queens or better on the second deal; kings or better on the third, and aces on the fourth. If no one got "openers" in four consecutive deals, the openers descended to jacks again. This was an interesting game. Each time that the "deck" passed for want of an opening hand, each "fruit-picker" and I threw a five-cent white chip into the pot.

After the deck had passed all around the table several times, and there were twelve or fifteen white chips in the pot, my host got the deal, and, shuffling the cards in the most approved *Banduria*, and *Friday Night* Cotillion Club fashion, dealt them.*

I got three jacks before the "draw," and as it was my turn to speak, I opened the pot with a red chip. All the "fruit-pickers" chipped in and the dealer said "discard." I discarded two, and all the rest discarded three except the dealer, who threw up his hand, declaring that he "couldn't see it." I drew a pair of kings, which gave me a beautiful "jack full," on which I bet two red beans. One "fruit-picker" threw up his hand, and the other one "stayed in," and raised me to the full limit. I called him and he showed me three aces and reached his hand out as if to rake in the pot.

"Hold on, Jack!" said the dealer; "the captain may have a better hand than you have."

* These two clubs have been largely advertised in the fake society news. Their combined memberships amount to about four hundred persons, comprising the arch parvenu element of San Francisco. According to Mr. Greenway the other 299,600 persons in the city are "the coarse, vulgar herd."

"Oh, beg pardon!" said Jack; "what have you got, captain? Show your hand."

I showed my jack full on kings.

"Ah, Jack, my boy," said the dealer, "that's the time you burned your fingers! Captain, the pot is yours; take it in."

I was now beginning to think that I knew how to play poker.

"A jack full in a progressive jack pot calls for a round of drinks," declared Jack, as he gracefully laid down his "beaten" hand and pushed the pot over toward me.

"Let us sample a little of Sprunace, Stanley & Co.'s Old Kentucky."

"What's the matter with sampling Cartan, McCarthy & Co.'s O. P. S., Jack?" asked the host, who was always addressed either as "Hal," or "old man."

"Oh, hurry up, boys, I'm getting thirsty! Give me a little O. P. S. and Bethesda," said the young man from Wells, Fargo & Co.'s, who has a good deal of Chin in his name.

"All right, boys," said the host, "Here's to our distinguished guest, the captain, the boss poker-player."

In a little while after resuming the game, one of the "fruit-pickers" lost all of his chips, and purchased a dollar's worth from me. Each time that my host dealt the cards I got a winning hand, and in less than half an hour from the time the game commenced, I had eight dollar's worth of chips in front of me.

Just at this stage of the game my host remembered that he had a very "important engagement" at the Hotel Vella Blista, one of those "quiet family" boarding houses that we hear so much about around the billiard rooms, poker clubs, and other places where the young men about town meet to tell one another what they know

about things in general—things that are not spoken of among ladies.

When my host signified his intention of going out, the "banker" cashed in my chips and complimented me on my good luck.

"Of course, captain," said the modest "fruit-pickers" in chorus, "you'll come up to our *séance*, Saturday night, and give us a chance to get back the eight dollars that you have won from us?"

Thanking the jolly "fruit-pickers" for their kind invitation, I bade them good-night. My host having insisted on my walking up to Vella Blista with him, I decided to accompany him as far as the door. He was a very interesting conversationalist, and, during the ten minutes' walk from 905 Sutter Street to the corner of Pine and Taylor Streets, he told me a good deal about himself and friends, mentioning the names of many "prominent" citizens in the most patronizing way. I learned afterward that these "prominent" citizens had savory reputations. They, like the "fruit-pickers," belonged to Mr. Greenway's Friday Night Parvenucracy.

This mentioning of names was intended to create an impression in my mind that he moved in the very best element of San Francisco society. That which puzzled me most, however, was the over-cordial manner in which he treated me right from the start. I could not understand at the time, why this man, who professed to be a member of high and exclusive society, should be so desirous of introducing into his "set" a comparative stranger, of whom he knew nothing further than what he had heard from the mutual acquaintance who had introduced him to me.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHERE I was born and raised, in Mississippi, strangers from a distant State cannot get into the homes of the old reliable citizens in this go-as-you-please fashion.

I had my doubts about my host's real social standing from the first, but I did not suspect, at the time, that he and his friends were poker sharps.

However, when I came to consider that San Francisco was a very young city,—barely forty years old,—I arrived at the conclusion that this circumstance might be considered sufficient justification for the altering of the case, and I was willing to overlook "Hal's" erroneous impression that he and his friends belonged to good society.

That my host spoke the truth when he said that he knew certain "prominent" individuals, I have not the slightest doubt. In fact, I believe that he knew them well; too well, indeed, for his own good. But when he said that those persons were members of the best element of Pacific Slope society, he did not speak the truth.

The gambling element is not the best element of *any* settlement or colony, as large as San Francisco.

Let us investigate this case before we go any further.

My host was called "Hal." He was a clerk in the Front Street liquor store of Spruance, Stanley & Co.

"Hal" was well acquainted with Mr. Hobbs and family of "Jerry" Street.

Who is this Mr. Hobbs?

I will tell you what Mr. Hobbs did for a livelihood for

a long time, and then you will know who he is. He conducted a gambling house upstairs in one of those houses between the Crocker building and the *Chronicle* building, on Market Street, opposite the Palace Hotel, and not far from Ottinger's cut-rate ticket office.

Would a gentleman care to associate with the family of a person who runs a gambling house on the principal thoroughfare of a great city, if he knew it?

Perhaps poor "Hal" didn't know it.

"Hal" knew Mr. Jones very well, and he referred to him in the most complimentary way, and informed me that he was the same Mr. Jones whose name appears so often in the society column of certain papers.

Who is this Mr. Jones, anyhow?

The son-in-law of Mr. Hobbs. Mr. Jones is also a great friend of Mr. and Mrs. "Will" Crocker of the S. P. R. R. crowd, that splurges so loudly on the money that the corporation swindled the U. S. Government out of.

"Hal" knew J. O'Hara Cosgrave, or Nosegrave, I forget now which.

Who and what is this Nosegrave?

He came here from Australia, to which country, it is said, his predecessors were transported from Ireland.

Mr. Nosegrave publishes a little advertising sheet called the *Wave*, which is devoted to almost everything that he can get a few dimes for mentioning. This pitiable fellow is a splendid representative of a class which, taken as a class, is well calculated to facilitate the belief that Ham was not the only creature that married a monkey, and, also, that Oscar Wilde should have plenty of company in jail.

Mr. Nosegrave conducted his poor little *Wave* for a long time in copartnership with an irresponsible little

FEMALE FRUIT PICKERS PLUCKING A GREENY, AT THE "VELLA BLISTER" HOTEL, S. F.

"About this time the young man gets four jacks before the 'draw.' He bets on them, and goes home dead broke.

would-be-tough, named Hugh Hume, or Spew Spume, as he has been called.

Messrs. Nosegrave and Spume are as necessary to the Parvenucracy as is the Parvenucracy to them. They publish society news about the Parvenucracy, and silly little girls, and sissie boys, like Mr. Addison Mizner, Mr. Bazil Wil-per-force, Mr. Willis Polk, and little Georgie Mearns—Wally Cooke's shadow—read it, and pass it around to their nincompoop friends, who also read it, and, in their Oscar Wilde "fashion," make much over it.

Mr. Spume deserves mention for having taken unto himself a wife. Her name was Miss Sillie Brush (not scrub brush at all), and she was a cousin to Mrs. Volney Spalding, who is famous for a certain grammatical story which begins with: "Me and Mrs. Mackay."

Mrs. Spalding is noted also for her delightful "card parties," at which Miss Brush was once a "drawing card."

When Mr. Spume was connected with the *Wave*, that little patent medicine advertising diatribe was sarcastically referred to around the Tenderloin district, where its subscribers and advertisers hang out "vapor bath" and "massage artist" signs, as the "Vella Blista Hotel family paper."

I bade "Hal" good-night at the Pine Street entrance of the Vella Blista, the "family" boarding house which is an evolution—so far as proprietress-ship goes—of a mining camp chop house of Virginia City, Nev., "fame."

The above mentioned names are a few samples of what "Hal" represented to me as the best element that *he* knew of in San Francisco society.

At the time of my first meeting with the "fruit-pickers" I knew very little about San Francisco; a fact of which these accomplished poker players were well aware. I

was just the kind of a young man whom they could cultivate the acquaintance of—a stranger who knew scarcely anyone in the city. My knowledge of poker had been derived from an occasional five-minutes' game with two or three of my brother officers on the Mail steamers for an ante-dinner appetizer.

A few days after the pleasant evening at 905 Sutter Street, including the quiet game, the sudden breaking up for the night, just when I was eight dollars ahead, and then the walk up to Mrs. Galding's "family" boarding house—all of which entertainment had been especially arranged for the transferring of the aforesaid vacation money from my pockets to the "kitty" of the "fruit pickers,"—I received the following invitation:

No. 905 Sutter Street,
Wednesday, January, 20, 1892.

Dear Captain:

The pleasure of your company is especially requested on Saturday evening next at 8 P. M., sharp. Fruit for those who can pluck.

Yours truly,
The Fruit-Pickers.

I accepted this invitation. I had been invited to call and give the "fruit-pickers" a chance to get back the eight dollars which they had purposely allowed me to win, and had I not accepted, they might have thought that I was staying away because I was "ahead of the game."

I shall not describe all of the details of the second game that I played with the "fruit-pickers." It took place in the same rooms; the same players or pickers were there, with the addition of a young naval engineer who was invited there as I had been, for the sake of his money.

The second game differed from the first in that it lasted until after midnight, about which time I took my departure, minus a portion of my vacation money.

The versatile "fruit-pickers" who had complimented me on my "good playing" the first night, now consoled me for my bad luck by inviting me to come again and win back what I had lost.

I had heard of people who were foolish enough to throw good dollars after bad ones, and after visiting the rooms of the "fruit-pickers" three or four times, on their kind invitation to come up and "get even with the game," during which period I saw the remainder of my vacation money evaporate into the "kitty" and the pockets of the "fruit-pickers," I realized that I had been playing poker with men who never lost, but who, nevertheless, posed as gentlemen in the Greenway "Four Hundred," which, at that time, was supposed to be composed of respectable citizens.

The "fruit-pickers" adopted this plan of operation—this posing as gentlemen—for two substantial reasons.

First: It was much easier to entice their intended victims into a family boarding house than it would have been to get them into a more public gambling den. The class of gentlemen from which they singled out their victims could not be induced to enter a faro den or a gambling den of a low degree, such as the game that was conducted by Mr. Hobbs, the father-in-law of the great society column advertiser.

Second: In confining their operations to the victimizing of reputable citizens they imagined that they were taking no risks of exposure.

When the average young gentleman gets victimized, he is afraid to acknowledge it; he is afraid that his friends

will laugh at him for having been so careless as to let such knaves get his money.

This is a mistake. No gentleman need be afraid to expose rascality of any kind. Every gentleman who has the interests of good society at heart owes it to his friends and himself to speak the truth and expose to the public all such wolves in sheep's clothes as this gang. What of it if the exposed sharpers do accuse their victims of "squealing"? In so doing they merely corroborate the victim's statements.

The "fruit-pickers" formed a strong combination, and they never hesitated about giving their victims to understand that if they "squealed" they would be attacked immediately by the whole crowd; and in addition to this, the victim would be blackguarded and maligned by the *Wave* and the *Evening Post*, which two filthy little sheets, "edited" by J. O'Hara Cosgrave and Hugh Hume, always stood ready to accept for publication any article—no matter how libelous it might have been—about anyone who dared to say one word about the little tricks resorted to by the three knaves of clubs, spades, and diamonds known as "Hal" Wright, "Jack" Nevin, and "Harry" Chin, alias the Sutter Street "Fruit-Pickers," and their friends Paxton, Flood, Fair, Irving, Cooke, Mearns, "Mose" Gunst, and Greenway.

It was good form for a "fruit-picker" to go to a bank where one of his victims kept his money and make inquiries about his (the victim's) account.

Firm in their belief that they could rely upon the protection of the *Evening Post* and its sickly little weekly branch, the *Wave*, while the latter was in existence, the "fruit-pickers" kept right on with their abominable game until they brought upon themselves exactly what they deserved: utter destruction.

THREE GRACES OF THE FREE LUNCH COUNTERS.

This is the picture that Mearns Cooke and "Birdie" Irving tried to suppress because it looked too much like themselves.

This is how that happened: Mr. Thomas Garret, the bright and enterprising city editor of a morning paper, had known for some time of the existence of the "fruit-pickers." Mr. Garret had, at one time, been connected with the *Post*, but, in justice to this young journalist, I wish to state that he did not approve of the tactics of Hugh Hume and J. O'Hara Cosgrave in upholding "society" card sharps and vulgar upstarts, including some who were to be found at the Vella Blista Hotel.

Mr. Garrett made up his mind that he would rid San Francisco of one "skin game" at least. Sending for Mr. C. M. Coe, one of the ablest young journalists of the city, Mr. Garrett requested this young gentleman to write an article that would put an end to the "fruit-picker" combination forever.

Mr. Coe commenced on them in his own peculiar style, and, on the morning of May 9, 1893, he exploded a bomb in their midst, which brought them down with a crash that resounded from North Beach to Tar Flat, inclusive. The following are a few fragments of the reform bomb which I collected together and preserved as a remembrance of the good work that it accomplished when Messrs. Garrett and Coe touched it off in the form of a two-column article. This article was the honest work of two journalists:

"ROUGH ON MR. FRUIT-TREE.

"Fruit-pickers too much for him."

"A racy story got into circulation yesterday that Mr. Fruit-tree, the young society leader, who is well known here, had, a few nights ago, been done up to the tune of a large sum of money in a room at a boarding house at No. 905 Sutter Street. The story goes that the room was regularly occupied by Hallock Wright; that the

room was completely fitted with tables covered with green cloth; that there was a 'kitty' in each table, and stacks upon stacks of poker chips, and bushels of cards, so as to be ready for whosoever might come.

"According to the rumor there were three or four young men about Wright who posed as society men, who really spent a good deal of their time gambling.

"Wright is president of the *Banduria* Club, and holds a position with Spruance, Stanley & Co. The others who lend their assistance are: John Nevin, who is in the employ of Cartan, McCarty & Co.; Harry Chin, an employee of Wells, Fargo & Co., and W. H. Fitzgerald.*

"Fitzgerald was not in the party when Mr. Fruit-tree dropped the money aforesaid; but he was there on many other occasions, and he was a sharer in the general fund that was raked in. Furthermore, it is said that Mr. Fruit-tree was not the only victim, but that man after man had been invited to the Sutter Street home of the "fruit-pickers," as they playfully styled themselves, and that their gains would probably foot up eight thousand or ten thousand dollars.

"It was stated that among the many who had been taken in, under the guise of friendship, was no less a personage than the son of Admiral de Krafts. Lieutenant Armin Hartrath was another whose name was mentioned as having plunked in most of his salary for many months over the green cloth of the enterprising young men who congregated in the rooms at the top of the very quiet and highly respectable (?) Sutter Street boarding house.

"An inquiry into the details developed the fact that

* This was a printer's error in the paper. The right name is Fitzhugh, a parvenu politician.

the story was true, and that it was so full of interesting particulars as to fairly daze the society people, who looked upon the young men as models of propriety, so far as putting up a quiet little enterprise to get the good red gold of the unwary was concerned.

"It appears that of the numberless poker decks that were in easy reach, the one used for a time was laid aside every once in a while to 'cool off,' as they expressed it, and that another deck would be produced. From this deck a good hand was always dealt to the invited guest; but some one of the 'fruit-pickers' always got a better hand, and, as a result, the unsuspecting guest would drop his roll. The 'kitty,' which has been alluded to, was always kept moving, and money was being jingled into it all the time. As for the contents of the 'kitty,' however, Mr. Wright virtuously disclaimed that it went in any way toward paying for refreshments. He hospitably furnished those himself. The 'kitty' was merely to pay the girl for cleaning up the room. As the victims noticed, however, that there were as much as twelve or fourteen dollars in the 'kitty' after a game, they now have their suspicions that this was utilized by their thrifty host in liquidating his board bill."

To the uninitiated I will explain what a "kitty" in a poker game is: It is a contribution box regularly fitted on the under side of the center of the poker table. The contributions are deposited in this box through a little slot in the middle of the table. This slot is similar to that in the nickel-in-the-slot machine, but it differs from the latter to the extent that the contributors never get anything in return for what they are required to drop in.

The man who runs the game requires each player to

drop into the "kitty" a certain tax on all the "pots" that he wins; and it goes there to remain until the game is over and the guests are gone, when the thrifty host takes the contents of the box and puts it in his pocket.

This poker "income tax" is based upon the strength of the winner's "hand" rather than upon the amount of his winnings. For example, the "fruit-picker" system compels the winning man to pay "income tax" as follows:

One pair of anything below aces,	10 cents.
One pair of aces,	15 "
Two ordinary pairs,	20 "
Aces up,	25 "
Three of a kind (ordinary),	30 "
Three aces,	35 "
Plain straight,	40 "
Plain flush,	45 "
Full hand (ordinary),	50 "
Ace full,	55 "
Four deuces,	60 "
Four aces,	65 "
Royal straight flush,	$1.00

From the "fruit-picker" schedule, the danger of holding "big hands" in a five-cent *ante* game, limited to fifty-cent betting, may be readily understood. Whenever anyone complained about having to "dig down" into his pockets in order to pay a tax of fifty cents on a twenty-five cent "pot," the "fruit-pickers" always consoled him by declaring that Webster Jones, Blitz Paxton, and other prominent members of Mr. Greenway's "Four Hundred" played there, and that they considered it a "square game."

I suppose the Parvenucracy would consider it "bad form" if I were to call this a "cinch game" to compel the invited guest to ask the "fruit-pickers" to raise the

limit. But be that as it may, whenever the limit was raised so that the guest might bet ten or twenty dollars at a time, the said guest seldom got a winning "hand." He got "hands" that looked big enough, but the "fruit-pickers" almost always got bigger ones.

The article went on to say: "One stranger was about all that the merry men aforesaid ever had in their rooms at a time. Whenever a new man was gotten hold of it was always by suggesting a little poker in a modest way; and once he got to playing the stakes grew.

"Altogether it is said that a very prosperous business has been done at the quiet rooms at the top of the house on Sutter Street. Wonderful tales are told of how well equipped it is, and of the interest in the sittings. It is confidently stated that the money the talented 'fruit-pickers' have made during their long reign is a bonanza alongside of what they have drawn in business."

After reading the above article I discarded my strangely acquired title of "captain," and since that time I have been satisfied with the title of American citizen.

Apropos of the *personnel* of the "fruit-pickers," I am inclined to the belief that Hallock Wright was led astray by his companions. Like old dog Tray, he was all right until found in company with Mr. Nevin, Mr. Chin, Mr. Hobbs, and Blitz Paxton.

Mr. Wright seemed to be a good-natured, harmless sort of youth, possessing no force of character at all with which to resist temptation. Living in a boarding house, where he came into contact with such politicians as County Surveyor W. H. Fitzhugh, and such society lights as Nosegrave, Spume, Cooke, Greenway, Mearns, Irving, and Hobbs, it is not at all surprising that he got written

up in the *Examiner*, and *Wasp*, and several other papers, including the *World* and the *Chronicle*, as a card sharp. Mr. Nevin, his bosom friend, is an ex-bartender, so Mr. Bert. Wheeler says. Concerning Mr. Perrie Tiffany, Mr. Bryson, Mr. Cunningham, Mr. de Krafts, and Mr. Hartrath, I am inclined to the belief that they played poker with the "fruit-pickers" because they were fond of the game.

I believe that Mr. Wright has suffered enough already for being a partner in a game like that in his private rooms, which he shared with his "friend" Nevin.

In order that Mr. Wright may have the full benefit of the doubt, I wish to say that he frequently went to bed in an adjoining room, leaving Nevin (assisted by Chin) and his "guests" playing away.

If Mr. Wright would come out and admit that he was in the wrong, and show by so doing that he disapproves of that kind of dissipation, the good that would result from his action would manifest itself in such a way that he should never again have occasion to even regret his misfortune in having been written up.

The poker episode, and his disastrous attempt to vindicate himself and his friends by means of ludicrous falsehoods published in the pitiable railroad folders, the *Post* and *Wave*, in May and June, 1893, were the only dishonorable transactions that I ever knew Mr. Wright to participate in.

Even now, at this late day, it is not too late for him to redeem himself by coming out frankly and disavowing his past conduct. Just as soon as he puts aside his false pride, and acknowledges his errors, he will be reinstated to good citizenship ; but until that time he will continue to be regarded as one of the "fruit-pickers."

CHAPTER XV.

Little Captain Dow was not by any means the only interesting person on board the quarantine ship *Shenandoah*.

Doctor Hunter, or Doctor "Booze," as Charlie Elsasser always called him, deserves mention on account of his insatiable thirst, and his unlimited capacity for liquid refreshments.

Like "General" Barnes, Dr. "Booze" was of the opinion that the various brands of liquids were distinguishable from one another only in that some were a little better and more agreeable to the inner man than others. In this opinion the doctor found a warm supporter in the person of Mr. Crane, the old night watchman. Mr. Crane was an old war veteran and a member of the "G. A. R.," in fairly good standing. Owing to Mr. Crane's strict observance of army etiquette, he was nicknamed Mr. "Post." Whenever he spoke of going on watch or on duty, he always said, "I'm going on post," or, "I must be going on me post."

Mike Hernon, the steward, was another character that I must not forget. Mike had occupied the position of steerage steward of the *City of New York* for some time, and when it was determined to place the passengers, officers, and crew of that ship on board the *Shenandoah*, Mike was promoted to the position of chief steward of the latter ship.

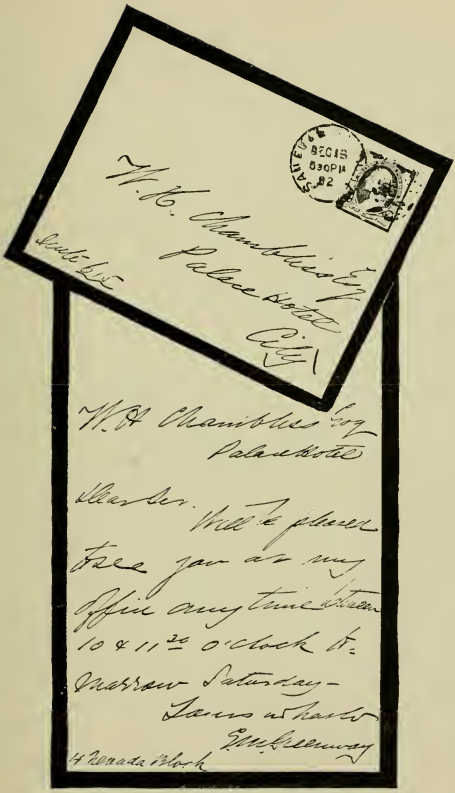
That the position of steerage steward on a mail steamer of the China line is a lucrative one, and that the salary of

forty dollars a month attached thereto is probably the smallest inducement for those who fill those positions in the different ships, is shown by the fact that some steerage stewards accumulate small fortunes in the course of a few voyages. This man Mike, for instance, who could neither read nor write intelligibly, had, during the course of a year or two, accumulated eight thousand or ten thousand dollars, so he admitted. He was subsequently sued for breach of promise by one of his sweethearts in Tar Flat, whom he had discarded after he had made money enough out of the business of peddling liquors, chickens, ducks, etc., etc., to the Chinese passengers, to entitle him to membership in Mr. Greenway's Friday Night Parvenu Cotillion Club.

There are several members of the steerage steward class in Mr. Greenway's Parvenucracy. From the San Francisco city directory I copy the following names: "Greenway, A. E., 813 Pacific Avenue; Greenway, John, deck hand, steamer *El Capitan;* Greenway, E. M., clerk, 4 Nevada Block." The latter is the famous "Ned" who "leads" the Friday Night "Cotillions," and writes up such extraordinary accounts of his own social "triumphs," and publishes those incredible stories in the "society" colums of the *Chronicle*, for which paper he is a paid reporter.

On the 14th of February, 1888, the *City of New York* sailed for Japan and China. The tugboat *Millen Griffith* came alongside the *Shenandoah* just before the *New York* sailed and took all the officers and crew back to the steamer, excepting Charlie Elsasser, McMahon, Dr. Hunter, Mr. Crane and myself, and Mike the steward, and enough Chinese cooks and waiters for the steward to get along with.

After Captain Dow went back to his former position of



MR. GREENWAY'S GREEN-GOODS COURTESY.

His non-committal letter inviting a total stranger to "come on" and pay twenty dollars for an "invitation" to a Parvenu steam beer cotillion.

second officer of the *City of New York*, Mr. Cheesebrough appointed a man named Judd to take his place as captain of the *Shenandoah*. Mr. Judd's "tastes" ran in the same channel as those of Dr. "Booze" and Mr. Crane. These three old "tanks" managed to keep the steam launch *Pup* and the late "Commodore" Taylor in active service all the time, running between the Mail dock and the quarantine ship, to supply them with whisky enough to quench their thirst.

Every steamer that came into San Francisco from China, during the months of January and February, 1888, was placed in quarantine, by orders of the Board of Health; and the passengers were transferred to quarantine hulks chartered for that purpose. About the first of March all of the Chinese passengers destined for the Hawaiian Islands were taken from the *Shenandoah* and shipped off to Honolulu on the barkentine *Planter*.

When the Chinese were ready to start, the *Planter* was towed alongside the *Shenandoah* by the *Millen Griffith*.

"Captain" Tom Driscoll, the man with the historical Burnsides which the humorous reporters have so much fun with in windy weather, was in command of the *Millen Griffith*, and he gave us an exhibition of his bad seamanship which cost the Pacific Mail Company a good many hundreds of dollars to repair.

This is how he did it: When the Chinese were all aboard the *Planter* the captain of that vessel informed Driscoll that he was all ready to be towed out to sea.

Driscoll is a representative of that class which imagines that it knows it all and that nobody else knows anything. According to him no one is qualified to hold any position—even outside of the jurisdiction of political

knavery—if he is not Irish. In the common, everyday phraseology of the careless person, Mr. Driscoll would, in all probability, find himself referred to as a "duffer."

Instead of dropping astern of the *Shenandoah* with the *Planter* in tow, as any sensible tugboat coxswain would have done, this beautiful advocate of home rule in Ireland just ordered the single deck hand to "cast off," and then went right ahead, full speed, with the port side of the *Planter* scraping against the starboard side of the *Shenandoah*. The result was that the backstays and rigging of the *Planter* got afoul of the cathead of the *Shenandoah*, and, as she went forward, her main topgallant mast and mizzen topmast were carried away in the twinkling of an eye.

This accident so completely disabled the *Planter*, that, instead of proceeding on out to sea, she was compelled to anchor off the Mail dock for several days for repairs; and all on account of the unseamanlike maneuver of this bombastic "Captain" Driscoll.

On the 3d of March, the remainder of the crowd on board the *Shenandoah*, myself included, was transferred to the old side-wheeler *Antelope*.

Sunday, March 4, 1888, set in with a strong southwest breeze which continued to increase in velocity until it developed into the heaviest gale known on San Francisco Bay in many years. The old *Antelope* had long since been condemned as unseaworthy, but the Pacific Mail Steamship Company considered her quite good enough for a quarantine ship. Human life and the personal property of employees are not considered of any consequence by steamship and railroad companies—Pacific Mail and Southern Pacific for examples. We were anchored off Butchertown, near the *Shenandoah* and the *Alice Garratt* and the rest of the quarantine fleet, when the southwester

set in, but by noon we had drifted about halfway to Oakland.

We had only one little kedge anchor and a few fathoms of chain, which would have been barely sufficient to keep the old boat from drifting away with the tide, even had there been no wind. Imagine our dangerous position with a seventy-knot gale blowing off shore ; and, to make matters worse, we sprung a leak, and then the steam pump broke down, and all hands had to turn to on the hand pump to keep the boat from sinking. All this time we were drifting gradually out in the direction of Goat Island. The seas rose to a height never before known on the bay, and it began to look as if it were only a question of time when our cable would part, in which case we would have swung around broadside on to the wind, and in the trough of the sea, and nothing could have saved us from capsizing and going to the bottom of the treacherous bay with all on board.

At noon we were fully two miles from the wharves, with the wind and seas increasing all the time. One of the Spreckels' tugs, the *Relief*, attempted to come alongside to tow us in to the wharf, but the seas ran so high that she dared not come closer than speaking distance for fear of a collision ; and then we had no means of getting our anchor up, so there we were, at the mercy of the storm.

About one o'clock in the afternoon our attention was called to the *Alice Garratt*, another boat similar to the *Antelope*, with the passengers of the *City of Peking* on board.

The *Alice Garratt* had parted her cables and was drifting before the wind. For a time we forgot our own perilous position while we watched the doomed vessel as she drifted away. Several tugs put out to her assistance, but they could do nothing in such a fearful sea.

Suddenly, and without the slightest warning, the wind veered to the south, and the bay immediately became a turbulent mass of choppy seas and driftwood. The *Alice Garratt*, in obedience to the wind, began to drift in toward the docks. She gave one big roll as she swung around, and her smokestack went by the board. A few minutes later she ran afoul of the big American ship *St. Paul*, and carried away the jib boom and all the rest of the head gear of that vessel. Then she drifted along almost on her beams' ends for a minute, when she was caught, broadside-on, by a mountainous sea which finished her forever. She went clean down on her beams' ends and turned bottom upward.

Fortunately for everybody on board, she capsized near the Steward Street wharf, and, what would have been classed as a miracle in Dublin, all hands escaped with their lives; but they lost everything else, including clothes and baggage, which went down with the wreck.

It now seemed as though it were only a question of a little while when the *Antelope* would share the same fate; but the storm began to moderate toward sunset, and the *Millen Griffith* (with a crew on board this time) came out and got our anchor up, and towed us in alongside of the Mail dock, where we remained three days.

On the 7th, Dr. McAllister and the Board of Health met in council, and decided to release us from quarantine.

During the voyage from Hong Kong to San Francisco, the surgeon of the *City of New York* had vaccinated all hands. My vaccination took splendidly, and I had to carry my arm in a sling from the effects of it for a long time. It was almost well, however, when I got it hurt during the storm of the 4th, and, as a result, it came very near costing me my arm. Old Dr. Hunter was "full" all the time, and when I spoke to him about my

arm, the old idiot only laughed at me. However, when I got out of the quarantine boat I called upon the United States Naval Surgeon at the Appraisers' building, and that gentleman sent me to the Marine Hospital immediately, for treatment. Dr. Sawtelle, U. S. N., the surgeon in charge of the hospital, informed me that had I waited another day before seeking reliable medical aid, I would in all probability have lost the use of my arm altogether. As it was, I was confined to the hospital until the 22d, and even then Dr. Sawtelle cautioned me to be very careful and not hurt my arm over again, before he would let me go.

One thing about my trip to the hospital which was very consoling was this: Dr. Sawtelle informed me that owing to the violent effects of the vaccination, it would not be necessary for me to ever be vaccinated again.

When the *City of New York* sailed for China, Captain Searle left orders for those whom he detailed to look after the quarantine ship, myself included, to stand by to return to duty on the steamer immediately upon her return to San Francisco. Those orders were left at the main office of the Pacific Mail Steamship Co. and were communicated at once, so I learned a long time afterward, to someone on board the quarantine ship. For some mysterious reason or other, the person who received the orders neglected to inform me that I was mentioned in them. Mr. Judd, who was in charge of the *Shenandoah*, and undoubtedly knew all about it, took particular pains to give me to understand that Captain Searle had said nothing about my being expected to return to the *City of New York*, and furthermore, Mr. Judd intimated that my position on the ship had been filled by a gentleman who was there to stay.

I was younger and a good deal more credulous at that

time than I am now, and I did not even think of inquiring at the office, to find out the reason of this curious piece of business, and then I was sick besides ; so when I left the quarantine ship to go to the hospital, my mind was made up to not report for duty again on the *City of New York.*

When I left the hospital I went in search of another position, or, as some sailors would say, I "went coasting for a ship"; or, as the old "Forty-niners" would express it, I "went prospecting." At any rate, I went down to the foot of Market Street and started to walk up toward the Oregon dock.

CHAPTER XVI.

When I reached Folsom Street pier I stopped to admire a nice-looking steamer lying alongside of the wharf. While thus engaged I glanced up at the end of the pier and read: "Oceanic S. S. Co., for Honolulu, Auckland, and Sydney."

As I was out "prospecting," anyway, the idea struck me that I would go aboard of this nice-looking ship and look around. I walked on down the wharf to the gang-plank, and asked the quartermaster if the first officer was on board, and if I might go aboard to see him.

"Yes," said the quartermaster, "Mr. Hart is up forward there on the forecastle; go right aboard, sir."

This was more than I had expected. I had not asked the quartermaster what the first officer's name was for fear he would not let me go aboard. They are very particular about demanding of strangers to state their business before going aboard some ships, but this quartermaster was an exception; he not only let me go aboard without cross-questioning me, but he even volunteered to tell me the mate's name. With this piece of encouragement for a starter, I walked up to Mr. Hart, and, addressing him by name, proceeded to state my business.

"Mr. Hart," said I, "I am looking for a ship. Have you got a vacancy that I can fill?"

The first officer looked me over from head to foot before he replied. Then, in a tone of voice that was a cross between a foghorn and a German brass band, he answered by asking me several pointed questions.

"What sort of a job d'yer want?" was the first question.

"I want to ship as quartermaster," said I, without appearing to notice his polished mode of speech.

"Whar did yer come from, and what ship was yer ever quartermaster on?"

"I was on the *New York*," said I, purposely omitting the *City*.

"How d'yer happen to be lookin' fer a job?"

"I've just got my discharge from the hospital, where I have been laid up for repairs," said I.

"Did yer have the smallpox?"

"Oh, no, sir!" said I, wondering if it would be safe to acknowledge that a little thing like a vaccination had knocked me out. "I didn't exactly have the smallpox; but I——"

"Oh, yes, I see," broke in Mr. Hart. "Never mind telling me any more; I know all about you young fellows who run out to Japan and China."

"But let me explain," said I, "and I'll tell you what——"

"Explain be d——d! you can't tell me nothin' 'bout it, for I've been there myself, see? You're all right. Come down to-morrow mornin', and report for duty; I won't be here, but just report to the second officer, and tell him that I sent you." So saying, Mr. Hart began yelling out at some sailors up aloft, and I decided to let "well enough" alone, and go back uptown after my things.

I was so elated over getting a position so soon, that I left the ship without stopping to see what her name was. I went on uptown and told Pete McMahon, the good old boarding house keeper who kindly took care of my chest of clothes while I was at the hospital, that I had just secured a position on the *Australia*.

"Why, the *Australia* is over at the sugar refinery," said Mr. McMahon.

"No," said I; "she is at Spreckels' dock, because I have just come from there."

Then Mr. McMahon got a copy of the *Guide*, and showed me that the *Australia was* at the sugar refinery, and that, therefore, I had shipped on the wrong steamer, or else I didn't know what ship I belonged on. At this point our discussion was brought to a close by the entrance of the captain of a "deep-water" ship who wanted a "deep-sea" cook. I took advantage of the opportunity and went and got a copy of the *Examiner* in order to find out from the advertising columns of that paper what ship I belonged on. Whenever I am uncertain about anything, I always consult the *Examiner*. Having been assured, on reading the advertisement of John D. Spreckels & Bros., that I belonged on the *Mariposa* instead of the *Australia*, I looked Mr. McMahon up, and asked him to "come in" and have a "steam beer" with me, and not to tell anybody that I didn't know the name of my own ship.

On the 24th of March, at 7 A. M., I reported for duty to second officer John M. Bowen, on board the steamship *Mariposa* of the Oceanic Steamship Company. I had to look all over the ship for Mr. Bowen before I could find him. When finally I sighted him, I went up to him and said: "Allow me to report for duty, sir."

"Who told you to report to me?" asked Mr. Bowen.

Having informed him that Mr. Hart had shipped me the day before, he said he guessed it was all right, and that I would have to report to the chief quartermaster for further information.

I found the chief quartermaster, Mr. Dominick W. Carvin, up in the pilot house oiling the steering gear.

Dominick was a well informed man, and a thorough steamship sailor. What he did not know about utilizing "soft snaps" on board ship amounted to so very little that it would not be worth while to speak of it. He managed to while away the whole forenoon in explaining to me how to get along with Mr. Hart.

"You must not mind anything that Mr. Hart says to you," said Mr. Carvin, "because he is one of the best men that you ever sailed with. He is the best sailor in the company, and could have been captain long ago, had he only wanted the position, but he prefers to sail as mate as long as Hayward remains as captain."

At twelve o'clock Mr. Carvin took me out to lunch. No meals are served on board steamers while they are alongside the wharfs in San Francisco. The hash house keepers, along the water front, have regular contracts with all the large steamship companies to feed the crews of steamers at so much per meal. Regular meal tickets are issued by those chop-house keepers to the officers and crews of ships in port. If a person does not use his meal tickets he can exchange them for drinks at any saloon along the water front, where a twenty-five cent meal ticket is accepted as legal tender, and is always good for a schooner of steam beer.*

I was coming out of the Palace Hotel one day, subsequently, when I was stopped by a tramp who explained to me that he had "had nothing to eat since the Sunday before last." I had one of Mr. Mentz's meal tickets in my pocket, and I offered it to him, but he declined it on the ground that he did not wish to die just then.

On Sunday, the 8th of April, 1888, I sailed from San Francisco as quartermaster of the *Mariposa*.

* Members of the "Four Hundred" who still own these saloons, on the sly, may credit this to the account of free advertising.

The following is a list of the *Mariposa's* officers:

H. M. Hayward, commander; F. W. Hart, first officer; J. M. Bowen, second officer; W. D. Watson, third officer; D. W. Carvin, J. Hernon, A. Linguist, and W. H. Chambliss, quartermasters; August Law, boatswain; Dr. Giberson, surgeon; Mr. Smith, purser; Messrs. Wilson, Whitaker, Green, and Dean, engineers; Mr. Whitelaw, storekeeper.

On Sunday, the 15th, we arrived at Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, where we remained only a few hours, to land the passengers and mails. At half past two in the afternoon we got under way and proceeded on our course for the Samoan Islands.

On Sunday, the 22d, we called at Apia, Tutuilla. We did not go into the harbor, we merely stopped off West Point, where we were met by a little German sloop, which took the mail and passengers that we had for that place and brought a few passengers and a little mail off to us, after which we proceeded on our course for Auckland.

On Saturday, the 28th, at 2.30 A. M., we sighted the island called the Great Barrier, off the east coast of North Island.

At 4.50 we passed Needle Point; at 5.20, Moko Hino was abeam, and at twenty minutes past nine we were alongside the Union Steamship Company's wharf, at Auckland, New Zealand.

The arrival of a mail steamer from America is considered a great event in Auckland; nearly the entire population of the city turns out and goes down to the wharf just to see the ship. Men, women, and children by the hundreds swarm on board from the time the steamer reaches the wharf until she is ready to sail.

I rather like the people of New Zealand, from what I have seen of them. They have a certain free and friendly

way about them that is charming, and, I think, highly agreeable to all thoroughbred Americans. Notwithstanding the fact that New Zealand is a British possession, the inhabitants seem to be quite as friendly to Americans as they are to the English.

At noon on Sunday, the 29th, we took our departure from Auckland, bound for Sydney, New South Wales. During the voyage from Auckland to Sydney I made what some soulless persons on board were unkind enough to term a "bad break." I came very near falling in love with a charming young lady who embarked in company with her father and mother at Auckland. Very fortunately for me, as I imagined at the time, Miss Anna Wilson's parents got seasick as soon as we passed the Three Kings, but the young lady proved to be a good sailor.

I was in charge of the gangway when the passengers came aboard at Auckland, and the old gentleman had spoken to me and introduced me to the ladies before the ship had left the wharf. Therefore, when I saw the fair daughter on deck all alone, I felt that it was my duty to show her a little attention. She gave me a pleasant little smile of recognition as I walked toward where she stood holding on to the taffrail, and I lifted my cap in the most approved naval fashion, and offered her my arm for a promenade.* She accepted with that sweet, charming grace which is so characteristic of the well-bred lady of any civilized country.

All of this talk about young persons being able to acquire refined and courteous manners without home training or the natural inheritance of certain gentle

* I had learned this from Lieutenant Fechteler, Lieutenant Walling, and other society leaders of the *Essex*. It is a good idea to observe the customs of proper persons.

THE PARVENU IDEA OF MODESTY AND CULTURE.

The Meldas-QuackNut Toad-Nellie Murphy-Addi(son) Mizner-Greenway coterie of Friday Nighters "sizing up" a stranger.—Sketched at Santa Cruz, Cal., June, 1893.

instincts from gentle mothers, is utter nonsense. Let me converse with a lady for fifteen minutes and I will come so near telling you what kind of parents and what sort of home training she has had, and what class of society she really belongs to, that you would have a pretty hard time finding any very serious mistakes in my humble opinions on this particular subject. You can tell the genuine from the counterfeit the very minute you hear the ring. Take the Mackay-Delmas-Quacknut-Mizner-Oelrichs-Fair-Flood-O'Brien-Catherwood-Greenway combination of "gentility" for example, and compare its style of "courtesy" and "politeness" with the unmistakable genuineness and real refinement of the Eddys, the Fritzes, the Hortons, the Halseys, the Rices, the Phillipses, the Admiral Skerretts, the Phelpses, the Belknaps, the Teresis, the Estees, the Dickinsons, the Grahams, the Buntings, the Stoneys, the Caseys of the army, or any others of that good and unpretentious class of old, reliable, home-loving citizens, and note the difference between the two elements.

Miss Wilson was a native daughter of New Zealand; her parents, having gone there from England on their bridal tour, became so much attached to the beautiful city of Auckland and its hospitable people that they made it their home. They had two daughters, Elizabeth and Anna, aged twenty and eighteen, respectively. Miss Elizabeth, the elder daughter, was visiting relatives in Sydney, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and Miss Anna were going over to join her there. That accounted for the presence of the party on board the *Mariposa*. The two old folks seldom left their bunks during the voyage. The motion of the ship interfered with their comfort to such an extent that I had Miss Anna almost entirely to myself whenever I was off duty during sea-

sonable hours, say from six in the morning until ten at night.

Miss Anna was an early riser, and she would come right up to the pilot house the first thing every morning. It was against the rules of the ship for passengers to converse with the officers of the navigation department on watch, but no one ever thought of such an absurd thing as prohibiting a nice young lady from bidding the officer of the deck and the quartermaster at the wheel "Good-morning," and asking the latter what time he would be off duty. My "tricks" of two hours each at the wheel never seemed half so long before as they did when I knew that Miss Anna was waiting for me. One day she expressed a desire to come into the pilot house and learn how to steer the ship. I told her to ask Mr. Bowen, the officer of the deck, and she did it in such a nice way that Mr. Bowen not only gave her the desired permission, but he told her that he was sorry he was not the quartermaster at the wheel so that he could give her the lesson himself.

Miss Anna never forgot her seasick mother and father for an instant; she always took good care to see that the steward and stewardess showed them the attention that sea-sick parents should have, and I, of course, showed Anna the attention that I thought *she* deserved.

Almost any two young persons thrown together under such circumstances would be liable to form some sort of an attachment, if anything of the nature of congeniality existed between them. Attachments of this kind sometimes result very happily for the interested parties; and then again circumstances conspire to bring about results which occasionally make people regret seriously that they ever met. This case was an exception, for, instead of falling in love, and developing one of those never-

speak-as-we-pass-by acquaintances, Miss Anna and I became true friends for life.

But there is always an end to everything that man undertakes, and very few things ever have a more cruel ending than a pleasant ocean voyage.

Early on Tuesday morning, the 3d of May, we arrived in Sydney. We steamed right up alongside of the Union Steamship Company's wharf, at the foot of Market Street, and by eight o'clock the last passenger, including Miss Anna and her parents, had left the ship.

CHAPTER XVII.

The first person I had the honor of meeting on Australian soil was the elder Miss Wilson. She came down to the wharf, accompanied by several of her relatives and friends, whose guest she was in Sydney, to meet her father and mother and Miss Anna upon their arrival.

After the usual family greetings had been exchanged all around, Miss Anna sent for me, and introduced me to her sister and her friends, and told them about my having taught her to steer the ship during the voyage. The old folks, having recovered entirely from their seasickness, were as jolly as the young ladies. The result of all this was that I received a very cordial invitation to call. When Miss Anna said "good-by," as the pleasant party were leaving the ship, she repeated the invitation that her mother had already extended, and added: "We will be at home this evening, and will expect you at eight."

There is nothing, absolutely nothing, in the way of courtesy, that a young man appreciates as much as he does an invitation to call on a young lady, especially a pretty one. Imagine one's self a stranger on his first visit to a city that is situated on the opposite side of the earth to that of his own home, and the appreciation of an invitation extended in the very best form by persons of unquestionable refinement can be better understood than explained.

When Quartermaster Hearne relieved me on deck at six o'clock that evening, I went to Mr. Hart and ex-

plained to him that I desired permission to go ashore. The first officer, in his bluff, good-natured way, bade me "go ahead." Two hours later I alighted from a cab in front of a handsome residence fronting on Sydney's beautiful park, known as the Palace Gardens. The dignified butler bowed courteously as he opened the door and extended a dainty little enameled card receiver. He read the name on the card, looked at me in a knowing way, and ushered me into the parlor, at the door of which I was met by two lovely young ladies in beautiful evening costume.

Talk about transformations! Why the scene in *Faust* is scarcely a circumstance to the change that the low-necked gown with puffed abbreviated sleeves, and French *coiffure* made in Miss Anna's appearance, after my having known her only in a gray traveling suit and yachting cap, suitable for rough wear on board a passenger steamer. Both she and her sister were strictly proper in the matter of dress, as well as in everything else. They had been trained up in that by their mother, who belonged to that particular class of society which Dickens speaks of as the most desirable class for a person to be identified with. I do not recall Mr. Dickens' exact words, but the impression that I got from reading his version of what constituted the best element of society, was that he meant persons who believed in and lived right up to the very highest code of moral law: the natural law which the God of civilized man made after his own ideas, and a copy of which he presents to each good mother—to be—that she may begin in time to learn to impart its beautiful sentiments (some persons call it conscience) to that portion of the coming generation for whose training she is to be responsible, and for whose acts she may be held accountable on the day of our final reckoning.

This beautiful living picture,—two young ladies in faultless reception attire, standing just inside the door, with the tastily arranged parlor forming a most appropriate background,—which I beheld as I entered, convinced me at first glance that I was in a home of rare culture and refinement. It was not the mere fact that the ladies were pretty, and tastily dressed, and the house so well arranged, which reminded me so much of the homes of my relatives and friends in that beautiful part of the South called Mississippi, where my dear mother and father, and their parents and grandparents before them on both sides of the house were born and raised,—where refinement, culture, and pure hospitality are, to this very day, the three principal factors in that which is called the pride of the Southerners' heart,—it was the atmosphere of purity that the perfect lady creates in the home.

When the two ladies greeted me, the elder sister came first, and extended her pretty little hand in a way that reminded me of an old and beautiful custom, the origin of which I have no authentic record.

To kiss a lady's hand on entering her house, and on taking leave of her, is a mark of respect that is always due to the gentle sex, in polite society.

When I speak of the gentle sex, I certainly do not include Attorney Clara Foltz or any of her *clique*, or any similar *clique* of women who are dissatisfied with nature for having created them females instead of males.

Mannish women are not very gentle. Just think of it! What! Kiss a hand which has filed charges, counter charges, demurrers, and other vulgar type-written documents in murder cases, bigamy cases, divorce cases, and other hideous litigations! Excuse me! I should as lief kiss the right fore paw of a grizzly bearess.

I thank God, however, that my lady friends are not

DOCTOR H. B. SOLTAN.

The great advocate of common sense principles for the government of society. Also one of the few society leaders who refuse to cater to the Parvenucracy.

like Laura de Force Gordon, or Clara, of the Portia Lawd-help-us Club.

When I see a masculine female, *it* always reminds me of those effeminate supposed-to-be men, like Mr. Wil-per-force, Mr. Addie Mizner, Mr. Nosegrave, and such highly perfumed mistakes-of-nature as Oscar Wilde is said to be.

The hostess, whose husband was a cousin to the young ladies, and bore the same name, after welcoming me and bidding me make myself at home, excused herself, saying: "I will leave you with the young people for a little while, and let Anna show you the pictures."

There were four portraits in Mrs. Wilson's collection that I was astonished to see in an English lady's house; but my astonishment took the form of a pleasant surprise when Miss Anna told me that Mrs. Wilson was a native of Virginia; Mr. Wilson having met her there soon after the Civil War, when they fell in love and got married, and sailed for Australia. This accounted for the presence in an English house of portraits of Washington, Lee, Davis, and Grant.

When I told Mrs. Wilson that I was a native of Mississippi, and who my father was, I was invited to consider her home as my own while the *Mariposa* remained in Sydney; and she concluded by inviting me to be one of her guests at a theater party the following evening at the Royal.

I spent many pleasant evenings at the Wilson home during the next fortnight, and to say that I was sorry to leave Sydney, would convey only an indefinite idea of how I felt on bidding them good-by. Here was a family of citizens whose home was about as near perfect as could be imagined. There are hundreds of just such homes in San Francisco, New York, New Orleans, and, in fact, in all American cities; but their names are never seen

over the doors of saloons and poker clubs, and in divorce courts *a la* Parvenucracy.

As I walked back to the ship that night,—the eve of our departure,—I pondered about as follows: What a vast difference there is between a family of this kind,—to the manor born, reared, trained, and educated in all that is just, right, and proper,—and a "family" of typical modern parvenus, born after the fashion of cattle, of parents who knew not their nearest male predecessors, nor cared a cent who or what they were; creatures whose sole claim on the recognition of good citizens rests in a coarse similarity in the formation of the body; creatures possessing absolutely nothing in the line of genuine accomplishments, and whose only acquirements are knavery, presumption, vulgar pretensions, and an unnatural and insatiable desire to grasp that which they know not how to use properly when they get it, and which enables them merely to display their true colors, that all the world may know what they are,—pretenders, ignorant knaves, vulgar upstarts, and arrant snobs, who, being possessed of cyclonic imaginations, instead of natural brains or common sense, pose as "high society," and advertise in the "society" columns of public papers that they are the only citizens entitled to social recognition, when they are, in reality, only pitiable laughing-stock members of Parvenucracy.

Such creatures as these latter answer all criticisms by saying: "We have money enough to pay for complimentary notices—see?"

I sincerely regret the necessity of mentioning the best element of society in the same paragraph with the worst; but, as I have already said, I desire to explain the actual matter-of-fact difference between genuine respectability and the spurious counterfeit so easily recognized at sight.

For further information concerning the last mentioned strata, including names of those who compose it, see the almost daily reports, written by themselves and "edited" and published by their paid "leaders" and special press agents, such as Cooke, Cosgrave, Hume, Greenway & Company, under the headings of "Society."

Here are some samples of Mr. Greenway's reportings of his own "social triumphs," extracted from the papers that he is paid to furnish news for.

Note the originality, the absence of repetitions in the display of headlines, and the modest and unpretentious style of this great "leader" of society, whose versatile ideas of etiquette permit a "perfect gentleman" to clerk for the son of the late ex-saloon keeper Flood; receive commissions from caterers and musicians on refreshments and music furnished for dances for which he charges his friends and other upstarts big admission fees; take orders for small baskets of champagne; take little tips "on the side," like a waiter; pose as leader of cotillions which are participated in by such "society lights" as the Fairs, the Oelrichs, the Mackays, the Delmases, the Goads, the Mizners, the Murphys (Nellie and sisters), the Floods, the Catherwoods, the Crockers (even unto George and the Widow Henryford), the Huntingtons, the Hobbses, the Quack-Nuts, the Joneses, the Cookes, the Birdie Irvings, the "fruit-pickers," and the Lord-knows-who-alls, and then, as if the above were not enough to put to shame even President S. G. Murphy and the entire crew of the First Irishonal Bank (who tried to beat Mrs. Colton out of eight thousand dollars), and the directors of the Pacific and the People's "Home Savings'" Banks, with Dick McDonald and his dishonorable, gluttonous betrayers, Waterhouse and Dorn, thrown in, this great Greenway caps all previous climaxes of

parvenu modesty by writing up the "details" of those heterogeneous mixtures, and publishing the same in a daily paper, with as much assurance as if they were legitimate news articles.

I quote extracts:

"FRIDAY NIGHT COTILLION.

"FIRST COTILLION.

"THE FRIDAY NIGHT COTILLION CLUB OPENS THE SEASON WITH A DELIGHTFUL COTILLION.

"*More than a Dozen Débutantes Grace the Ballroom at Odd Fellows' Hall, and all of them are Lovely and Alluring Heiresses.*

"MR. GREENWAY'S TRIUMPH OVER HIS ENEMIES.

"It has become necessary for the Friday Night Cotillion Club to be more exclusive than it predecessors, for which reason the most rigid rules have been applied as to the admission of anyone without the *pale*.

"There has not been a winter in San Francisco's history which has introduced so many beautiful girls to society. All of them are heiresses, and some of them are exceptionally so.*

"In their white gowns, they gave the spectator who could not dance the idea that they were young girls going to first communion. They seemed so happy and yet so tremulous.

* Owing to the fact that some of those "alluring heiresses" referred to are daughters of such men as Fair, Crocker, and Flood, Mr. Greenway neglected to tell us how the money which they are supposed to inherit later on was accumulated.

THE SELF-MADE SOCIETY LEADER.

Mr. E. M. Greenway writing up the details of his own "social triumphs (?)" for the delectation of the Parvenucracy.

"The men, who were in abundance, flocked to them as if they had known them since childhood; for there is a 'certain feeling' among men who dance that the young princesses of society should be welcomed with open arms in order that the dance may go on.

"Next to the stage, at the upper left hand corner, there stood a sideboard from which 'seductive' punches and many-colored lemonades were dispensed between the figures—of the dance.

"Mr. Greenway was the very efficient manager of this most select and enjoyable affair; and, like everything he does, he did it well."

Now, patient reader, what do you think about the above extracts? What do you think of a person who would publish such rubbish in a newspaper and take pay for it besides?

Such modesty is very good proof that public opinion is entirely correct in declaring that when an organization composed of a hundred or two hundred persons inaugurates itself on a foundation composed of the "gall" of its "leader,"—who is a peddler of small orders of wine,—the ill-gotten gains of its male members, the shameless conduct of its female patrons, and the pitiable ignorance of its entire membership, that organization is, to say the least, composed of and governed by a peculiar brand of society.

It is with reference to this class of "society" that I use the word Parvenucracy, which, as I said in the preface, I coined expressly for this subject.

In reviewing the hall gatherings and the alleged private and exclusive "entertainments" of the Parvenucracy, it would be unfair to overlook a certain very important fact,—unfair, I say, yea, unjust and unpardon-

able, too, for it is the only redeeming feature that real respectability has ever discovered in one of those gatherings: They always have good music. Blanchard, Brandt, Blum, Rosner, Huber, Ballenberg, Hynes, and other soul-stirring artists do what they can to charm and civilize mankind—and the Parvenucracy as well.

That good music has a tendency to soften the prejudices of good society against its worst enemies is an indisputable fact; but it is also a fact that good society is not obliged to cater to its enemies in order to hear good music.

The best orchestra may be secured by polite society, as well as by others, at the same rates—plus the commissions that Mr. Greenway and other leaders of the Parvenucracy demand from the orchestra leaders.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I PREDICT that the public will be treated, some day, to an article in some reputable newspaper which will read about as follows:

Owing to the overwhelming demands of members of certain very uncertain classes of society for daily and Sunday personal mention in the "society columns" of public papers, as well as in weekly and monthly "journals" and cheap advertising sheets and pamphlets, it is now considered not only advisable, but also profitable, for the owners, editors, publishers, and business managers of several well-known papers of savory reputations to meet frequently in secret council and discuss certain plans pertaining to the management of this novel line of fake advertising.

This brilliant scheme originated in the fertile, if somewhat selfish, brain of the enterprising owner of a tall and very conspicuous red brick clock tower on the corner of Geary, Kearney, and Market Streets, San Francisco.

Special invitations, signed by the promoter of the scheme (who is also the owner of a rapidly expiring daily paper called the *Chronicle*), were sent to the proprietors of each of the following papers: New York *Police Gazette*, New York *Mourning Journal*, New York *Standard*, New Orleans *Sunday Sun*, San Francisco *Evening Post-Wave*, Illustrated *World*, and *Warmed-overland Monthly*, all having more or less circulation among that unmistakable class of society to which their owners, editors, advertisers, and adherents are, by breeding, birth,

education, private and public associations, and other personal qualifications, so justly entitled to admission and life membership.

The real object of the meeting was kept a profound secret until the enterprising promoter called the talented delegates to order, in the private music hall attached to his California Street residence.

Without wasting any valuable time in explaining the circumstances connected with the acquisition of that California Street residence from a late railroad magnate, who was given to a strange infatuation for a certain grass widow who subsequently became his daughter-in-law, the host and self-appointed chairman of the meeting arose and opened the ball about as follows:

"Gentlemen and brother newspapermen: My managing editor, Mr. John P. Young, will now make a speech and a motion." [Applause.]

Mr. John P. Young arose, bowed gracefully, and addressed the meeting as follows:

"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen: Owing to the unreliable character of all the journalists attached to the papers which were not invited to send delegates to this meeting, it was decided to give out that it was to be merely a regular meeting of ourselves. [Applause.]

"You all know that what's everbody's business is nobody's business; therefore, we will keep our business to ourselves, and monopolize the profits."

At the mention of the word "profits," all the delegates bucked up their years, and the chairman chuckled softly to himself at the propects of what the future seemed to have in store for him.

"Gentlemen," continued the speaker, "we are not in the newspaper business for our health. You have noticed, perhaps, the growing desire of a certain class of

THE SELF-MADE CHRONIC(LE) CANDIDATE.

"The Midwinter Fair photographic pass was especially designed to meet the requirements of the unreliable character of city newspaper men."—*Director General M. H. de Young.*

society to create the impression that it is the leading class. Members of this class seldom read anything in the papers except the society news. They will not take a paper that does not print notices of their movements and whereabouts at least once a week. Some of those, like the Crockers, the Fairs, the Floods, the Goulds, the Murphys, the Sharons, and the Catherwoods imagine that the society notices have a tendency to offset the nasty stories about divorces, second establishments, outside heirs, etc."

Here the speaker produced some samples of San Francisco "society" news, and read :

"Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Fair (*nee* Maud Nelson) are spending a delightful 'honeymoon' at the Hotel del Cannot-keep-them-out."

"Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker (*nee* Mrs. Rutherford) have gone to New York in a private car."

"Mrs. W. F. Quack-Nut, and her charming daughter, Miss Louisa Maria Quack-Nut are at the See-me-make-a-fool-of-myself-on-the-beach Hotel.

"Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delm-ass and 'family' are at the same resort, and are occupying themselves in a similar fashion, with Miss Nellie Murphy as their 'guest' ; also Mr. Addie(son) Mizner, the Misses Goad, Mr. Herbert Mee, Mr. Birdie Irving and *others.*"

The speaker put plenty of accent on the word "*others.*"

Continuing, he said : "Now, gentlemen, with reference to the *others,* whose names are not mentioned, I have an idea that they forgot to 'tip' the society reporter.

"It has occurred to our honored chairman that those *others* ought to be looked after, and if we can form some system for getting at the *others* in a quiet way, it will be a paying business."

Here the speaker stopped, to give the delegates a chance to grasp the idea.

"Gentlemen," said he, resuming, "I think I have made myself understood, therefore, to come to the point, I hereby make a motion that we organize ourselves into a company to be known to the public as the Associated Society News Bureau, but among ourselves it will henceforth and forever more be known as the Parvenu Advertising Agency.'" (Tremendous applause.)

"I second the motion!" yelled all the delegates at once.

The chairman thereupon instructed Mr. J. O'Hara Nosegrave, the secretary *pro tem.*, to enter upon the minutes the first motion on record that was ever carried by unanimous seconds.

Then Mr. Geo. H. Bartlett, editor of the *World*, arose and said :

"I move that we elect our officers without further delay ; and, to save time, I have prepared a ticket which I respectfully submit. This ticket shall be elected to serve for a period of ten years :

"For president and director-general, Michael H. de Young, proprietor San Francisco *Chronicle.*

"For first vice president and general Eastern manager, Richard K. Fox, proprietor New York *Police Gazette.*

"For second vice president and general manager of Southern mulatto colored society, Peter Kiernan, proprietor New Orleans *Sunday Sun.*

"For secretary, J. O'Hara Nosegrave, part proprietor the San Francisco *Wave.*

"For general managing editor of all notices, John P. Young, present managing editor San Francisco *Chronicle.*

THE GREAT WESTERN PARVENU POLITICAL (KN)AIVERY.

No longer a constant menace to every private home in California.

"A San Franciscan is not generally recognized as a gentleman until he has been maligned by Mike DeYoung in the *Chronicle* or the *Post*."—*Arthur McEwen's Letter.*

"For general-utility-man, Mr. E. M. Greenway, society reporter, San Francisco *Chronicle*."

"I second Mr. Bartlett's motion," said Mr. Spume of the *Post*, "and, in consideration of the fact that the company is to be for revenue only, and that we will require the services of a medical board and a law firm, I beg to submit the following names to be added to the ticket, subject to the approval of the president and Mr. Bartlett :

"MEDICAL STAFF :

"For surgeon-general, Dr. W. F. Quack-Nut.

"For medical adviser of debilitated men, Dr. B. F Quack-Mon-eagle.

"For private surgeon to married Parve-New Women who are opposed to children, Dr. C. C. O'Donnell.

"LEGAL STAFF :

"For attorney general, Clara Shortridge Foltz.

"For assistant, Laura De Force Gordon.

"For appropriator of other people's property, D. M. Delmas."

"I accept and second Mr. Spume's amendment," said Mr. Bartlett, "and call for the question."

No objections being raised the chairman said : "It has been moved and seconded that we elect our officers on the ticket submitted by Messrs. Bartlett and Spume ; all in favor, please signify, by saying 'I.'"

All hands said "I," thus making it unnecessary to bother about the "Noes."

Mr. Joseph B. Eliot, business manager of the *Chronicle*, then submitted the following rates for classified reading notice society column advertisements in his paper :

For personal mention sufficient to establish one's identity as an ass-pirant for notoriety, one dollar a line.

Notices of arrivals, departures, movements, and whereabouts of "absent friends," ninety cents per line.

Notices of intended visits to friends residing outside the city limits, eighty-five cents per line.

For announcements of all private gatherings, such as "At homes," "Dinners," "Teas," "Theater parties," "Fruit-picker poker *séances*," and other insignificant affairs about which the public never cares to read, fifteen cents per line.

For "full particulars" of the gatherings, including description of the hostesses' toilet articles and names of "those present," $1.50 per line.

For *début* notices of daughters of saloon-keepers, gamblers, keepers of disorderly resorts, and others of that class, the charges will be regulated by the *débutante's* parents' ability to pay.

Mr. J. O'Hara Nosegrave, the Uriah Heep of San Francisco, then submitted the following rates for reading-notices in the *Wave*, in the part headed "Splashes."

For publishing pictures of nincompoops, and complimentary notices of same, such as: "William S. Barnes announces his intention of applying to Burnes, Buckley, Rainey, Huntington & Company for the Southern Pacific octopus party's nomination for governor," one hundred dollars for each insertion, with picture of said nincompoop and would-be candidate on the front page.

For defending gamblers, bunko-men, "fruit-pickers," and all others of that class, at least fifty per cent. of the "income tax" of the games will be charged.

"For maligning reputable citizens who object to being victimized by the 'fruit-pickers,' I generally get as much as the 'fruit-pickers' may be willing to pay, out of the money that they accumulate from their unsuspecting friends in this way," said Mr. Nosegrave.

Mr. Hugh Spume, "editor" of the S. P. R. R. phonograph, called the *Post*, then submitted *his* rates, which are as follows :

For scandalous and incredible as well as indecent, lies about honorable men who may be chosen by the people to fill offices that the S. P. Railroad desires to control, I have instructions from my boss, Mr. Collis P. Huntington of New York and Kentucky, to take "all that the traffic will bear."

"For society notices I will use the *Chronicle's* schedule of charges," said Mr. Spume.

Mr. R. K. Fox, of the *Police Gazette*, then got up and announced that owing to hard times in police circles in his city since Dr. Parkhurst started in, he and his friend the owner of the *Morning Journal*, had decided to "toss up" for who should attend the meeting; therefore he (Mr. Fox) begged to acknowledge that he had won the "toss," and was there to arrange terms for the two papers on the following lines :

For defending in the *Morning Journal* any and all persons who may be maligned by the *Police Gazette*, one dollar per line.

For praising in the *Police Gazette* all fake prize fighters who, like Nigger Jackson, may from time to time be ridiculed in the *Journal* as well as in respectable papers, two dollars per line. If accompanied by nude pictures, ten dollars a square inch is the regular price.

For telegraphing to the San Francisco *Post* and *Chronicle* the arrival of members of San Francisco Parvenucracy, twenty-five cents per word.

Mr. W. W. Foote, vice president of the *Warmed-over-land-Monthly*, said that owing to the fact that Dick McDonald was in jail, and that the other bankers were not lending money on wildcat schemes, his paper would

print editorial comments about persons, and things in general, very cheap.

Before submitting rates, however, it would be necessary to call a special meeting of the other directors: Judge J. H. Boalt, Irving M. Scott, H. J. Crocker, J. M. McDonald, and Roundhead Wildeman.

Mr. Peter Kiernan, editor of the New Orleans *Sunday Sun*, submitted some rates on which he said he had built up his paper. Those were:

For declaring that the mulatto wenches of his city were daughters of wealthy Southern planters who intended to leave them large cotton plantations in Mississippi, he (Kiernan) got free board at African boarding houses, where the mothers of said mulatto wenches took in washing and transient boarders.

For introducing young negro bucks to those colored (yellow) wenches, he got fifty per cent. of all that they won at *craps*, to say nothing of the valuable consignments of watermelons, eggs, and chickens and other edible poultry that those colored "swells" sent him from the booty brought in from foraging parties in the settlements of the "poh white trash."

There being no objections to any rates that any of the talented delegates submitted, the chairman ordered the secretary to "O. K." everything.

Taking it all together, it was a very quiet meeting, and, to judge from the business-like manner in which everything passed off, the Parvenu Advertising Agency bids fair to become a well-known institution.

There being no further business before the house after Mr. Uriah Heep Nosegrave got through "O. K.-ing" society column advertising rates, it was moved by Mr. Fox, and seconded by Mr. Young, that the meeting adjourn subject to the call of the president.

Mr. de Young, president and doctor-general, then invited all the delegates to repair to the dining room, where he entertained them on some choice sandwiches and Mid-winter Fair beer (special brew), the feast concluding with champagne and a "stag" cotillion led by General Utility-Man E. M. Greenway.

As the guests filed out of the front door Mr. de Young handed each one a brand new package of Director-General Cigarettes, with a splendid pictures of himself on the wrapper of each package.

The editorial comments and opinions that will appear in the legitimate newspapers after the announcement of the incorporation of the new concern, will probably be something like this:

We note the announcement of the successful *début* of a new advertising agency, which, judging from the names of its promoters and director, must have for its prime object the revival of Feudalism. Therefore, we would suggest to the director-general the advisability of enrolling the following distinguished personages as honorary members:

Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, future King of England, Africa, and Ireland, leader of Oscar Wilde society, and the world's best known "living picture" of lust, immorality, and "consecrated" depravity.

Wilhelm II., Emperor of Germany, leader of sauerkraut and limburger cheese aristocracy, and the most prominent modern example of coronated imbecility.

Sanford B. Dole, "president" of the infant oligarchy of Hawaii, giant advocator of missionary hypocrisy, and arch-traitor to a feeble-minded female benefactress, whose authority he usurped by employing a dishonorable minister of the United States to assist him with the crew of the man-of-war *Boston*.

And last, but not least, Mr. Levi P. Tortoise Morton, and all the members of New York's Nigger-loving legislature that toady to the African voter.

Those honorary members would lend a "flavor" to the concern that could not be supplied even by the director-general.

From the ludicrous directory and five-cent liquor fake advertising publication, called *Our Society Blue Book*, printed by The H. S. Crocker Co., I copy the following advertisement:

"Friday Night Club, formerly called the Bachelors' Cotillion, was organized nine seasons ago. It is composed of the junior members of the upper circles of society and is very exclusive, only members and their 'immediate' families being invited to its meetings, which take place on the first Friday night in each month during the season. Its *bal poudre*, given once a year, is the great society event of the season.

(Signed) "E. M. GREENWAY, Manager."

Mr. Greenway shows great forethought in stating distinctly in his advertisement that only "immediate" families of the members are entitled to admission. That word "immediate" was, in all probability, inserted as a gentle hint to members who have more than one family or establishment. Probably it means that members are expected to bring only the families that they happen to be living with at the time.

For further information I respectfully refer the reader to the divorce court proceedings, the bigamy cases, and the numerous litigations between supposed legitimate and illegitimate heirs, over the property of deceased members of Parvenucracy in San Francisco, Virginia City,

New York, Paris, and North Dakota. The latter State offers special inducements to the daughters of ex-washerwomen who would like to be divorced from French princes and other cheap-titled vultures, who "marry" them for the accidentally acquired dollars of their mothers' "husbands." Compare the names in the divorce court proceedings with those in the "society" reports, and they will afford food for genealogical reflection.

The above-mentioned "organization" (?) is alleged to be "the highest society," composed exclusively of the "upper circles," "elegant gentlemen," "beautiful ladies," "lovely maidens," "marriageable virgins," "alluring heiresses;" compared in print with innocent girls who go to holy communion. "Young princesses of society," welcomed with open arms by all the young cigarette fiends, Solomon Isaacses, Uncle Harrises, fruit-pickers, and fake society reporters in the community.

"So young and happy; yet, oh! so alluringly rich and tremulous."

A well-known haberdasher volunteers the following advice to Mr. Greenway, society reporter and "leader."

"Bah, Ned! Let go, and chase yourself around the block; tell stories about cotton gloves, or anything you like, but don't try to run any more of your exclusive society, advertising bluffs like that on us.

"That scheme is played clean out, Ned, so take a piece of good advice and quit it. Everybody knows all about it, and the next thing you know they will find out all about your carryings-on with Amelia Glover, that ballet dancer who belonged to the 'City Directory' troupe, which played at the California Theater about two years ago; and the Gayety girls, with whom your friends, Tobin and Casserly, got ahead of you. Then, again,

some unkind person might tell all about your proposing to sweet-breath Jennie, and of her refusing you, and afterward taking pity on you, and persuading her brother 'Jim' to give you a salaried position as clerk in his mining office in the Nevada Block; and then you will be in a certain liquid that is referred to on the bills of fare of the 'vulgar herd' as soup.

"Of course that should not affect your followers' opinions of you, for we all know that most of them are a great deal worse than you are. But, Ned, my boy, you know what those vulgar parvenus are, as well as I do, so go right ahead, old fellow, and cinch them every time you get a chance.

"You are fairly good at inventing ideas of your own, Ned, and I do not think that you would hesitate about deceiving your Cotillion Club if you considered it necessary; so if they get on to all of your little tricks of the trade, just hire young Newhall, or young Wright, or young Wilberforce, or that not-yet-acknowledged son of your employer, de Young, or some other young nincompoop to let his good (?) name be used in place of yours as leader of one or two of your money-making dances; give out that you have abandoned the leadership, on account of the failure of certain new members to pay their subscriptions; say that you are sick and tired of bringing out *débutantes*, and that you positively refuse to do it any more, unless each application for admission to the swim is accompanied by ready cash; tell your parvenus that you are going to retire from your position as society reporter of the *Chronicle*, and that they will have to depend upon someone else to publish those glowing accounts of fake dinner parties to the Oelrichs, etc., etc.

"All of this, my boy, will create sympathy for you,—if they don't tumble to your little game of deception,—and

THIS EXPLAINS ALL ABOUT THE PARVENUCRACY.

"The standing of San Francisco society leaders is on too high a plain to notice the remarks of others, or even to deem them worthy of thought."—Edward M. Greenway's opinion of himself and his Friday Night Cotillion Club.—S. F. *Examiner*, March 16th, 1895.

the whole female, and the majority of the male, portion of Parvenucracy will rise up in a body and restore you to your former *high* position in society. They will return you to the office of self-elected leader with a majority equal in proportion to that which the *Examiner* scored for Governer Budd.

"Amid the general rejoicing of the Parvenucracy, and the wailing and gnashing of teeth among your enemies whom you say you have already triumphed over, Ned, you will, if you handle it properly, be able to scoop in enough commissions from the musicians whom you hire to blow your own horn, and from the proceeds of the toasts that will be drunk to your health (from the liquids that you sell your friends for such festivities), to enable you to buy one of Mr. Ottinger's cut-rate tourist's tickets good for one through passage to Baltimore."

The position that Mr. Greenway occupies is, perhaps, the most unique one in the world. As leader of his class he has never had a rival ; something never before known in the history of the human race. His versatile ideas of etiquette place him so far out of the reach of all who have any common-sense views of anything pertaining to good form, that whenever the San Francisco papers feel inclined to ridicule a reputable citizen, and call him all the ludicrous names in the dictionary, they have only to refer to him as "Mr. Greenway's rival."

Poor James Brett Stokes was generally believed to have occupied a place among men of sound sense, until his name got mixed in among those of Addison Mizner, Willis Polk, Alex Bazil Willieberforce, Max. Quack-Nut, Hubert Mee, Lee Lash, Harry Simpkins, "Birdie" Irving, "Wally" Cooke, "Georgie" Mearns, "Dick" Tobin, "Lord" Talbot Clifton, "Dan" McCarthy, "Sconchin"

Maloney, General Dimond, Amidee Joullin, and others of that ilk. But where does he stand now?

That Mr. Andy Lawrence, the handsome city editor of the *Examiner*, can ruin a quiet citizen's reputation in three days, and without any malicious intent, is shown by the fact that the mere assertion that Mr. Stokes was seen skating with the above named members of Mr. Greenway's flock, subjected him to the suspicion of his employers.

Apropos of Mr. Greenway's originality, I should not be at all surprised at anything he might undertake in the future. I believe that he is about to hand down from the clock tower of the Parvenu Advertising Agency a new set of commandments, to take the place of the old reliable ten that Moses broke.

Some fine morning the new rules for the government of the morals of the Parvenucracy will appear in all the papers controlled by Mr. Huntington, and I imagine they will be something like this:

TEN COMMANDMENTS OF E. MOSES GREENWAY.

I. I am Greenway, thy leader. Thou shalt not have any other leader.

II. Thou shalt not take any notice of anything that is uttered against thy leader's good name.

III. Remember that thou keep away from the park on the Sabbath Day, unless thou hast a very loud and vulgar turnout to drive, and a lackey to blow a bugle.

IV. Honor thy father and thy mother as long as they honoreth thy check.

V. Thou shalt not kill anything except thy unborn posterity which the Parve-New Woman prefereth not to bring forth.

THE PRODIGAL SON UP TO DATE.

"A notable event in Hebrew society circles last week was the return of Mr. Greenway, the San Francisco society 'leader,' on a visit to his people."—*Baltimore Society News*, 1899.

VI. Thou shalt not commit any depredations upon thy neighbors' marriage rights, unless thou art sure of not getting caught.

VII. Thou shalt not steal any more at one time than thou canst get away with.

VIII. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor, unless thou get well paid for it in advance; but, if thou art jealous of him, thou mayst have him sued for the board bill of his lady friend's chow dog.

IX. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife; but thou mayst marry thy common-law stepmother, if thou hast money enough to advertise her as a belle in Snob Hill Society.

X. Thou shalt not drink soup out of a plate with thy face, nor go riding in evening dress at high noon, nor serve soap with finger bowls at thy dinners, any more, unless thou serveth Greenway's Cotillion Soft Soap.

CHAPTER XIX.

We remained in Sydney about two weeks, during which time I became more impressed than ever with the absurdity of the prejudice which exists among certain classes in the Northern and Eastern States against the English and all persons who are British subjects, and a similar prejudice which prevails among the less enlightened elements of English society against America and everything that is American.

How persons of ordinary intelligence and common sense can become so narrow-minded, in these times of civilization and peace, as to entertain personal feelings on account of international differences of opinions, is more than I can understand. With my personal experience, obtained during many years of travel, as a foundation for an opinion on this subject, I do not believe that citizens of either nation who insist on having personal disagreements over certain old international disturbances which are now regarded only as matters of history and things of the past,—by all persons except boodle politicians and their followers,—are possessed of an over-supply of any kind of sense. We are now living in an age of peace and prosperity, and it is time that we should learn that we are civilized.

When I say "we," I do not include those insolent vultures and titled knaves who come over here from Europe to trade their empty titles and immaculate "gall" for the strangely accumulated dollars of certain vulgar old ex-hod-

carrier, ex-haberdasher, and ex-barkeeper millionaires, with a daughter, or niece, or sister-in-law, or a "something else" thrown in. Heaven forbid that I should include any such creatures as those when I begin a sentence or a paragraph with the pronoun "we," because they are practically beyond redemption.

Types of "Americans" who hate everything that is English.

Neither do I mean that other equally loathsome division of avowed enemies of society and civilization which includes anarchists, political bosses, bunko steerers, "fruit-pickers" and others. I mean persons who recognize common sense as a legitimate basis upon which to regulate their dealings with their fellow-man and woman; persons who are loyal to the rules and regulations laid

down in the great code or rule of action, called the law of nature, which is unquestionably the foundation of every just law of man.

It is a mistake to teach a person to do unto others as he would have others do unto him, unless you teach him to reverse the rule occasionally. No gentleman who has the misfortune to be waylaid and set upon and attacked by a pack of cowardly ruffians, black-leg gamblers, or "fruit-pickers," is going to stand any such contemptible assault without fighting his assailants with whatever weapons he may have, or with his fists if he is unarmed, even though the thugs may be accompanied by one of their gang—in policeman's uniform—to arrest all the combatants, and cart the gentleman off to the police stations with them in the patrol wagon, and then compel the gentleman who was assaulted to send for a bondsman, while the thugs are allowed to go without bail. Such things have happened right in San Francisco and New York, and the thugs have received complimentary notices from their family papers, the *Post*, *World*, and *Wave*, *Morning Journal* and *Police Gazette*, whose disreputable proprietors are universally detested by all honorable journalists who know them.

But what are we to expect, since we have so many thugs and cut-throats on the police force, and so many knaves and blackguards in offices which are maintained at the expense of the honest taxpayers? Thugs and cut-throats always stand in with each other, though they sometimes run big political bluffs to secure "blocks of votes," *a la* C. P. Huntington.

Those dishonorable office-holders, having been "squeezed" and "cinched" by the boodle political bosses like Burns, Rainey, Buckley, Platt, Hume, Cosgrave, and Bartlett, who nominate them, go into office

for what they expect to make out of the political industries known as bribery and blackmail. They know that owing to the disreputable character of the "bosses" who put them up for election, they stand no show of ever being re-elected; so they take everything in sight—

Types of "Englishmen" who hate all the Americans.

after the fashion of a certain Sheeny named Levy—during their term in office. It is almost impossible to get a regular already-paid District Attorney to even listen to a charge preferred by an honest citizen against any one of those freebooters.

Persons who have no better sense, however, than to vote for a great, big, simple, flabby, overgrown booby, who prides himself on being hail-fellow-well-met with all

the steam beer guzzling toughs in a city, deserve no sympathy.

The above is political society, and it is a part and parcel of Parvenucracy—an eternal disgrace to civilization, and an everlasting stain on the fair name of America.

On the 16th of May we took our departure from Sydney, on our return voyage to San Francisco. My new friends came aboard the *Mariposa*, in a tugboat, just before we left our anchorage in the bay, to see us off.

For some time past the Wilsons had been making preparations for a trip around the world, by way of China and India to England, where they were to pay a visit to Mr. Wilson's parents and relatives; thence to New York, Washington, and Richmond, to see Mrs. Wilson's family and relatives, after which they intended returning to Australia, *via* New Orleans, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Honolulu. Miss Anna was to be one of the party as far as New York, where she was to be placed at some Eastern seminary to complete her schooling.

While Mrs. Wilson was outlining the proposed tour to me, on the deck of the *Mariposa*, the gong sounded. The deck was crowded with passengers and their friends who had come aboard to see them off, but it did not take long for all not going to get down into the tugs alongside, from the decks of which they waved their parting farewells as the *Mariposa* weighed anchor and steamed out of the harbor.

We touched at the usual ports of call *en route* to San Francisco, and made one call that was not on the schedule. When we stopped at Tutuilla, on the 25th of May, Captain Hayward received information that the English bark *Henry James*, bound from Newcastle, N. S. W., to San

HON. SAMUEL M. LONGSHORTRIDGE.

"If I could only be induced to run for Senator, I would raise politics to a higher social standard."—Mr. Longshortridge, in the *Argus* (at so much per inch).

Francisco, and consigned to Balfour, Guthrie & Co., had been wrecked at Palmyra Island, and that the captain, officers, crew, and passengers, including two ladies, were all on the barren island, except the first officer and four seamen, who had sailed all the way from the scene of the wreck (1350 miles) to Tutuilla, in one of the lost vessel's lifeboats, to look for assistance. This information was followed by requests from the captain of the U. S. S. *Mohican*, and the authorities at Apia, to Captain Hayward, to go to the rescue of the unfortunate mariners. These requests were unnecessary, however, because Captain Hayward's mind was already made up.

Dispatching his business at Tutuilla as speedily as possible, Captain Hayward headed the *Mariposa* for Palmyra, and gave Chief Engineer Harry Wilson—Handsome Harry as he is called—instructions to "speed her up," and get there as soon as possible.

Four days later we came to, off the treacherous coral reefs, and lowered a lifeboat, and picked up twenty-two of the most pitiable-looking human beings that I had ever seen in all my varied and checkered experiences.

The ill-fated bark had run upon the reefs at night, and she had gone down so suddenly that the crew hardly escaped with their lives, and just what clothing they had on. All hands, except the watch on deck, were asleep at the time she struck, and had no time to dress. In their excitement some of the men had left the wreck with nothing more in the way of baggage than that which they came into the world with.

They had been on the almost barren island fully six weeks, with nothing to shelter them from the broiling rays of the tropical sun except the scanty shade of a few cocoanut trees and two little huts, which had been erected there years before, evidently by some castaways,

whose bleached skeletons were there to tell the ghastly tale of the relief that never came. This, of course, added to the horror of the situation during the long and tedious wait of over forty days. All that the unfortunate people had to eat during all this time consisted of cocoanuts and sea-bird eggs, which happened to be plentiful enough when they were first cast ashore, but had almost ceased to exist before relief came. The birds, having discovered that their eggs were being devoured as fast as they could lay them, had abandoned the island and left their guests to starve. Water they had in great abundance, for it rained a little almost every night; but they could not have survived many more days on water alone.

Had the mate's lifeboat been lost before she reached Apia, twenty-two additional skeletons would have been added to the half-dozen already on the lonely island.

First Officer Hart steered the lifeboat which brought the castaways from the reef to the ship. The unhappy mariners were so black from the effects of the sun that they could scarcely be identified as having ever been born white. Long before our arrival, all hands had given up hope, except the two ladies, who stood it bravely until they saw the little American steamer round up within plain view, when they collapsed—woman-like—after all danger was over, and knew nothing more until they found themselves in comfortable staterooms, surrounded by all the luxuries that moderm steamships afford, in addition to which they had the genuine sympathy of a score or more of lady passengers. When the famishing strangers were being passed from the lifeboat aboard the *Mariposa*, there was not a dry optic in the ship.

A sight which brought tears to the eyes of even Mr. Hart, was Captain Lattimore, the commander of the lost vessel. He was the last one to come aboard. His uni-

form consisted of a piece of canvas about a yard long and ten inches wide, which he wore around his loins. Sticking in this belt, he carried a huge sheath-knife. He came aboard accompanied by his faithful Newfoundland dog,

Captain Ralph Lattimore and his dog coming aboard the *Mariposa*, at Palmyra Island.

which had been his companion during many stormy voyages. Purser Smith and Dr. Giberson assisted the captain on board, and, each gentleman taking him by an arm, they escorted him up to the bridge and presented him formally to Captain Hayward. As the latter gentle-

man extended his hand to his unfortunate brother mariner, Captain Lattimore took his sheath-knife from his belt and said: "Captain Hayward, allow me to surrender to you my command, and all that I possess in the world." At the same time his faithful dog sat down in front of Captain Hayward and held up his big, shaggy paw for the old man to shake, whining moanfully, as if pleading for his master.

Hayward is a strong man, but this was a little too much for him. He tried hard to smile, but he had to turn his head away and reach for his handkerchief, while he led Captain Lattimore into his private cabin and bade him help himself to anything on board the ship.

When the excitement of receiving the weather-beaten British tars had subsided somewhat, His Reverence the Archbishop of New Zealand, who was a passenger on board the *Mariposa* on his way to Rome, sent word around to the other gentlemen passengers to assemble in the social hall. There were about twenty-five of those gentlemen, including Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Germans, Spaniards, and Americans, and each man understood what the Archbishop meant. In less time than it takes to write this story, over £125, equal to over 3000 *francs*, or the same amount of *marks*, or at least 1000 *pesos*, or about $600, were subscribed willingly by the passengers, and turned over to the good Archbishop, who in turn divided the contributions equally among the rescued castaways, adding a dollar to each out of his own pocket.

On the first of June we arrived at Spreckels' dock at Honolulu, where Captain Hayward turned over to British Minister Wodehouse the twenty-two English subjects.

The next day, June 2, we left Honolulu and pointed our prow for San Francisco.

CHAPTER XX.

On Saturday the 9th of June, 1888,—exactly sixty-two days from the date of our departure from San Francisco,—we passed in through the Golden Gate and steamed on up the bay to Folson Street pier.

I do not remember having ever heard of a voyage of such a great distance so entirely free from storms. From the day of our departure until our return, during which time we steamed more than 14,500 miles, almost equal to the total distance from New York to Yokohama, *via* the Suez Canal, we experienced what the poets might have termed "heavenly weather." For days and days at a time during this long cruise the sea was actually as smooth as a mirror ; the only disturbance on the surface of the water being the ripples caused by the ship, as she plowed her way along at the rate of 325 miles a day.

Upon our arrival at the wharf all the passengers assembled up forward of the pilot house to bid Captain Hayward and his officers farewell. They closed this lively ceremony by singing "Auld Lang Syne," in which all hands joined, and kept it up until they got out on the dock, where, as they emerged one by one from the gangway, they were quickly gobbled up by the hotel runners and hack fiends, and driven off uptown.

The *Mariposa* was scheduled to remain in port about three weeks. The prospects of sleeping on board alongside of the wharf, and breathing sewer gas until sailing day, did not suit me ; and besides this, I did not like the

idea of taking my meals at the Oceanic Steamship Co.'s contract hash house, just outside the dock gate, for twenty-one consecutive days.

Nature endowed me with a digestion that will stand salt horse, hard tack, black coffee, cracker hash, dried apples, "soup-and-bully," baked sailor beans, and all other nautical luxuries, from one end of the year to the other, but she forgot to supply me with the necessary gastronomic equipments to digest the *menu* of a city front boarding house, such as the *café* where the Spreckels' feed the employees on their steamers. So I went uptown to look around for a respectable boarding house where I could rent a room on the European plan, and take my meals wherever I pleased. Not knowing the lay of the land as well as I do now, I decided to look in the advertising columns of a morning paper. With this object in view, I purchased a copy of the *Bronicle* and read :

"Hotel Veller Blister, the only strictly first-class family boarding house in the city. Elegantly furnished apartments for bachelors.

"Special inducements to ladies whose husbands are absent a good deal of the time. Patronized by high society, and all the leading retired business men and army and navy officers. Guests allowed to receive their friends at any time, day or night. Guests introduced into high society on reception days without any extra charge. The very best brands of liquid refreshments kept on hand constantly. No questions asked.

"For further particulars call or address the proprietress, *Mme. Spolnie de Parvenu Vahlding*, charter member of the Pacific Coast Scandal Association, corner of Taylor and Rosin Streets.

"Take O'Farrell Street cars ; get off at corner Jones and Rosin Streets, and walk back one block."

I did not care to answer the above, so I purchased a copy of the *Squall* and discovered the following :

"Hotel Pleasure-and-fun, positively the only leading house in town. Private families accommodated and accumulated in any style desired.

"Marriage certificates not required.

"All kinds of amusements right in the house, including weekly dances led by Mr. Greenroad, from whom society notices in the *Post*, *World*, *Wave*, and *Chronicle* may be had very cheap. Only one block from the famous Fruit-picker Poker Club ; also convenient to the leading side entrances, dives, opium joints, and massage parlors.

"For special rates, see her highness, Mme. Spend-me-money-for-fun-dleton, sole owner" (until sold out by the sheriff).

I glanced over a few more of the *Squall's* extraordinary ads., such as "Hotel Mira-hole," "The Fuss House," "Hotel de Massage," "Hotel de Maud Nelson, 404 Stockton Street," and other first class society and family resorts for restless spirits, and finally I decided to place the following ad. in the *Examiner :*

"Wanted, by strange young man, room in private family. Address 124 Fuss House."

I then went to the Fuss House and turned in to await developments. Anything in the way of a hotel as far up town as Montgomery Street was better than sleeping on board ship at low tide—so I thought at the time. After battling with the Fuss House fleas and bedbugs until six o'clock the next morning, when a bellboy banged at my door and told me that a gentleman wanted to see me, I changed my mind. What on earth could a gentleman want of me at 6 A. M., and when I had not yet been able to persuade the ravenous fleas to let me sleep a wink? Was the ship on fire, or what?

Jumping into my clothes, I ran downstairs and asked the sleepy clerk where the gentleman was.

"There he is," said the clerk, jerking his thumb in the direction of seven or eight dilapidated old hod-carriers and other tough-looking citizens whom the porter had formed in line just outside the door.

"Gentlemen," said I, "there must be some mistake."

"Naw, it aint no mistake," answered all my visitors in chorus, calling my attention to a morning paper, a copy of which each one held up.

"Is ye the bloke what put that ad in the *The'xam'ner?*' asked all my ceremonious callers. While this was going on, several more "gentlemen" called, and demanded to see the "mug thot wants ter rint a room and board." Soon I was besieged by at least twenty of the toughest-looking Baldwin Hotel block voters that you ever saw. Each householder claimed that his house was the best private house in town, and each one said that he had a musical family. One big duffer who had been on a drunk all night, caught me by the arm and bellowed into my ear something which sounded like, "Say, cul, jest ye come along wid me, and see my house in Natoma Street; it's ther best house South-o'-Market, see?" So saying he gave me a pull by the sleeve which nearly tore the coat off me.

Just what would have happened to me in the course of this interview, had it continued any longer, I am not quite sure, for just about this time Mr. See-less, the proprietor, rushed to my assistance with several clerks and bell boys and the porter, and fired all of my visitors out of the house.

"Young man," said Mr. See-less good-naturedly, "don't you know better than to put an advertisement like that in a reputable paper in San Francisco? You

see all the honest laborers read the *Examiner*, because it 'kicks' against organized political knavery, such as the Huntington, Rainey, Burns, Buckley, Platt, Crocker, *Chronical*, *Post*, *Wave*, *World*, Dennis Kearney, Dr. O'Donnell, S. P. R. R. combination of ballot-box stuffers, who are in favor of exterminating everyone who talks about an opposition railroad, or thinks about senators and congressmen chosen according to the wishes of the people, or, in fact, anyone who tries to be honest. Those poor devils whom we had to throw out just now, were once well-to-do-citizens; now just look at them; what are they? They have been reduced to the condition of beggars by the domination of organized political capital. They are now making a last effort to rent out the best rooms in their humble homes in order to get a few dollars to buy bread for their starving families. If something is not done soon, Heaven only knows what will become of their daught——"

"Here's a note, mister," said a timid voice, interrupting our conversation, "it's from my mamma."

I will give the contents of this letter, as an illustration of several dozen more of the same date and tenor:

No. — Mission Street,
Sunday, June 10, 1888.

Dear Sir:

I can let you have a nice sunny room, with or without board, at your own price. My husband has been out of work for two months and is sick. I must raise enough money this week to pay our water bill or the Spring Valley Company will shut off our supply and sell us out. We have only two rooms, but we will give up the front room and sleep in the kitchen if you decide to accept.

We will do our best to please you, for we must raise a little money. Cars pass the door. Take Mission Street horse cars and get off at Sixth Street. Very respectfully yours,

P. S.—No small children about the house. Mrs. Smith.

Just about this time the letter carrier came in with the local mail, and the clerk, after sorting it out, handed me no less than seventeen letters. Those letters had all been taken to the post office before eight o'clock, in order to be in time for the local Sunday morning delivery, which is the only Sunday delivery made by carriers. I was obliged to tell the little boy who brought the note from Mission Street, that I could not take the room on account of the inconvenience of the locality.

I had heard of South-of-Market before, and, while I am far from being prejudiced against the inhabitants of that part of San Francisco on account of the line which some so-called polite social organizations of fruit-pickers have drawn from the ferry landings to the summit of the Twin Peaks, *via* Market Street and the proposed extension of the cable car line to the ocean, I must acknowledge that I could not afford to run the risk of being mistaken for a "ballot stuffer." *

The hotel people volunteered some very valuable information on how a young unmarried man should live in San Francisco. Among other things they told me that I would not be satisfied with private family board, unless I had a very obliging temper; because families who take in boarders invariably want to know all about one's private affairs, and they insist on having their boarder sit in the family pew at church. They added that they thought I would be better satisfied if I boarded at the Fuss House; but I still had a very distinct recollection of the hungry fleas in that establishment, and I refused to accept their opinions.

* South-of-Market proper takes in all that section from Market and Tenth Streets, south and west to the Bay, including Tar Flat, which is still unexplored. The *Examiner* will explore it later.

Returning aboard the *Mariposa* that night, I remained there several days before venturing uptown again.

Sewer gas and Spreckles' East Street hash house were preferable to hotel fleas and South-of-Market "room-to-let" fiends.

When I went uptown again, I called at the Fuss House and asked for my mail. I did not go in at the main entrance on Montgomery Street, but sought the "private" entrance on Bush Street. This "private entrance," so I learned afterward, is used not infrequently by newly "married" couples, who slip in and register as Mr. Smith and wife from Santa Rosa, Petaluma, Sacramento, San José, and other interior towns, and leave the following morning before breakfast; the "husband" going to his office somewhere downtown, and the "wife" returning to her home, or establishment, or some other woman's husband's establishment uptown. Hence the sign "Ladies' Entrance" on the side door.

But the Fuss House is not by any means the only hotel in San Francisco where two persons can go in and register as "Mr. and Mrs. ——," and get all the accommodations that they want without being required to tell how long they have been married, or why they are traveling with nothing in the shape of baggage except, perhaps, a little hand satchel with nothing in it but a comb.

The line in the modern hotel advertisements which says, "Guests entertained on either the American or European plan," means a good deal more to the average man about town than it does to the uninitiated. What those two plans,—American and European,—do not include in the way of permanent and transient hotel accommodations, amounts to very little that there is any money in. And yet there are many families of highly respectable people, whose private associations are above reproach,—as far

as the world knows,—who prefer hotel and boarding house life to the home comforts which they are well able to have. Those people give all kinds of excuses for their presence in hotels. Some say they "can't get the kind of servants that they want," some complain of "burglars and footpads and peddlers and book agents and fake society reporters and other public pests," while there are others who declare that they are "sick and tired of housekeeping and are stopping at the hotel just to get a little rest."

Now these excuses all sound very well, and sometimes they call for some sympathy, but not often. The trouble with a great many wealthy families who board out in this fashion is simply this: They are too confounded lazy to keep house. There are others, however, who have high social aspirations, and, having no social standing and knowing no one who has any, they go to the fashionable hotels in order to get into "society."

There are only two classes of boarders who really have legitimate excuses for living in hotels: the army and navy class, which includes steamship captains and officers; and the professional and business men who move frequently. Many of these have no homes of their own, and they shift about from place to place so often and so suddenly at times, that they hardly have time to pack their trunks.

What I was looking for, when I advertised for a room in a private family, was a nice, respectable place, where I could stay between voyages, and leave my little belongings during my absence.

When I went to the office of the Fuss House, on the occasion above mentioned, the clerk handed me about an ordinary waste basketful of letters and cards of people who had answered the advertisement. After reading a

few dozen of those epistles, and calling at several of the numbers given, including a house in Bond Street, and a few *massage* parlors up in the neighborhood of Mason and Ellis Streets, I was about to give it up as a bad job, when, on returning to the hotel for some lunch, I received a nice-looking note which attracted my attention. Just what there was about this particular note that caused me to read it over twice, and put it in my pocket before going to lunch, I did not stop to consider at the time. Subsequent developments caused me to refer to it again and paste it in my diary for future reference. It differed very little from several other notes from the same town, and, although I had never for one instant thought of going to "the other side of the bay" for a room, I decided to answer this note in person.

Here is the note:

EAST OAKLAND, June 14, 1888.

TO MR. ———, 124 FUSS HOUSE:

Having seen your advertisement in the *Examiner*, should be pleased to have you call and see nice room which will probably suit you.

920 Sixth Ave., Clinton Station.

There was no name signed to the note, but the handwriting was sufficient to convince me that the writer possessed more than ordinary culture.

CHAPTER XXI.

Friday is said to be an unlucky day on which to begin a journey or form an acquaintance. Let us see how much truth there is in this old superstition.

On Friday, the 15th of June, 1888, I went to Oakland for the first time, except when I passed through there on my way to Mare Island, the year before.

Getting off the local train at Clinton Station, I asked the conductor if he could tell me where No. 920 Sixth Avenue was.

"Yes," said the conductor; "it's the second house on the right."

No. 920 was a neat little two-story house, standing in a large lot which took in about one-half of the block. About three-fourths of the yard was shaded with peach, plum, cherry, pear, and apple trees, and the rest was laid out in nice flower beds and croquet grounds, and a big white rose bush formed a pretty bower a few yards from the front door. All the flowers were in full bloom.

While there was nothing pretentious about this little home, there was an air of daintiness about it which I had to stop and admire as I entered the gate. A pleasant lady of perhaps thirty-five opened the door for me, and appeared very much surprised when I informed her that I had received her note and would like to see the room that she wanted to let.

Mrs. Bell invited me in, and explained to me that she had not written the note at all; that the young ladies had noticed the personal in the paper, and had answered

it more in a spirit of fun than anything else. They never thought for an instant that I would come to East Oakland, when there were so many nice families in the city who were taking in boarders. Mrs. Bell was not over-anxious to let the room, but since I had called she would show it to me anyway, and if it suited, I could have it. The terms were very satisfactory, and the room suited me; so, after exchanging a few references, and discovering that we had several mutual acquaintances in the navy, I engaged the room with board, and returned to San Francisco for my baggage, telling Mrs. Bell that I would be over the following day in time for dinner.

The next day, June 16, after packing up my things and sending them down to the ferry landing to be checked, I walking up as far as Kearney Street to make some little purchases—some collars and neckties, I think.

On my way down to the boat I met Captain Searle on Post Street, between Kearney and Montgomery. I was under the impression that the captain was on board his ship, the *City of New York*, which vessel was in China at the time.

Captain Searle spoke to me as I was passing along, and I stopped and asked him how he happened to be in San Francisco when his ship was in Hong Kong.

The captain explained that upon his return here from China in April, his vessel had been quarantined again, and that all hands had gone through with a similar experience to that of January and February.

Having grown sick and tired of being quarantined upon his return from every voyage, he had decided to take a leave of absence, and let Mr. Deering, his first officer, take his place as captain for one voyage.

"This," said Captain Searle, "is the first time that I

have set foot on shore since last November. No one cares about going ashore on the other side, on account of the smallpox epidemic, which has been raging out there since last year; and the Board of Health of San Francisco will not allow anyone to land from the steamers returning from China until they shall have spent twenty-one days in quarantine."

The captain then asked me something about myself, and where I had been since I left the *City of New York* and the quarantine ship. He was surprised when I told him that I had just returned from a voyage to Australia, and that I was quartermaster of the *Mariposa*. The conversation ended by the captain inviting me to call upon him at the Palace Hotel when I had nothing better to do.

Thanking Captain Searle for the courtesy of his invitation, I went on down to the Market Street ferry and crossed over to Oakland, and moved my valise and the rest of my things into my new quarters at Mrs. Bell's, and, acting upon my hostess' advice, proceeded to make myself at home and get ready for dinner.

Mrs. Bell had said something about some young ladies who had answered my advertisement in the *Examiner*, and I began to wonder who those young ladies were; whether they were members of the household or just some visitors, and whether they were pretty or not.

I ceased wondering, however, when Charlie, the fifteen-year-old son of the hostess, came to my room and, informing me that dinner was ready, took me into the dining room, where his mother introduced me to the young ladies in question.

There were three of them, and they turned out to be a little of everything that I imagined them; *i. e.*, members of the household *and* visitor; and all three were prettier than the general average of young ladies whom one meets

nowadays. This is saying a good deal, considering the fact that we were in California, and especially in Oakland, where some—but not all by any means—of the loveliest girls who attend the San Francisco balls and Palace Hotel cotillions reside.

In presenting me to this happy young trio, the hostess explained that Miss Grace and Miss Theo were her daughters, and Miss Brunner was their friend from the city, who was visiting the family for a week or two. Miss Theo and Miss Brunner were native daughters; the latter very much so, as her father was one of a shipload of genuine Forty-niners who came out *via* Panama and settled in Sacramento, where Miss Brunner was born. Miss Grace, the hostess' elder daughter, might as well have been a native. She was born in New York just as her mother was about to return to California from a visit to her Eastern relatives. Like her younger sister, and her friend from the city, she possessed a good many other California traits besides good looks. She was bright and smart, and could play and sing beautifully. All three were fairly good at repartee, which fact I discovered very soon after making some very commonplace remark concerning something which I had heard about the "wildness and wool" of the far West. Incidentally they gave me to understand that I should henceforth speak of California as "The Pacific Slope," and not to dare refer again to Oakland as a suburb of a new western mining center. Three to one proved too much for me, so I had to make believe that I thought Oakland was just a little bit better than New Orleans, and that San Francisco was away ahead of New York. Anything, you know, for the sake of family peace.

The hostess was the widow of a noted lawyer who had practiced in California courts ever since such luxuries as

divorce courts and other institutions for the legal facilitation of polygamy had been introduced out here. She was well posted concerning things in general, including the histories of all the prominent men like Mackay, Fair, Flood, O'Brien, de Young, Crocker, Huntington, Hopkins, Stanford, Sharon, Ralston, Mills, and a host of others who came here with a good deal of faith in luck, and grew rich very suddenly and unexpectedly, and many others, like Delmas, Quack Nutt, Goad, Mizner, BcMean, Not-All, Cooke, Mearns, and some more of the hanger-on ilk, who never got rich, and never will, by honesty or any process, because the *other* processes are played out.

Very few of those people possessed much in the way of culture or refinement, and the private lives led by some of them, even after they grew rich, or "prominent," were in some cases considered too demoralizing to be discussed in open court.

I do not approve of denying the public the right to attend court in any case, no matter what objections the contending parties may raise. Judges are paid by the public, and the public has a right to hear and see what the judges are doing.

Any attempt to suppress the truth is equivalent to a lie.

The heirs (?) of those very people proclaim that, outside of their set, no one on this great Pacific Slope is entitled to social recognition. Their set, or *clique*, which they speak of as "the highest circles of society," numbers, according to their own published lists and figures, scarcely one hundred families, some of which are not even native born Americans—a few of them being Jews of low alien birth.

Now, we will average up the members of "The One Hundred Families," at, let us say, four members to each householder, including husbands, first and "second" wives, and

such offspring as they may have brought into the world, and such street gamins and "outside" children as they may have "adopted," and the entire membership of the "colony," with all the "heirs" born in and out of wedlock, including those which were not intended to have been born at all, will probably foot up four hundred beings in human form.

This "colony" is not very prolific. The women, as a rule, cannot afford to deprive "society" of the time that natural mothers usually devote to their offspring.

According to their "civilization," raising legitimate children is not "fashionable."

Doctor O'Donnell has no recognition in this set, except as a close-mouthed "practitioner."

This, kind reader of the society columns, is the *set* which the world has been commanded to esteem and honor as the best citizens of California.

"The leading set," "the dictators of society," empowered to set the fashions in all things social and otherwise, including the latest and most approved methods of ruining the lives of pure, innocent daughters of honorable citizens, and literally dragging them down into the very sewers and free dumps of degradation.

"The great Four Hundred," to whose Feudalism one must submit and ask no questions, or, *object* and be slandered, maligned, libeled, publicly insulted, and persecuted by Mammon for having the awful audacity to cling to the laws of one's God and nature—the foundation of civilization and society.

"The great 'Kings' of Snob Hill, and the S. P. Railroad Royalty," to whom you and I and ours whom we love have been commanded to bow down and acknowledge as our dictators and rulers, by the grace of fraudulently acquired wealth and Satanic, unnatural depravity.

Get down on thy knees, foolish, deluded citizens, and worship thy sovereign, "King" Collis the First; bring along the fairest and purest of thy young girls, the flowers of thy households, and present them as sacrifices; lay them at the feet of thy king that the favorite of his harem—with whom he lived for years before marrying her—may select the choicest morsels for her sultan, and then bid the nobility, Princes Crocker, Sharon, Fair, Sage, Mills, Flood, Markham, Paxton, Daggett, Dimond, Tobin, Gould de Young, *et. al.*, to draw lots for second choice. After this, the lesser nobles,—the court hangers-on, so to speak,—like Delmas, Quack-Nut, Goad, Mizner, McBean-eater, New-it-all, Wise, Sheldon, and Casserly will be admitted.

At the end of the great modern slave mart, the harem will be thrown open to the footmen, caterers, scavengers, lackeys, and general utility men, like J. O'Hara Nosegrave, Hugh Spume, R. K. Fox, Wally Cooke, Peter Kiernan, Georgie Mearns, Little "Birdie" Irving, George H. Bartlett, Harry Wise, Ed. Greenway, the "fruit-pickers," and Nigger Jackson.

Come, come, Californians, hurry up and obey "King" Collis! The "king" will punish you severely if you grumble.

Hold on! Let us investigate.

What! Has anyone the audacity to disobey the "king's" command?

Has anyone ever dared to question "King" Collis' authority to issue such a command?

There must be some excuse for raising "impertinent" questions concerning the right of 400 persons to proclaim themselves the acknowledged dictators of 299,600 others who reside in the same city, and about 200,000 of whom are law-respecting citizens.

WHAT MISS CALIFORNIA FINDS IN HER SOCIETY FLOWER GARDEN.

It is a well-known fact that rank weeds, noxious herbs, and pestiferous vermin will overrun legitimate flower beds, and sap the life out of everything, if not weeded out.

Let us see if we cannot find an excuse.

Did you ever get up before daylight of a cold, clear, frosty morning, and take a constitutional walk in the suburbs ?

Try the experiment, and when you reach the spot known as the "free dump" for garbage, you will notice by the light of the gray dawn, a thin, white veil of frost which, during the stillness of night, nature has thrown over the uncanny substance in the dump. You will have an idea that beneath that white frosty mantle there is something unclean and putrid. Just wait a little while until the sun comes out and melts the frost, and you will see the necessity of having the attention of the public called to the nuisance.

Perhaps through false modesty you may be afraid to speak of it, openly, to the public.

Perhaps you may be afraid of raising too much of an unwholesome odor all at once. But that is where you are wrong, my boy. It would be far better in the end to have the corruption cleared away at once, even though it *did* perfume the air for a little while, than to leave it there to decay by degrees, sending forth its foul, putrid breath, year in and year out, and poisoning with fatal disease germs the very air which, but for its malodorous presence, would be pure.

Now, just convert your imagination into a long pole and lift up the white mantle of charity, which, during the stillness of the Lenten season, some sympathetic person may have thrown over "King" Huntington's harem. Take a peep at the foundation of its high social pretensions, and you will find in its composition such ingredients as unnatural depravity, arrogance, presumption, gross dishonesty, unpardonable ignorance, female boldness, hellish hypocrisy, and family skeletons in flimsy boxes,

the lids of which their owners essay to hold down with sacks of ill-gotten dollars.

If you read the legitimate newspapers you must have noticed that whenever there is a dispute over any of those ill-gotten dollars, the skeletons invariably make their appearance as soon as the courts of law assume temporary charge of the "sacks."

And yet the winners of those very "sacks"—no matter who or what they may have been before the legal squabble for the dollars commenced—are always eligible to membership in the Parvenucracy, or the "Four Hundred," as the self-elected leader, or general-utility-man, Greenway, is pleased to term this odoriferous mixture.

Charity is all very well in its place. It's said to begin at home, but the destroyers of happy homes are not objects of charity. They may profess to be charitable, but "robbing Peter to pay Paul" (a small percentage) is not charity.

No possessor of enough common sense to vote will admit that he has ever taken a respectable lady to one of the gatherings of the Parvenucracy, unless he did it merely through curiosity, to let her see what really was there. Decent people go through the "tenderloin," when it comes to that, just to see the former homes of the Parvenucracy.

There is a class of scavengers, like Nosegrave, Hume, Cooke, and other society reporters, who poke their noses into everything, and publish complimentary notices of Parvenucratic gatherings, and make money out of it. Hume told me with his own mouth, one day, right in front of the *Examiner* office, that "anything was all right if there was any money in it."

Of course those scavengers will tell all kinds of lies about anyone who has the awful audacity to publish the

above facts ; for it will take away the fake advertising revenue of their pitiable little sheets, the *Post*, *World*, and *Wave*.

Their worthless criticisms amount to nothing. No one with a grain of sense ever believes a word of the bosh that is published in the above-mentioned sheets, because everybody knows very well that they will print almost anything that they can get, if it is accompanied with the right kind of paper-weights.

The *Post's* malicious and cowardly assaults on Governor Budd, and the way the public treated those vile slanders, all go to prove that I know what I am talking about.

That the honest voters of San Francisco look upon this catch-penny *Evening Post* as a malicious and libelous sheet, and its ignorant and egotistical "editor," Hume, as a falsifier, is shown by the fact that on the 6th of November, 1894, they gave James H. Budd a majority of nearly twelve thousand votes, right in San Francisco.

In picturing Spew Hume as the juvenile yellow quadruped *Post*, hired by the octopus to bark and whine for the railroad candidates during the campaign, Mr. Davenport, the *Examiner* caricaturist, expressed the minute portion of the candid opinion that the honest portion of the public had time to bestow upon this ineffable little animal.

A talented cartoon artist like Mr. Davenport is a public benefactor when he devotes his ability to the interests of good government, as this gentlemen has been doing since the *Monarch* employed him.

Long live the caricaturists who possess honor, integrity, and common sense, and the courage of their convictions!

Hume, Bartlette and Nosegrave, "editors" of the *Post*, *World*, and *Wave*, remind the average citizen of professional odoriferous cats. They differ from these

peculiar cats in one respect only: the cats perfume the atmosphere free of charge, and Hume, Bartlett, and Nosegrave hire themselves out to produce a similar result at so much per whiff.

A prominent attorney of this city tells me that shortly after the announcement that I was writing a book on *Society as it Really Is*, Spew Hume telephoned to him to come to his office to see him on business. The attorney went to Hume's office, and what do you think he wanted to see him about?

Knowing that the lawyer was a friend of mine, this vulgar fellow endeavored to find out from my friend what I was writing about. Failing to get any satisfaction from the attorney, Hume informed him that if I said anything in the book about certain persons they would shoot me on sight.

Among the dangerous shooters whom he intimated would slaughter me if I published the truth about them, were the "fruit-pickers," referred to in Chapters XIII and XIV, and himself (Hume), all dead shots with anything in the line of firearms, from a dynamite cannon to a certain Oriental weapon, that was used with deadly effect by the Chinese "soldiers" engaged in "defending" their opium dens against the forces of the Mikado, which weapon is referred to by the war correspondents as a "Chinese stink-pot." The last mentioned weapon is Hume's favorite. In addition to the old, original "fruit-pickers," who were standing by to exterminate the author as soon as the book came out, Hume named one person whom I had never heard of. I believe that it was a scheme of Mr. Hume and his friends to get their names mentioned in this book, and the author, being of a charitable turn of mind, will not disappoint them.

There are some nincompoops in this world who imagine

that they are of sufficient importance to receive mention in every publication that is issued, and they never forgive a writer who forgets them. When anything new is about to come out, they want to be in it, and if they can't get there in one way, they will in some other. This last mentioned friend of Hume and the other "fruit-pickers" must be a representative of that class of boobies. His name is Wise, and I wish to say that if Harry Wise sent any such message as the one that was brought to me from Mr. Hume, he must be less "wise" than even his pictures in "Birdie" Irving's fake advertising pamphlets proclaim him to be. As I said before, I never knew that such a creation as Harry Wise existed, until the lawyer brought me the ludicrous message referred to above.

This little person, Wise, is perhaps the son of some political office-holder who is hanging on to the fringe or ragged edge of Parvenucracy, like his friends, the Hume-Cooke-Cosgrave-Fruit-Picker-Mearns-"Birdie"-Irving-Co., and he probably thinks that if he can get written up as an upstart, it will give him a little social standing among all the other silly snobs of his own ilk.

From a fake advertising pamphlet issued by a local printer on Bush Street, and "edited" by the little ex-bootblack "Birdie" of the fake horse show, I clip the following extracts from an article dictated by Wise himself, and paid for after the fashion of other reading notice advertisements in the same pamphlet, called *Midwinter Fair Jewvenir*. I should like to quote the whole ludicrous notice, but I cannot afford to devote so much space to such a numskull. I quote the following extracts :

"Among the young men who are making a conspicuous mark in the social world of this city, there are none who stand forth more prominent than Mr. Harry Wise.

"Gifted with natural abilities of an uncommon order,

he has raised himself to a position not usually attained in one so young. It is the care he has taken in the cultivation of his abilities that has placed him in the foremost ranks of those who are to control this metropolis of the Pacific Coast."

In a ludicrous attempt to make it appear that he is a self-made man, he goes on to say :

"Having completed his education, his father decided

More "otherwise" than Wise, but bound to be "in it."

upon sending him abroad, that his general ideas might expand. He was liberally supplied with funds, which gave him an *entree* into the best society of Europe. As a consequence he returned, after a year's travel, with broadly expanded views, and a more correct judgment of the aims of life than usually falls to the young man of the present day. Business comes natural to him, and there are few old veterans who display more ability than the subject of this sketch."

The above ridiculous rubbish is accompanied and em-

bellished with a picture of this little fellow, which goes to show that his "ideas" of his own insignificance must have expanded while "studying business in European society," (?) even if his common-sense views, if he ever had any, did desert him. I never heard before that European society approved of any business except empty-title matrimonial boards of brokers, and they invariably require their *protégés* to produce something that resembles a pedigree.

Poor little fellow! He has succeeded in getting his name mentioned at last, and I hope that he and Hume and the other noodle heads will have sense enough in the future to keep their silly little threats to themselves.

If they bother me any more I will send Mr. Delmas to them to ask them if they know an organization called the "fruit-pickers."

Oh, no! I will not send Mr. Delmas. On second thought I find that it would not be advisable to send him, because Mr. Hume might ask him about his own escapades at the second establishment.

May Goodwin of the Sea King Co., and the "cozy cottage," and divers other parvenu proprieties and financial enterprises, such as the Coleman case, the Cox case, etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

During the latter part of June and the early part of July, 1888, my new friends in Oakland introduced me to several other nice families, including the Gunns, who lived next door, and the Platts, who are relatives of the Bells, and Mr. Lacey Goodrich. Then Miss Brunner invited me to call on her at her residence out on Washington Street, near Steiner, and meet her father and sisters and brother and brother-in-law. Through the courtesy of the Brunners I became acquainted with several of their friends, including the Withams and the Goellers and several others.

Thus, in the course of a few weeks, I formed lasting acquaintances with several estimable families, the heads of which are numbered among the old reliable pioneers of '49 and '50.

Those are representatives of that class of Californians to whom the State is indebted for her existence as a civilized institution, and I consider it an honor to be able to mention the fact that I am at liberty to refer to my first San Francisco acquaintances as friends.

If all Californians possessed the refinement of this first coterie whom I met over seven years ago the public would not hear so much about snobs, upstarts, shoddyites, and other parvenus and insolent pretenders.

A few days after going to Oakland to board I came over to San Francisco and called upon Captain Searle at the Palace Hotel. It was then that I learned, for the

first time, of the instructions that the captain had left for me while I was on the *Shenandoah*, in February, to the effect that I should report for duty as soon as he returned from the midwinter voyage.

When Captain Searle advised me that my position on the *City of New York* would be open as soon as that ship returned from China, and that he wanted me to come back, I decided to quit the *Mariposa* and return to the former vessel.

I wanted to leave the *Mariposa* on good terms with Captain Hayward and his officers, so I explained that my chances for promotion would be better in the Pacific Mail Steamship Company than in Spreckels' employ, on account of the former company's running so many more steamers than Spreckels. The Pacific Mail had over twenty steamers in commission at that time plying between San Francisco, Japan, China, Mexico, Central America, Panama, and New York; whereas Spreckels had only four ships all told: the *Mariposa*, the *Alameda*, the *Australia*, and the *Zealandia;* and there was some talk of laying one or two of those off, on account of dull trade.

First Officer Hart gave me a good recommendation to take back to the Pacific Mail, and Captain Hayward indorsed it, after which I left the *Mariposa* and returned to Oakland to await the return of the *City of New York*. This wait was the first vacation that I had taken, except for a few days at a time, in nearly four years.

If ever I enjoyed a good rest in my life, it was the month spent at Mrs. Bell's, in East Oakland. Entirely free from duty, with no orders to obey; no long tricks at the wheel; no disagreeable midwatches, dog watches, morning watches, or any other kind of watches to stand during cold, rainy, or stormy weather; no turning out at midnight one night and at 4 A. M. the next, to "relieve

the wheel and lookout," I had absolutely nothing to bother my head about, and for once in my life I just took things easily.

Talk about a pleasant time! If any man,—I don't care who,—millionaire or anyone else, ever spent a more agreeable month away from home than I did during this "lay off," as we sailors call a vacation, I should like to ask him where he found it. Every Oaklander knows what June and July weather is in that city, but since there are so many persons who have never had the opportunity of enjoying it that the author has had, and, as it is more than likely that a good many of those who live in the South and East and other parts of the world will read this *Diary*, I trust that my friends "across the bay," including Mr. and Mrs. Kaeser and family, Mr. and Mrs. Blethen and household, Mr. and Mrs. Osler and happy family, Mr. and Mrs. Platt and family, Harry Kirk, the Huff boys, Fred Phoebe, and many others whom I esteem very highly, will permit me to briefly tell my other friends who live elsewhere, what a nice place Oakland is to live in.

Oakland is one of the most beautifully laid out cities in the world. Almost every street affords as nice a drive as Golden Gate Avenue. Nearly all the residence streets and avenues have a row of eucalyptus or other nice shade trees on each side. Some of the prettiest residences in the State are to be found there, and they are occupied by people who are as nice as they are sociable and hospitable.

One reason why the ladies of Oakland always look so much healthier and brighter than do a great many San Francisco ladies, is, I think, because they keep better hours. And then they have a climate over there as far superior to that of San Francisco as the climate of the latter city is to that of New York, Chicago, Boston,

Philadelphia, Vicksburg, New Orleans, and many other Eastern and Southern cities which I visited. And I did not copy a word of the above from Mr. Lamance's Oakland real estate advertisements, either.

On the 5th of July, 1888, the *City of New York* arrived in port with Captain T. P. Deering in command. Four days later I went aboard and reported to First Officer James M. Dow, and was reappointed to my former position of quartermaster.

On Thursday, the 19th, I went out to the Union Iron Works to see the launching of the U. S. *Charleston*, the first man-of-war ever built at San Francisco.

On Saturday, the 21st, Captain Searle relieved Captain Deering in command of the *City of New York*, the latter gentleman taking his original position as first officer. At three o'clock the same afternoon we sailed for Hong Kong *via* Yokohama.

During the following year we ran steadily between the above mentioned ports, calling at Honolulu occasionally on return voyages.

In all, we made five "round trips" during which time we covered a total distance of about sixty-five thousand nautical or sea miles, equal to more than three times the circumference of the earth. At the end of each voyage we had a "lay over" of a week to ten days in San Francisco, and about the same time at Hong Kong, and a short stay of one to three days at Yokohama, going and returning.

While the ship was at the home port, I generally managed to get time enough to myself to keep up the acquaintances already formed in San Francisco and Oakland, and to meet a good many more nice people, including the Palace Hotel set, that was at that time. Those latter included the Halseys, the Dutards, the Fords, the

Rices, the Johnsons, the Eddys, the Sachs, the Bartons, the Lewises, the Estees, the Latons, the Hallecks and many others of that good old reliable class, and their friends living all over the city. With hardly a single exception the names of the ladies of the above-mentioned families are identified with the management of the leading charitable institutions in the city, such as the "Old People's Home," the "Women's Hospital," the "Children's Hospital," and various asylums for foundlings and orphans.

I will take all the responsibility for making the assertion that I can point out twenty ladies of the coterie referred to, who do more good in various ways for the benefit and improvement of society in general, than the entire membership of the so-called exclusive set all put together. But you never see the names of those estimable ladies attached to glowing society column reports of elaborate dinners and gorgeous receptions given in honor of some miserable alien fortune hunter of a prince, whose entire past has been devoted to the debasement of every naturally good and lofty instinct that tends to the elevation of society, and whose chief purpose in future life is to marry some feeble-minded American heiress, and squander her fortune among his disreputable associates in London and Paris.

The *real* American lady is rarely identified with vultures of the last-mentioned strata, unless it is through some mistake. But the members of Parvenucracy wine, dine, feast, and court the vultures and toady to them in a way that would shame a Palace Grill Room waiter looking for a tip from Dan McCarthy or his bosom friend, "Lord" Talbot Clifton.

The *real* lady derives her compensation for her good deed from the mere knowledge in her own pure heart

that she has contributed a mite toward the comfort of the deserving poor.

But when the Parvenuess gives a dollar to a charitable institution she squanders five more to advertise what she has done, and if she goes to a charity entertainment and spends a few dollars, she invariably looks over the morning paper the next day to see if her name is in the list. And if it is not there, God help the unfortunate reporter who forgot to put it in.

I have seen Parvenuesses elbow their way from one end of a densely packed house to the other, stepping all over the toes of dozens of quiet citizens, just to tell the society reporter of a morning paper to put their names down. And I do not mean the Quack-Nutt, Meldas, Addie Mizner, Volney Scawlding *clique*, either.

When we arrived in San Francisco on the 15th of July, 1889, the Pacific Mail Company decided to lay the *City of New York* up for repairs. After discharging her cargo she was dismantled and towed over to the Union Iron Works, where she received a thorough overhauling, a brand new set of boilers, new decks, new rigging, and electric lights in place of the old oil lamps. Her cabins and staterooms were renovated and refitted with the best modern passenger steamer inventions. On leaving the dock yards after a four months' lay up, she was practically as good as a brand new ship, so Mr. Irving M. Scott, manager of the Iron Works, declared.

The bills for her repairing and refitting amounted to about $250,000.

On Friday, the 15th of November, she was brought back alongside of the Mail dock and put into commission to run between San Francisco and Panama, *via* the principal ports on the west coast of Mexico and Central America. On the same day, which, by the way, was my

twenty-fourth birthday, I received the following orders from headquarters :

AGENCY PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY,
WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., GENERAL AGENTS,
SAN FRANCISCO, November 15, 1889.

Mr. W. H. Chambliss, San Francisco :

DEAR SIR : You are hereby appointed Third Officer of the S. S. *City of New York*, and you will report for duty to Captain Searle at once.

Yours truly,
(Signed) WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.,
General Agents.

During the four months that the ship was laid up for repairs I had remained on duty, standing night watches all the time, except about ten days, when I got a leave of absence to visit San José, Santa Cruz, Del Monte, and one or two other seaside resorts.

On Saturday, the 23d of November, we sailed on our first voyage to Panama. The following is a list of our officers :

R. R. Searle, commander; J. M. Dow, first officer; L. B. Park, second officer; W. H. Chambliss, third officer; Amandus Ahman, Reginald Fay, Fred Brooks, and J. Stevenson, quartermasters; Mr. Hurlihy, chief engineer; Mr. Murphy, first assistant engineer; Mr. Parsons, second assistant engineer; Mr. Floyd, third assistant engineer; E. J. Richardson, purser; Dr. Frank S. Sutton, surgeon; Mr. Dearborne, freight clerk; Mr. Pfeiffer, assistant freight clerk; James Blonk, carpenter.

One would naturally suppose that a steamer fresh from the Union Iron Works would be able to go to Panama and back, a total distance of only about seven thousand miles, without breaking down. But such was not the case with us. Just as we were abreast of Pigeon Point,

about forty miles down the coast, a defective valve burst, disabling the engine so that we had to stop from eight o'clock in the evening until one the next day, to repair the damage.

Fortunately the sea was calm. Had there been a westerly breeze we would have drifted ashore with our quarter million dollars' worth of Union Iron Works "repairs" and all.

The forward cylinder was completely disabled so far as repairing it on board was concerned, so the engineers disconnected it, and we proceeded on our course with only one cylinder working, and arrived at Acapulco, Mexico, on Sunday, the 1st of December.

At Acapulco the engineers managed to repair the broken valve, and we proceeded on our course, after two days' delay.

Between Acapulco and Panama, we called at Champerico and San José de Guatamala; La Libertad, Acajutla, and La Union, San Salvador; and Punta Arenas, Costa Rica, arriving at Panama, on Friday, the 13th of December.

Of all the God-forsaken ports that ever I stopped at for more than a few days at a time, except Chemulpo, Corea, the port of Panama takes the lead. On account of the shallowness of the water, the coral reefs and the heavy rise and fall of the tide in the harbor, the large Mail steamers have to load and unload at an island about seven miles away from the city.* At low tide the ships settle down in the mud. Panama is such an unhealthy place that no one cares to go ashore there more than once a voyage, and even if one should like to go oftener, it takes nearly all night to go from the ship to the town

* The "range" (rise and fall) of the tide in Panama Bay is probably thirty feet.

and back in a small boat ; and then you are liable to get aground on the reefs, where you may have to wait for the next high tide, if the sharks don't eat you in the meantime.

We left Panama on the 23d of December, 1889, and arrived at San Francisco on the 17th of January, 1890, having called at the regular Central American and Mexican ports on the route.

Among the passengers on the homeward bound voyage was Mrs. John Martin, who subsequently was given so much notoriety in San Francisco, in 1894, for having the unpardonable audacity to ask a local court of justice (?) to decide whether or not her little baby boy was entitled to a few thousand dollars which had been lawfully left to the child by the last will of the late Henry Martin, a wealthy brother-in-law of the little child's mother.

Mrs. Martin, who is nothing if not a natural woman, *brings forth and raises her offspring*. Therefore she should have known better than to expect justice for her child, when she knew very well that her cold-blooded millionaire sister-in-law, who is opposed to children on general principles, and ex-Mayor E. B. Pond and several other celebrities of savory reputations were so bitterly opposed to her having justice that they were willing to resort to the most detestable methods of "mud-throwing" ever heard of, in order to prejudice the judge, the jury, the press, and the public at large against her, and thereby rob her two-year-old son of his inherited pittance, which would have been barely enough to give the little boy the plain business education that Henry Martin evidently desired him to receive. Justice ! Bah !

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Panama route has the reputation of being the hardest steamship route in the world.

Having served one year as third officer of the *City of New York* on that line, I am prepared to corroborate a great many tales about various things which render life almost unbearable to those who earn their bread by filling the different official and other positions on the Mail steamers.

From the time the ship leaves the wharf at San Francisco until her return, two months later, the everyday vexations, annoyances and troubles to which all hands, from the captain on down to the sailors' mess-boy inclusive, are subjected, defy description. There are so many unheard of annoyances, which no one who has never made the trip as an employee of a steamer would ever think of. Not the least by any means of those hardships are the peculiar effects produced on different individuals by the rapid and continuous changes of climate as the ship goes south.

I have seen persons who were never addicted to drink in their lives lose all appetite for solid food by the time the ship passed Cape St. Lucas, on her south bound trip, and develop, in the place of natural appetites, an unquenchable thirst for everything in the way of liquids in the ship. It seems to be a form of insanity produced by the combined influence of the change of temperature and the peculiar motion of the steamer running on a smooth, calm sea, with a lazy, sleepy swell.

The steamers keep only a short distance off shore all the way down, and sometimes they roll heavily when there is no wind at all. This is not the motion that produces the dreaded malady which never kills, and which is called "seasickness." But it produced an effect on ladies who travel without their husbands that is said to be far more disastrous to family peace and happiness than the other form of seasickness. That is, if the husband ever happens to hear about it from some meddlesome individual who has no better sense than to tell.

One disagreeable thing about an officer's position on a Panama steamer is that he seldom gets a chance to go ashore at any of the ports down the coast. And then again, it happens sometimes that the steamer is late in arriving at San Francisco, and has to be discharged and reloaded on short notice. When this happens, all hands except the captain, chief engineer, surgeon, and purser are kept busy from the time of arrival up to sailing hour.

For instance, upon our arrival, May 11, 1890, we found that the Mail Company had made a new schedule for us, by which we had to discharge our cargo and load up and get away on the 14th, in consequence of which we had to stand regular sea-watches during the three days at the home port.

When we came into port here on the 29th of the following October, Mr. W. R. A. Johnson, general agent of the company, decided to promote our captain to the command of the *City of Peking*, of the China line. The *Peking* is the largest steamer in the Pacific Mail service. Dr. Walker, the surgeon, Mr. Burton, the purser, and and several others, myself included, were detached from the *New York* and ordered to the *Peking*, along with Captain Searle.

Here is a sample of the orders usually issued in such cases:

OFFICE PACIFIC MAIL S. S. CO.,
W. R. A. JOHNSON, GENERAL AGENT,
SAN FRANCISCO, October 29, 1890.

To Mr. W. H. Chambliss, Third Officer S. S. City of New York, in Port:

DEAR SIR: You are hereby transferred from your position as Third Officer of the S. S. *City of New York* to a similar position upon the S. S. *City of Peking*, and will report for duty to Captain Searle at once.

Yours truly,
W. R. A. JOHNSON,
Acting General Agent.

The *City of Peking* was scheduled to sail for China on the 1st of November, and she got away promptly on time. From this it will be seen that we who were transferred from the *New York* had three short days in port.

I made five voyages to China and return, on the *City of Peking*, between the above date and the 10th of October, 1891. Those persons who imagine that the officers of ocean steamers have nothing to do except stand their usual deck watches at sea, have a very wrong idea. The first, second, and third officers, sometimes called mates, and the quartermasters, compose the navigation department.

A brief idea of what the deck officers or mates have to do in addition to standing their bridge watches of six hours on and six hours off, from one side of the ocean to the other, may be obtained from the following:

At about eight o'clock every morning, each officer is required to take his own observations of the sun with his sextant. These morning observations, or "time sights," as nearly all navigators term this very important part of nautical astronomy, are taken for the purpose of ascer-

taining the longitude, and correcting the time. A ship running on an easterly or westerly course is constantly changing her local time at the rate of four minutes to every degree of longitude. In order to regulate the local time the pilot house clock, which is the town clock of the ship, is corrected daily, usually at about ten in the forenoon, by setting the clock back at the rate of one hour for every fifteen degrees of longitude made west, and by setting it ahead at the same rate when you are sailing eastward.

At noon every day each officer must take his observations of the sun to ascertain the latitude. This noon observation is called the meridian altitude, and it is the shortest as well as the best method for finding the true latitude.

Having ascertained the position of the ship by nautical astronomical observations; having worked out the longitude by chronometer sights based on Greenwich mean time, and the latitude by meridian observations and the sun's declination; having, by means of his figures thus obtained, computed the exact distance in knots or nautical miles; having found the true course, made good by corrected standard compass, since the previous noon, and having found the error of the compass by observations of the sun taken with an azimuth circle (all of which work requires the attention of a clear head for at least two hours altogether on each day), each of the three navigating officers must make up his *daily report*, and hand the same in to the captain before 1 o'clock P. M.

The captain, who is, of course, the highest officer on board, and "master of all his surveys," having worked his way up through all the subordinate positions in the navigation department to his present high position, which is the very top rung of the merchant marine ladder, or, to

COMMANDER AND OFFICERS OF THE "CITY OF PEKING," IN 1891.

Captain Searle.

Mr. Mortensen.
Mr. McClure.
Mr. Kramer.

Doctor Bond.
Mr. Chambliss.
Mr. Spencer.

Mr. Sawdon.

use a pure nautical phrase *the top ratline in the royal rigging*, is so familiar with the fine work of navigation that he can tell at a glance if there is a single error in one of his officers' work.

Having compared the reports of all three of his "deck officers" with private figures obtained from observations which he has incidentally taken as a safe precaution, the captain proceeds to make up with his own hands the *Daily Bulletin*. Copies of the *Bulletin* are posted in the main saloon, in the officers' messroom, and in the smoking room, so that all hands may know just exactly where they are "at."

Here is a sample of a *Daily Bulletin*, which will be recognized by all tourists and "globe trotters" who may chance to see it:

STEAMSHIP "CITY OF PEKING."
Sunday, August 16, 1891.

Latitude, 29° 02′ 15″ north.
Longitude, 144° 13′ 30″ west.
Course south, 58° 46′ west.
Distance, 256.4 knots.

(Signed) ROBERT R. SEARLE,
Commander.

The above *Bulletin* is taken from an entry in my private log book, made on the date given while *en route* from San Francisco to Hong Kong *via* Honolulu and Yokohama.

Here is another, posted *en route* to Sydney, *via* Honolulu, Apia, and Auckland.

ROYAL MAIL STEAMER "MARIPOSA,"
Wednesday, April 11, 1888.

Latitude, 31° 44′ 51″ north.
Longitude, 139° 25′ 00″ west.
Course, south 48° west.
Distance, 316.9 miles.

(Signed) H. M. HAYWARD.
Commander.

And yet such good-for-nothing nincompoops and landlubbers as the Cooke-Hume-Cosgrave-Blueway-"Birdie"-Irving-Fruit-Picker combination of fake society reporters, free-lunch counter bums, and fake advertising agents, who have not an astronomical or nautical idea above a "cold deck," or a five-cent "schooner of steam beer" with a hot sausage "on the side," have the impudence to refer to the captains, mates, and engineers of these great ocean liners as "old salts" and "old Jack Tars."

When the quiet citizen sits back in his armchair at home and reads the glowing "society column" reports of vultures like those mentioned above, and in the same paper sees contemptuous and cowardly references to such estimable gentlemen as Captain Seabury, Captain Ward, Captain Morse, Captain Mortensen, Captain Clark, Captain Friele, Captain Searle, Captain Cavarly, Captain Pearne, Captain Smith, Captain Randle, Captain Haskins, Captain Dow, and other commanders and their officers who navigate ships, little does he know the truth about what he reads.

Most of those hardy old officers are as far superior, morally and intellectually, to the vultures who criticize them, as is a bank accountant to an African freed savage, in mathematics.

The shallowness, the petty meanness, the corruption, the arrogance, the false pretentions, the mock modesty, and the general all-round insincerity and utter uselessness of the everyday life of the Parvenucracy have an effect upon a sea captain similar to that which the pitching of a ship in a gale produces on a landsman.

It is against those unprincipled wretches who pose as "gentlemen of leisure," and "leaders" of the upstart element,—nearly the entire crew of which is a curse to society and civilization,—that I have taken occasion to

warn my many esteemed friends in the navy as well as in the merchant marine. (See Chapter XI.) I know what I am talking about, and I want my friends to accept this in the spirit of a man who is writing for the good of society.

I have seen those vultures around the hotels, poker clubs, race tracks, faro dens, "family boarding houses," "bachelor quarters," * and many other places where I have gone—for the purpose of studying their ways—that I might know whereof and of whom I write, for the benefit of those who would like to know the truth. The society barbarians against whom I write are to good society and virtue as were the pirates of old to the commerce of the world. Freebooters, gamblers, card sharps, and libertines. They pose in claw-hammer coats, purchased with ill-gotten gains, and wreck the homes, the happiness, and lives of honorable men, by taking advantage of female weakness.

Not satisfied with having destroyed the peace and happiness of innocent men, women, and children, these marauders of society boast of their doings, in order that the world may know all about it, except the names of the pirates who did it.

The very minute an honest citizen exposes one of those ruffians, the latter, who possess no honor at all, sets up a piteous wail about it being "dishonorable" for the honest citizen to expose him.

A man who boasts of his "gallantry" with other men's

* Bachelor quarters,—so called,—or "bachelor apartments," are rooming houses where married "men" keep their mistresses. Some of the wealthy he members of the Parvenucracy, who keep "bachelor quarters" under assumed names, have female agents regularly employed to kidnap schoolgirls and drag them into their harems to be kept for a time and then thrown on the town as "street walkers."

wives, or of his perfidy with trusting women, is to be dreaded more than the burglar who enters your bedroom and steals your purse while you sleep.

> Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis something, nothing ;
> 'Twas mine ; 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands ;
> But he that filches from me my good name,
> Robs me of that which not enriches him,
> And makes me poor indeed.
>
> —*Shakespeare.*

When those infamous knaves run short of true tales to tell to one another and to all who will listen to them, they seldom hesitate about inventing bare-faced lies about innocent people. Nine times out of ten their tales of their "gallantries" are false. But such stories, having once been uttered against a female, can never be recalled. And, whether false or true, if names are used, they have about the same effect on the man of the world who hears them.

Some of my *acquaintances* will undoubtedly object to this; but my *friends* (and I have a good many) will not. We all know that human nature is weak. When one hears a man boasting of his "gallantries" and carryings-on with the respectable portion of the weaker sex, it is perfectly safe to shun him, and treat him with the same degree of contempt that is being served out to Oscar Wilde.

CHAPTER XXIV.

During the last voyage that I made on the *City of Peking* I decided to apply for a leave of absence, upon our return to San Francisco.

I had two very good reasons for desiring to "lay off" a couple of months.

First: I wanted to go before the local Board of U. S. Inspectors of Steam Vessels and pass an examination for a first officer's certificate, or "mate's papers," to use the proper nautical term.

Second: I wanted to visit my mother, my sister and brothers and old friends, whom I had not seen in eight years.

Having been on duty in the service of the Pacific Mail for more than three years without a furlough, I felt that a breathing spell on shore would do me good.

Since this was my last voyage in any capacity except that of a passenger on several subsequent voyages on different ships, and as it resulted in my changing the course of my life entirely, I trust that the reader will pardon me for giving some of the details. I shall not attempt to lead the reader into the belief that a certain pleasant acquaintance formed on board the steamer during the outward bound voyage had anything to do with my sudden resolution to stop ashore for a while, because if I did I would be treading on the premises of writers of fiction.

We set sail from San Francisco on Tuesday, the 11th of August, 1891, at 4 P. M.

Shortly before we cast off our lines from the Mail dock, Mr. Arthur Verdante, a well-known and popular official of the company's service, came aboard, accompanied by Mrs. Verdante, his wife, and Miss Lillian, their only daughter. Mr. Verdante introduced me to the ladies and informed me that they were going out to Japan on a pleasure trip and he hoped that the officers of the ship would make their journey as pleasant as possible.

Mr. Verdante said something about someone else who was to accompany Mrs. and Miss Verdante on the voyage, but before the conversation concluded the quartermaster passed the word around for the officers to repair to their respective stations for leaving port, and I did not have time to wait for an introduction just then. I had to take my station on the bridge with the captain and the pilot. After the usual excitement attending the departure of an ocean steamer, we backed away from the wharf, steamed on down the bay and out to sea.

When Mr. William Wright, the second officer, relieved me from duty at eight o'clock,—at which time we were passing Farallone Island Light,—I walked aft on the quarter-deck to see how the ladies were getting along. Mrs. Verdante had retired to her cabin to remain until she got accustomed to the motion of the ship, but Miss Lillian was on deck, and she introduced me to her friend, Miss Breuvage, and after explaining that she was her dearest friend, Miss Verdante ran down below to look after her seasick mother, like the sweet, dutiful daughter that she was, leaving her friend on deck with me.

Miss Breuvage proceeded to tell me that she and Miss Verdante had just graduated from Mills' Seminary, Oakland. She said little else about herself, except that her parents, who did not wish to take the sea voyage themselves, had, after a good deal of persuasion from Miss

Verdante, consented to allow her to accompany the latter, in charge of her mother. Nothing more was said about her parents or family, and I never asked her any questions. I did not have to be told anything about Miss Jennie's people, for I could see for myself that she possessed that genuine, unmistakable refinement which is a natural inheritance from a good mother; and at the same time she displayed unquestionable signs of practical ideas and solid common sense, which must have been inherited from a thoroughly practical father. All of those natural qualities had been well preserved and cultivated, and I should like to say that a seminary which turns out such splendid types of polished womanhood as Miss Breuvage and Miss Verdante, must be conducted on lines which should commend the institution to any mother or father who might desire to give a daughter a course of training that would fit her for *woman's proper sphere in life.*

I have not the honor of a personal acquaintance with the professors of Mills' Seminary; but if they can stand a compliment in plain, common-sense English, I should take pleasure in saying that they know their business or profession as teachers—that is, if Misses Breuvage and Verdante and a few dozen more of their graduates whom I have met are fair samples of what they do for their pupils over there.

Although favored with beautiful weather and a smooth sea during the outward voyage, we had to contend with the disadvantages of a partially crippled engine, which could not be induced to go any faster than 260 miles a day, when we should have been making over 300. However, since it was through no fault of mine, and since the Pacific Mail did not sustain any loss, I cannot say that I regretted the loss of time of two days that we experienced between San Francisco and Honolulu.

We came to anchor outside the Reefs at Honolulu, at 6.17 P. M., on Monday, the 19th.

The next morning I went ashore with the ladies to escort them round Honolulu. They had several schoolmates and friends residing there, and they also had letters of introduction to some of my Honolulu acquaintances, among whom were the Damons. Honolulu is a nice, sociable city, and its leading citizens are very hospitable, and not over particular about limiting their friends to society calling hours, especially passing friends who have only a few hours in port, while the steamer remains.

The Damons, who are among the wealthiest Americans on the islands, thought nothing of our calling on them at 7:30 A. M.

The ladies were on a pleasure trip, and as curios are always in order, I thought it would be a pity to pass Honolulu without treating them to the sight of a missionary financier. So I took them up to see Mr. S. M. Damon.

This "holy" missionary is a son of an old Down East missionary who was sent to Honolulu during the reign of King Kamehemeha I., so I have been informed.

The elder Damon was given some land by the king in exchange for a little missionarianity. His son Sammy, the subject of this sketch, early developed financial traits of an uncommon order. He induced his father to advance him some funds (I didn't say church funds) to invest in a private scheme which he had in his head. With these funds he sent to the United States and purchased large quantities of ten cent silver pieces, which he exchanged for the large coins already in circulation in Honolulu, at the rate of eight dimes for a dollar. Subsequently he became interested in the millinery busi-

ness, and induced the old man to tell the native women, from the pulpit, that their entrance into heaven would be greatly facilitated if they would buy new hats, such as were worn by the holy missionary ladies. The advice had the desired effect, and the *Kanaka* women rushed to the millinery store, where the bright young financier sold them all the hats that they needed, receiving their dimes in payment for the same at the par value of ten to the dollar, explaining that this was necessary in order to get the small change into circulation again. And the "heathen" women went their way, rejoicing and giving thanks to the god of hypocrisy for having created missionaries like unto the Damons.

Mr. Damon showed us all the attention that a person could reasonably expect from a financier. He even went to the livery stable and instructed the proprietor to give us the best team in Honolulu—on percentage. We drove all over the city, and afterward tried to drive up to the summit of Punch-bowl Hill, and, taking the wrong road, we drove and drove, up and up Nuuanna Valley until we came to a standstill in the middle of a big sugar farm, where the road was so narrow that we had to get out of the rockaway, unhitch the horses and turn the vehicle around by hand. After this experience we returned to town and drove out King's Street to *Waikiki*, and *Sans Souci*, and then over to Dr. Trousseau's ostrich farm. By this time it was getting late in the afternoon, so we took the team back to the stable, and returned to the steamer on Jerry Simonson's steam lighter, the same little craft, with her smokestack in one quarter, that we went ashore on.

About 4 P. M. we got under way and proceeded on our course for Yokohama, arriving there on Thursday, the 3d of September.

The ladies disembarked at Yokohama, and we proceeded on to Hong Kong and arrived at that port on the 10th.

When we called at Yokohama on our return voyage, on the 22d of September, I found my lady friends safely domiciled at a private boarding house at No. 2 Bluff. They had visted Tokio, Kamakura, and the great statue of Diabutsu, and had returned to Yokohama just the day before our arrival. They expressed themselves highly pleased with Japan. They were there to see the country and, acting on the advice of their friends, they were keeping clear of the local society of Europeans mentioned in Chapter IX.

They came aboard the steamer the following morning, and remained nearly all day, and took lunch, or *tiffen*, as it is called out there, on board. In the evening I went ashore and called upon them to say "good-by." We were scheduled to sail the next morning at daylight, and they were coming back on the *City of Rio de Janeiro*, which vessel was due to sail from there about the 17th of the following month.

At daybreak in the morning of September 25 we were under way, and in the course of four or five hours we rounded Cape King and took the usual Great Circle course for San Francisco, arriving here on the 10th of October.

On the following night after our arrival, San Francisco was visited by the heaviest earthquake that had been felt in the city in twenty years. I was sitting in my room, No. 814 Palace Hotel, writing a letter when the shock came. At first there was a rumbling sound, similar to the passing of a heavy freight train; then the great hotel began to tremble from cellar to garret; windows rattled, beams creaked and groaned, doors opened and banged to

again, tables and chairs shifted their positions, and in a minute this enormous caravansary was in an uproar. As I left my room and started for the elevator I saw men, women, and children rushing wildly out of their rooms, trying to escape from what appeared to be a doomed house. A big fat lady occupying the adjoining room, No. 815, rushed out of her door and seized me like a drowning person, and would not let me go until the building quit shaking. I called her attention to the fact that she had forgotten to complete her toilet before leaving her room, then she quit screaming, turned me loose, and vanished into her own room, and I saw nothing more of her. It was about half past ten when the shock came. The hotel was full of Eastern tourists, most of whom had retired for the night. There were curious stories in circulation the next morning about Eastern rural gentlemen who grabbed their gripsacks, rushed out on Market Street and refused to enter the house again until breakfast. Such tales as those are highly amusing after the danger is passed, but we seldom see anything funny in each other's terror-stricken escapades at the time that they happen, because we are all of us susceptible to a strange antipathy for the quaking of Mother Earth.

Monday, October 19, 1891, I made application to Mr. Alexander Center, General Agent of the Pacific Mail, for a two months' leave of absence.

Tuesday, the 20th, application granted. Mr. Paulsen, formerly second officer of the steamer *Acapulco*, relieved me on the *City of Peking*.

Wednesday, 21st, the *Peking* sailed on her regular schedule time.

On Thursday and Friday, the 22d and 23d, I passed my examination before the United States Board of Inspectors and received my certificate for mate of ocean

steamers, and license to sail as first officer on Pacific Ocean lines.

Wednesday, October 28, 1891. About half past four o'clock this morning Mr. Cheo. M. Tarceau, who occupies the suite of rooms, Nos. 816 and 817, right next door to mine, in the Palace Hotel, returned from the "tug-of-war" in an unsettled condition, and, after banging and kicking on doors until he woke up all the occupants in the adjoining rooms, he got into his wife's room, and proceeded to explain to his spouse something which had evidently displeased him before he went out. Judging from the noise that followed, his wife's room must have presented a beautiful scene. It was none of my affairs, so I did not presume to interfere with them. I opened my door and looked out just in time to catch a glimpse of a fleeing female figure in white as it escaped from the room of the courteous "tintographer," and disappeared down the hallway. It was Mrs. Tarceau, formerly Mrs. Phrisk of Fresno. She had only been married to the "fort-hog-rapher" a very short while.

Very soon the night watchman of the hotel appeared on the scene, accompanied by several of the colored employees, and they managed to secure the enraged Frenchman; but not until he had avenged himself by smashing everything of a perishable nature in his rooms, including all of his wife's dainty *bric-a-brac*, looking-glasses, whatnot, etc., and upsetting a chiffoniere. I understand that the watchman had to resort to the use of some stout twine or a trunk lashing, and bind the unhappy colonel hand and foot, in order to quiet him down. Everybody in the house knew all about it by breakfast time, and I was kept busy all the forenoon answering questions in an evasive manner. It was talked around that I occupied the next room to the scene of the disturbance, and, in

self-defense, I was obliged to answer all inquiries with the statement that I thought it was another earthquake.

When I went out to Mrs. Kixler's charity musicale this evening I was plied with questions enough by the guests there assembled to fill a chapter. Dr. William J. Younger, the swell society dentist, who charges twenty dollars an hour for extracting, manufacturing, and filling society teeth, was the first gentleman to start the report that "the young man who lived in the adjoining room to the Tarceaus was in the house."

After that I did nothing but listen to questions and repeat my stereotyped answer to all.

I have nothing against Mr. Tarceau, and I did not care to tell what I had just entered in my diary. He occupies a position as colonel on Governor Harkham's staff, and all the other colonels who were assembled at the Kixler charity affair, including Dr. Younger and the "fruit-pickers," were talking about asking him to resign.

CHAPTER XXV.

Friday, October 30, 1891. Left San Francisco at 7 P. M. on the east-bound overland, *via* Ogden, for a trip through the North, East, and South.

Saturday, 31st. The section opposite to mine in the Pullman car was occupied last night by a lady and two small children, one of which would neither go to sleep nor let anybody else in the car sleep. It insisted on keeping up a continuous bawling all night, until we reached Reno, where the noisy brat and the rest of its family got off.

Sunday, November 1. Arrived at Ogden, Utah, at 8.30 A. M. Changed cars for Salt Lake City, and arrived at the great Mormon metropolis at 10.30. Attended services in the famous Mormon Tabernacle, and visited Camp Douglas this afternoon. Am stopping at the Knutsford Hotel. Salt Lake City is an enterprising place. While I am opposed to the Mormon so-called religion, which allows men to have as many wives as they can get, I am obliged to admit that this barbarous social custom seems to have had but little effect on the advancement of other branches of what is called modern civilization. For instance, they have their politicians, political bosses, hoodlums, "toughs," and street-corner orators. They have their "tenderloin" district (all over the city). The saloons and disorderly houses that have no faro den attachments advertised in the official guide lose their social prestige.

But are there not plenty of men in other cities who are not satisfied with one wife? (I don't mean Meldas,

Quack-Nut, Toad, Fair, Flood, Huntington, Crocker, or Vanderbilt.) A beautifully laid out city, nice clean streets, and good hotel accommodations may be mentioned among Salt Lake City's attractions. The city has as good a system of street railways as I have ever seen, outside of San Francisco. It has various places of amusement, beside the regular disorderly resorts, including Garfield Beach, the "fashionable" summer resort and watering-place on the Great Salt Lake.

Monday, November 2. On board Rio Grande Western Mail and Express. Sorry I could not remain longer in Salt Lake, but I must be getting on East. Left Salt Lake at 10 o'clock this morning.

Tuesday, 3d. Passed through the famous Royal Gorge this morning. The scenery through the Rocky Mountains, for barren grandeur, positively defies a pen description that would do it justice. It must be seen to be appreciated. Many years ago, when the railroad was being built through here, a great battle was fought between the forces of the Denver and Rio Grande and the Sante Fe Railroad Companies for the possession of the Royal Gorge. Each company claimed the right of way. The discussion ended in a pitched battle between several thousand railroad laborers on each side, fully equipped for fighting the Indians. This engagement resulted in the loss of hundreds of lives, and a decisive victory for the Denver and Rio Grande. The army of the Santa Fe was outgeneraled, routed, and completely overthrown, after which the victorious Denver and Rio Grandes completed their road, which forms a part of the Burlington system which Tom McKay of Jefferson County, Miss., represents at San Francisco.*

* Mr. McKay is at Yokohama at the present time (June, 1895), representing the Pacific Mail passenger department.

Arrived at Denver at 6.30 P. M., and left two hours later.

Wednesday, 4th. There is a little fifteen-year-old girl in the same Pullman car. She got on the train at Denver last night. She appears to be very much depressed over something. She refuses to eat anything; has not taken a mouthful of anything since she left Denver. Says the motion of the train makes her sick. She seemed very lonely and low-spirited when I spoke to her this forenoon, and she appeared to be afraid of everyone.

I gave her a copy of the *Wasp* to read, and Mr. Tom Flynn's funny jokes and San Francisco society cartoons very soon put her in a talkative humor, and she told me her little story. Her name is Josie Gerahty, and she came from Leadville, Col. Her father and mother were engaged in mining. She has an aunt living in New York, who had sent out to Leadville for here to come on to New York to live with her and go to school. Her aunt had sent her a first-class ticket, and she had started from home with funds enough to defray all of her incidental expenses, including meals and Pullman fare. She had arrived in Denver in the morning, and, while waiting for the 8.30 P. M. train, she walked uptown, where some thieving villain picked her pocket of every cent that she had. Fortunately the thief did not get her ticket, so she thought she was all right after all. She seemed to have overlooked the fact that it took several days to go to New York, for she would not allow anyone to pay for her meals.

When we stopped at Omaha, Neb., this afternoon, Miss Cora Sears of Chicago, a relative of Lieutenant Sears of the navy, got on the train, and I called her attention to the penniless, but high-spirited, little traveler. Miss Sears tried to induce her to dine with us, but it was no use.

Thursday, November 5. Arrived in Chicago at 9.30 A. M. Shortly before the Burlington train pulled into the Union Depot Miss Sears, Mr. Stein, of the clothing firm of Ederheimer, Stein & Co., and the author, made up a small purse and offered it to little Josie, but it was a long time before Miss Sears could induce her to accept it, even as a loan until she reached New York. Finally we took her to the Erie Depot, got her a section in a Pullman car, "tipped" the porter, and saw her off on her journey, after having telegraphed to her aunt, Miss Josie Cullen, 156 East 115th Street, New York, to meet her niece at the Jersey City ferry.

Friday, 6th. I am stopping at the Grand Pacific Hotel while in Chicago. Have visited Jackson Park, the World's Fair site, and other places of interest in the great city by the lake. This is my first visit to Chicago. If an individual opinion, founded on a two days' ramble through the business part of the city, amounts to anything, New York has a very dangerous rival here for first place in the list of large cities.

Some of the buildings have a grander and more imposing appearance on the outside than any of New York's mammoth structures. The bustle and flurry of the multitudes indicate that Chicago is determined to keep pace with the times.

Saturday, 7th. Left Chicago at 2 P. M., on the Illinois Central Fast Mail for the South.

Sunday, 8th. Arrived in Jackson, Miss., at 1.30 P. M. I was robbed while asleep on the train last night. I was the only passenger in the Pullman car *Feronia*, except two others in the stateroom. When I went to bed the conductor, the negro porter, and the *buffet* man were "shooting craps." When I woke up this morning and missed forty dollars in gold that I had in my pocket, I

came to the conclusion that some one of the crap shooters must have played in hard luck and replenished his funds from my pocket.

Will have to wait here until 6.30 to-morrow morning for the "Little Jay" train. Am stopping at the Lawrence House. I hope the people of Jackson will wake up soon and build a decent first-class hotel for their visitors. This old, dilapidated, rattle-trap hotel is not fit for negro ex-slaves to stop in. The fare is actually worse than that of a San Francisco fifteen cent Third Street or East Street hash house. The hotel people conduct it on a starvation basis, and charge their guests two dollars a day for letting them go hungry, while the fleas and mosquitoes relieve them of any surplus blood that they may have. I should like to caution my friends and the public at large to steer well clear of the Lawrence House poker sharps. These rowdies are not Mississippians. They belong to the carpet-bag element which invaded the South from the tenderloin districts of Cincinnati, New York, Boston, and other large cities, after the close of the War of Secession. They are a curse to the South. They never were decent citizens of any place. About a dozen of those who make their headquarters around the Lawrence House—when they are not in jail—form a combination that rivals the Sutter Street fruit-pickers of San Francisco, and the Thorne-Conan-Williams "compound" of bunko steerers of Yohohama.

But let me say once for all, that vultures like those are not allowed to enter society in the South under any pretext whatever.

Southern society draws the line on gamblers, bunko steerers, wine peddlers, bar-keepers, sure-tip horse-racers, quacks, shysters, political bosses, street-corner orators, fakirs, parvenus, disreputable women, and all other

malodorous pests, just the same as it does the color line.

The war deprived the better elements of Southern society of their wealth and, in many instances, their homes. Grant, with his overwhelming numbers, laid waste the beautiful Valley of the Mississippi, and his soldiers plundered the vanquished citizens of all their possessions. But all the Grants, Shermans, and Farraguts, with all the powerful armies and navies and foraging parties of foreigners that they could command, could never deprive the Southern lady or gentleman of her or his natural inheritance of courtesy and hospitality. Grant recognized this fact, and he acknowledged it on many occasions, including the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. He thereby gained the respect and esteem of those whom he had conquered by means of superior numbers of imported thirteen-dollars-per-month "patriots."

The most unfortunate mistake ever made by the South was the hauling down of its own flag.

The Stars and Stripes belonged to no one if not to the Mother State, and all the other States had equal rights under it. The flag had been handed down to us by our forefathers, with their blessing. It was ours by legitimate inheritance, and under its immortal colors we should have lived or died.

The cause of the South was right. Had it been maintained under our old banner it would have lived, and those who went to war would have lived. The slavery question would have been compromised when the time came, and the negroes would have been sent out of the country instead of being turned loose to relapse into barbarism and thereby force the citizens to establish the lynch code.

From the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico, and

from the Altantic to the Pacific, we have had our lesson written in blood. And all on account of what? A political discussion involving the question as to whether the citizens of several States, including Virginia, the grand old mother State that gave us George Washington, had a right to the possession of several million head of live stock which they had acquired. This live stock had been acquired by the citizens in the same way that all other live stock was, and still is acquired: The citizens had purchased it and bred it.

Although the war resulted in setting this live stock free, it would be as absurd to think that the young men of the North fought with that object in view, as would it be to imagine *now* that the negro race was ever created to be anything higher than a race of servants.

The native born young men of the North who went to the front say they fought for the preservation of the flag. They deny the charge of having fought to place the African on an equality with themselves.

President Lincoln, yielding to what he believed to be the demands of true "Christianity," and unable to see the ultimate disastrous result that his act was bound to bring upon the slaves that he thought to elevate, issued a proclamation declaring the slaves "free." His advisers went a step further beyond civilized comprehension in essaying to place them on a social equality with Americans.

After thirty years of toleration of the fanatical idea that the negroes are eligible to the society of white people, all civilized America now declares that the freed live stock will never become desirable citizens of any place except Africa, while God controls the universe.

Let those who have not yet learned this lesson lose no more time in that direction. It is as plain as A B C; and what is the use of anyone—except the up-to-date

THE FANATICAL EXPERIMENT WITH AMERICAN LIBERTY.

"Equal rights to all two-legged animals, including one breed which does not even resemble man in color."—*Parvenu Patriotic Methodism, 1861—1865.*

politician, the acknowledged curse to America—attempting to deny the truth.

The War is a thing of the past. A mere matter of history with the present generation. Grand Army veterans (the real ones) and Confederate colonels alike are being gathered in by old Father Time, and it is only a question of a few years when the last one of those brave old warriors will have disappeared from the face of the earth forever. They will bequeath to us the result of their experiences, for which the chronic bounty jumpers and pension pickers claim all the honors and get most of the money.

We of the rising generation throughout the country know from history how the *bona fide* soldiers gained their experiences. Therefore, let us not discuss the old battles any more, unless we can do so from a common-sense point of view, and without any excitement. Let us profit by the experiences of our unfortunate ancestors, and improve our American society under the good old reliable flag which has been handed down to us.

Drop the malignant epithets, "Yankee" and "Rebel." Those terms were invented by fanatics and foreigners to aggravate our interstate quarrel.

"Yankee Doodle" and "Marching Through Georgia" are two airs that should be suppressed. They are "played out."

There are no Rebels or Yankees, or any such persons in America, except perhaps a few thousand feeble-minded officer-seekers who are not above agitating an unfortunate question, in the wrong spirit, if they think they can, by such ignoble means, secure a few anarchistic constituents. The average pension picker is more of a rebel than the ex-Confederate veteran ever was.

The Confederate fought for his home, while many of the pensioners never fought at all.

To preserve peace, I would suggest to all good citizens to let the "Star Spangled Banner" be played in waltz and polka time (two, three, and five step, if desired) that we may all of us—Greenway included, this time—dance to its strains. Anything that is legitimate, to preserve national peace and union. But do not forget to keep the color line well defined, North, South, East, West, and all over the country.

It is better to stick to your own color, if you care anything for your social standing. Mulattoes are not considered eligible to membership in polite social organizations in any part of the United States or Canada; and I am very well assured that no lady or gentleman would care to be the mother or father of a child that would have to be branded as an ineligible.

Since the passage of the law—long may it live—prohibiting marriage between blacks and whites, the presence of a mulatto at a cotillion would be liable to give rise to more or less suspicion, in addition to the rank negro odor.

Not that the average mulatto is really any less properly behaved than certain members of Parvenucracy. Possibly he may be more polite, more courteous, in the deceptive outward appearance, and all that, but even then he had been better not begotten at all, because people *will* say ugly things.

Apropos of the effect that the War of 1861–65 had on American society, the idea that it will be fought over again some day on similar lines is too absurd to be worthy of ridicule. However, it is not hard to understand that persons who lost their friends and property through the struggle can retain sectional feelings and considerable bitterness and still be sane. But when it comes to fighting it over again, that is another proposition entirely.

THE AMERICAN DECISION AFTER THIRTY YEARS OF TOLERATION.

"In order to avoid another civil war it will be necessary to ship a few millions of niggers back to where the New England blackbirders brought them from."—*Uncle Sam's Common Sense View, 1895.*

That any American citizen outside of the Methodist Church or an insane asylum dreams that civilized America will ever again listen to fanaticism, and allow it to uproot society in this country with another interstate war, I doubt.

But, on the other hand, that American society will free itself some day from this slothful, personized Satanophany, this personified black plague, which Harriet Beecher Stowe and other fanatics induced President Lincoln to liberate in our midst, I doubt not.

When this inevitable reform movement begins, we can say that a step in the right direction has been taken.

The only way to get rid of an evil is by removing its foundation.

There is plenty of room in Africa for the black race.

I mention this fact for the good of society, and nothing else.

Who doubts my sincerity in this particular may call on me or write to me, and I will produce my authority for saying that it is a common thing throughout the Southern part of our country to see from one to an unlimited number of unmarried negresses, in almost every village, town, or settlement, raising up illegitimate offspring just like cattle.

Just fancy from one to three females, with from one to three whelps each,—I refuse to say children,—all living in one house with some aged negress whom they call "Granny," and not a sign of a husband, nor even so much as a contract marriage certificate, in the entire kennel. The whelpage comprising all the different shades between the greasy, shiny African black, and sunburned, malarial white, peculiar to the semi-acclimated carpet-bagger.

"God's children" (?).* BAH!

Here religion is dragged into the lowest depths and "free dumps" of degradation and hideous mockery. Fancy a negro "preacher," the father of a dozen or more of illegitimate whelps, getting up and declaring that the Lord has come down from heaven and commanded him personally to preach the gospel. His hearers listen to him with about the same degree of attention as that which is usually bestowed by a herd of cattle upon a new bellowing, fighting bullock.

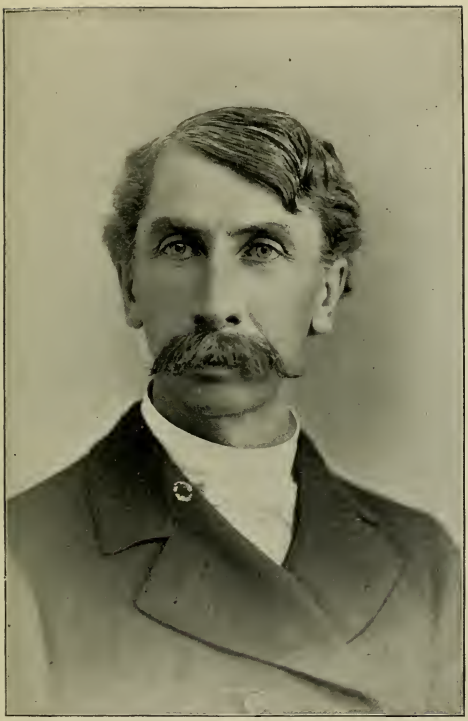
At the conclusion of the "sermon"—which is usually at night—the "brethren" and "sisters" proceed to ransack all the barnyards, hen roosts, and watermelon and potato patches in the vicinity.

And all this, bear in mind, gentle reader, having developed itself since the Lincoln Emancipation Proclamation. When they were slaves they were certainly as well housed and fed, by their owners, as is your horse. Such debauchery as exists among them now never could have developed when they were slaves, except in the fanatical mind of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," for then they had to work. Now that they are "freed" they interpret freedom to mean license to steal from white people—their former lawful owners. The bucks think they have a license to assault and butcher every white woman and child that they can catch unprotected.

How many of those fanatics who ask you and me to admit the negro into our homes on a basis of "social equality" would like to have negro husbands or sons-in-law?

That some Methodists may be found who could

* God never begot but one Son on this planet. That Son founded The Church, but there were no negroes among his Apostles, nor is there any evidence to prove that He ever regarded the negro as a human.



A TYPE OF THE PULPIT POLITICIAN.

Methodist Preacher I. J. Lansing, who, in order to get his name in the papers, slandered the President of the United States.

stomach the African odor, I doubt not. My observations of curious forms of unnatural depravity have been extensive, and it takes a good deal to astonish me.

Talk about Fred Douglass and his great political "pull"! Bah! The mere presence in the political field of an ordinary man born out of wedlock ought to be sufficient to disgust a decent person with "modern politics."

What of it if Douglass did have ability to talk? Was he the only eligible person in New York?

Because he posed as the illegitimate evolution of a she slave who formed an *intrigue* with some depraved white wretch; because he inherited brain from his mother's self-degraded paramour, and used it to a good advantage to himself, among certain members of the white race who possessed less common sense than he, is that any reason why he should have been given a position in the diplomatic corps, and afterward "canonized"?

That many of the world's smart talkers, stubborn fighters, and perfidious rulers were born out of wedlock is true. That some of them accomplished historical feats and extraordinary objects, no less so.

William the Conqueror was the illegitimate son, as every schoolboy ought to know, of a wild Norman prince, of the Collonna or Poniatowski class, very likely. His mother was a poor peasant girl.

William conquered Britain, and then instituted the Feudal System, which gave to the landlords, like Huntington, Sage, Gould, Vanderbilt, and Crocker, the "honeymoon" privileges with all the brides among their tenants, employees, and hired help.

But I fail to see that that is any reason why Douglass should not be the patron saint of the Parvenucracy. Canonize him. Put him up as a mulatto Jesus, and pray

to him, you idiotic dudes and dudines ; build statues of him to show that you consider marriage unnecessary and the present marriage law a failure. Let the vulgar "new woman" mount her "wheel" and make pilgrimages to "Saint Douglass'" tomb, to show that she approves of the manner in which he was begotten.

Brazilla, Miss., November 9, 1891. I left Jackson on the 6.30 train this morning, and reached Fayette about ten o'clock. Lunched at Mrs. Guilminot's, attended to some little business matters, and started up the road for Tillman on the afternoon train.

While changing cars at Harriston I saw my uncle, Mr. Calvin Chambliss, and his son-in-law, Mr. Willie C. Starnes, standing in the depot. Of course they did not recognize me until I told them who I was, for I had not seen them in over ten years. I had only a few moments at my disposal at Harriston before the train pulled out, but in that time Uncle Calvin and Will took me over to their house, a short distance away, to meet a houseful of my cousins, whom I had never seen. Those were Cousin Drucilla (Mrs. Starnes), Miss Drucy Starnes, Miss Callie Starnes, Willie C. Starnes, Jr., and Lillie, the "baby." While I was being interviewed by this happy family Uncle Calvin decided to go up the road with me. Promising my pretty cousins to come back to see them soon, I left in company with my uncle and arrived at Tillman Station at about sunset.

My brother, Quitman, having heard, by some means or other, that I was coming, was at the depot in his buggy to meet me. The distance from Tillman up to Brazilla, my mother's old cotton plantation, is only two miles ; just a nice walk for an appetizer. So we put Uncle Calvin into the buggy, and Quitman and I walked on up.

During this half hour's walk "Buddy" gave me an

outline of what had happened since I left home. When we reached the house mother was standing in the door waiting for us. How natural she looked, in her black dress, with her almost snow-white hair, dressed in the old time Southern fashion. The same sweet mother that she always was. It was just before nightfall, and the sight of my mother standing there, holding a little child by the hand, reminded me of the days when I could not get along without her. The pretty little tot is mother's favorite grandchild, brother Quitman's daughter, and my niece. Her name is Miss Nellie, but, on account of her clear complexion and angelic appearance, mother calls her "the doll baby."

There are other nieces and nephews besides little Nellie—both of my brothers, Alex and Quitman, and also my only sister, Elizabeth, are married. They were all single when I left this dear old home in 1883, but many changes have taken place during the eight years that I have been away. Six or seven years ago Quitman, the eldest son, led off in the matrimonial line by marrying Miss Leanora Sharbrough, a daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Sharbrough, whose name is as well-known in Mississippi as the name of the State capital. His son, the Rev. Maloki Sharbrough, is now the presiding elder of some church in Ukiah, Cal. Sister Elizabeth soon followed suit by marrying Mr. Frank W. Sharbrough of Campbellsville, a brother of Leanora. There are two or three in that branch of the family who call me Uncle Will. One of those is a namesake, William Chambliss Sharbrough. Brother Alex fell in line only a short time ago. So now mother says that I am the only single one left. She says she has seen stories in the papers and heard rumors to the effect that I am not liable to remain single very much longer,

but I tell her that I am not well enough established in business to settle down yet awhile. And besides this, I am young enough to stand a few years more of "single blessedness," and in the meantime I can gather a little more experience with the world.

At home, Tuesday, November 10. I had a curious dream last night, or rather this morning before I woke up. I dreamed that I was transformed into a two-year old boy again, and that mother was teaching me to talk. Everything about the old home was exactly as I remembered it twenty-two years ago. The ten-acre grove of old oaks, tall hickories, picans, black gums, pines, elms, beeches, and the cedars, live oaks, and other evergreens were all white with snow. Out around the barn the cows were lowing, the horses neighing, and the hens cackling; and away off in the fields I could hear the old hounds barking, as if chasing a rabbit or a fox, with some healthy voices of hunters following them. To all this pleasant mixture of old familiar sounds the robins and wax-wings in the trees around the house added their early morning chirps, while they were having a fine breakfast of frozen chinaberries and huckleberries.

"Missus say get up for breakfast," said a healthy, clear voice, with a strong colored accent. I woke up to find that "General," the colored boy, had made up a fire in my room before calling me. (Colored society is peculiarly adapted to fill some positions about the house.) He had placed my clothes and shoes before the fire to warm, so that they would not freeze me when I jumped into them. He had warm water and everything all ready for me, for it had turned very cold during the night. Everything was exactly as I had dreamed it, except myself.

All the different sounds that I had heard were realities.

It was just about sunrise, and everybody and everything about the old farm were wide awake, except me. The voice that I heard in the next room, teaching the child to talk, was mother's voice all right enough, but the child was her little granddaughter, Nellie, who was just learning to say "grandma."

After breakfast I put on my rubbers and took a stroll around the place with my two brothers.

It was snowing just a little. Everything around the old house looked as natural as it did when I was a small boy. The barn, the stables, the cotton-houses, the corn-houses, the garden, the orchard, and in fact the whole place seems so familiar that it would not require much stretching of imagination to fancy that I have only been away a few weeks, when, in reality, I have been away eight long years.

Wednesday, November 11. Had several invitations from old friends for the evening. Dined with Senator John McC. Martin at his beautiful home in Port Gibson. Met a great many old friends, including the Mason brothers, Captain Arch Jones, Charlie Wheelis, Hon. Evon M. Barber, Dr. John W. Barber, Dr. W. D. Redus, Mr. Wm. St. John Parker, Mr. J. W. Person, Mr. Austin Wharton, Messrs. John and Charles Gordon, Messrs. Bryon and Charles Levy, the Bernheimer brothers, Tommy Nesmith, Mr. J. H. Danjean, Mr. Kaufman, and others; spent the evening with Mr. William Morris and family in Port Gibson. Mr. Morris has several charming daughters, some of whom have grown up and come out since I left home. Am the guest of my cousins, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Hastings, while in town.

Thursday, November 12. Received an invitation from Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Davenport; called and spent the day

and dined with them. Miss Kate is just as pretty and a little more charming than she ever was. Miss Ruth, the eldest daughter, is to be married soon, and Miss Lou, the youngest, is also engaged, but Miss Kate says that she intends remaining single for a while.

Friday, 13th. Attended a charity entertainment in Port Gibson, with my cousin, Miss Hastings. Met representatives there of nearly all the old families of this section.

Sunday, 15th. My twenty-sixth birthday. Will remember the occasion for the rest of my life. My mother had the whole family here to dinner, except sister, who missed her train.

The dinner itself was one of those Southern home dinners, which must be partaken of before any description that I could give would convey any reasonable idea of what one is like. This one in particular was served in the old home where I was born and raised.

Mother sat at the head of the very same old walnut table that had been used in the family since she and father commenced housekeeping. The rest of us were given the same places that we were accustomed to occupy after we got big enough to sit at the table with company, with the exception that my father's chair, vacant since December 31, 1879, was occupied by Quitman.

Sunday, 22d. Went to Cousin Mattie Wilkinson's birthday dinner party at the Old Chambliss Castle, as the house is called on account of its ancient style of architecture. This is the home of my grandfather, erected over one hundred ago. Providence is the name of the plantation, and it is just a mile from Tillman Station. If the reader should ever happen to pass that way, and should like to have a look at an original Southern home, I am quite sure that my cousins, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Wilkin-

son, and their boys, John, Robert, Sam, and Len, would be pleased to show him the old castle. Cousin Mattie's guests were the Misses Andrews of Flower Hill; Miss Kate Futch of Raymond; Miss Rollins, Mr. Tommy Rowan, her three big brothers, Mr. Sam Price, and several others.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Harriston, Miss., Monday, November 23, 1891. Went to Fayette with my mother to call upon Captain J. J. Whitney and other relatives. We had a smash-up on the way down from Tillman and narrowly escaped death. The smoking car jumped off the track near Red Lick, and nearly threw the rest of the train down from a high embankment. All the passengers had to get into the baggage car and on the tender, and go on to Harriston in that way. Among the passengers on the train were Miss Mary Calhoun and Mr. Bat. Wade. This reminds me of the time when this railroad was being built, and of the rides that I frequently took with other small boys on the construction train and on the hand cars with the section hands. The existence of the road from Natchez to Jackson is due to the perseverance and untiring energy of General William T. Martin of Natchez, aided by a few friends. It was completed about ten years ago. When I left here the town of Harriston was not thought of. It is the junction of the Yazoo and Mississippi Valley road and General Martin's Natchez and Jackson narrow gauge, about two miles from Fayette. Among Harriston's prominent citizens are H. M. Quin, T. M. Carter, Dr. Campbell, W. G. and S. D. McNair, James M. Lowe, and others.

Mother and I remained in Fayette all day. I had the the pleasure of meeting many old friends in the quiet little county seat of Jefferson County. Among those were Captain Whitney, unquestionably one of the ablest

lawyers in the State; Doctors Truly and Caradine, Mr. Campbell, Mr. F. H. Culley, Mrs. Guilminot, and several others. Mrs. Guilminot has a very charming daughter, Miss Nona Guilminot. She promises to become the belle of Fayette.

Tuesday, 24th. Mrs. F. W. Sharbrough, my sister, arrived here this morning from Campbellsville, *via* Vicksburg, on her way up to Brazilla to visit mother. She has little William, the namesake, with her.

Wednesday, 25th. Went to Port Gibson to visit our cousins, the Hastings'.

Thursday, 26th. Attended the Thanksgiving services and dinner in Port Gibson, and returned home with Quitman in the afternoon. Got caught in a terrific rain storm near Tillman, and reached home thoroughly drenched. We were nearly killed by lightning during the storm. A large oak within fifty feet of the buggy was knocked into splinters right ahead of us. Those Mississippi thunder and lightning storms and cyclones are dangerous things. I have a distinct recollection of the manner in which they used to stir things up when I lived here many years ago.

Saturday, 28th. Went hunting with Cousin Tommy Rowan. Between us we bagged sixteen squirrels and a number of birds, principally yellow hammers and sap sucks.

Monday, 30th. Dined with Mrs. Elizabeth Montgomery, and her father, Colonel Pattison.

Mrs. Montgomery is the lady to whom I am indebted for some of my earliest lessons in reading, writing, geography and the other ordinary branches. I attended her school at her home, Bannockburn Plantation, for several years when I was a small boy; and I considered it an honor to be entertained by my first teacher, and talk over the days when I used to compete for the head of the class —but seldom got there—with Cousin Charlie B. Darden,

Misses Cora and Clara Nesmith, Robert Mosley, Otis Benbrook, Early, and Tommy Nesmith, and several others.

Miss Clara and I generally managed to hold our places at the other end of the class, while Charlie and Miss Cora carried off all the medals and other prizes. I always had an idea that Charlie and Miss Cora would make a match, but Walter Wade came along and captured his prize, and Charlie is still single. I am told, however, that he goes down to Flower Hill quite often, "to see Dr. Davenport."

One of the doctor's pretty daughters is the attraction, I think.

St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, December 4, 1891. Arrived here at 10 o'clock this morning. Came *via* Jackson and the Illinois Central Railroad. My visit to Mississippi has affected me in a manner that is not easily described. I was charmed beyond my fullest expectations to get back amid the scenes of my youth, but I thought that I had been roaming around the world on sea and land enough to get rid of every symptom of homesickness. I am now beginning to think that those renewals of old friendships and acquaintances, those family gatherings at the old home, those meetings with relatives, some of whom are beautiful young ladies who have grown up from mere children, and made their *débuts* in the last eight or ten years, were more than I was prepared for. When I left San Francisco five weeks ago, it was with an intention to pay a visit to mother and my relations, and then return to the service of the Pacific Mail.* With that object in view I passed my examination and got my certificate for first officer.

* This was long before Collis P. Huntington, the giant octopus, got to be president of the Mail Company. Mr. George Gould was president then, and he treated the officers like human beings at least.

Now that I am going back to San Francisco I have not the least desire to return to duty on board ship again.

I have heard the assertion all my life, that a man who has sailed on salt water for a few years cannot content himself at any occupation on shore.

Now, that is utter nonsense—all bosh, to use the proper term for such ridiculous ideas.

The originator of this absurd theory was, no doubt, some poor, homeless sailor who had not a friend or a family tie in the world, and knew not how to go out and make friends.

Sailors are accused of having "a wife in every port," but that is utterly false, and I wish to deny it on behalf of hundreds of my friends who go to sea for a living. Sailors as a rule are not half as bad as the dudes and "gentlemen of leisure" who have a much better chance to be honest and decent. The sailor who goes on an occasional spree, and gets drunk on beer, is called "a drunken tar." But the dude who gets drunk on champagne, and makes a hog of himself among ladies, is styled "a gentleman."

There are very few sailors, however, who do not live in hopes of being able some day to live on dry land like other people, and build up homes for good wives whom they expect to find among the beautiful girls they see when they go uptown from their ships. The writer is no exception to this rule.

Saturday, December 5. Left New Orleans on the 5 P. M. Southern Pacific Express for San Francisco.

Sunday, 6th. Breakfasted at Houston, Tex., and got some dinner, such as it was, at San Antonio.

I hope the Southern Pacific Railroad Company will eventually recognize the necessity of an improvement

in the eating accommodations along this line. It should run dining cars like other railroads. The *menu* at the meal stations along through Texas and Arizona consists of whit-leather steak, overdue eggs, bad-smelling butter, corn dodgers, and "boot-leg" coffee. It is the same at every eating place, including the price, seventy-five a meal.

The only redeeming feature along here in connection with the railroad is the color line, which is drawn just a trifle finer than in any other part of the South.

In all of the States south of Mason and Dixon's Line there are laws compelling the railroad companies to carry separate passenger coaches for negroes, with signs on them reading: "This car for negroes."

This is done for sanitary purposes, as the African odor is very unhealthful. In hot weather it is unbearable.*

In Texas the sign reads: "This car for niggers."

Crossing the Desert, Tuesday, 8th. After crossing the Colorado River at Yuma we entered a barren, sandy desert, which reminds me of the great desert of Egypt. This is the Colorado Desert. In prehistoric times this great basin was undoubtedly a part of the Gulf of California. Scientific men have demonstrated this beyond a question or doubt. Mr. W. S. Chapman of San Francisco has devoted a great deal of attention to the Colorado Desert, and has spent considerable money investigating the subject, in order to show the cause of

* The now defunct race of fanatics who made Mr. Lincoln believe that the color of the African was "only skin deep" never offered any satisfactory explanation of the sickening stench. This rank odor is evidently in the flesh and blood of the negro, and not alone in the dye, because it is noticeable in all cases where negro blood exists.

This proves that the infusion of white blood into the black race does not improve the latter, but merely degrades the former.

MR. WILLIAM S. CHAPMAN.

"The great aim and desire of my life is to flood the Colorado Desert and relieve the surrounding country of those destructive droughts."—Chapman.

its existence and point out a remedy for the evil that it is doing the surrounding country for miles and miles on all sides.

According to Mr. Chapman the desert is the cause of the droughts in this region. Concerning its origin, Mr. Chapman has written a long article from which I am pleased to quote the following extracts :

"The great Colorado Desert was, in prehistoric times, a part of the Gulf of California. The Colorado and Gila Rivers emptying into the gulf below Fort Yuma, carry vast quantities of sand, which, being deposited in the gulf, have been beaten back by the tides until an effectual dam or barrier has been formed across the narrow part of the gulf, entirely shutting out the water, and thus leaving the upper portion—which is now the desert—without connection with the ocean. There being no supply of water from any source to counteract the waste by evaporation, which is very great in that hot latitude, this resulted in time in the extinction of this large portion of the gulf.

"The large, dry basin is very deep. In many places it is 270 feet below the level of the sea. This forms what may be appropriately called a furnace. At times it becomes so hot that to lay the hand upon the wagon-tire or any metallic substance will almost instantly cause a blister.

"When this basin or furnace, which contains about four thousand square miles, was kept full of water, it supplied moisture to the atmosphere by evaporation. The cool waters from the ocean, brought in by the tides, constantly gave out their refreshing moisture, and modified the hot climate to an extent little thought of at the present time.

"Careful, intelligent observations will satisfy anyone

that the extinction of those cooling waters brought destruction to vegetation all over Southern California, Arizona, Nevada, and Utah."

Mr. Chapman goes on to explain how the desert causes the droughts.

Says the scientific gentleman: "Those desiccating north winds which visit us, to the detriment and often the ruin of our entire crops, are caused by this furnace. That this fact may be the more readily comprehended, let us imagine a fire covering four thousand square miles, and kept continuously burning. The result can be only this: An immense volume of heated air must ascend rapidly. This hot air, rushing mainly in a northerly direction, comes in contact with cold currents of air and becomes compressed, not unlike a squeezed sponge. This dry compressed air, or squeezed sponge, starts back, expanding again as it rushes along on the surface of the earth. As it expands it absorbs all the moisture from the vegetation that it comes into contact with."

Mr. Chapman is talking of two plans for refilling the desert with water. Both of his plans are good, and either one, if carried out, would result in increasing the crops and the value of many thousands of square miles of land to the extent of many times the cost of the experiment. One of Mr. Chapman's plans is to cut a canal from the Gulf of California and fill the hot basin with cool salt water. The other plan is to dam up the Colorado River at a point above Yuma, and turn that stream into the desert, and fill the sandy furnace with fresh water.

I am personally acquainted with Mr. Chapman. His daughter married Mr. Jesse Grant, son of the General. I have conversed with several prominent Californians with reference to Mr. Chapman's plans, and they all seem to favor the undertaking of one of them.

No one with whom I have talked on the subject seems to have any doubt as to the beneficial results which would naturally follow the flooding of this basin.

Mr. Chapman and his friends are confronted, however, with a gigantic opposition to their laudable undertaking, viz.: The Southern Pacific Railroad.

To this, like everything else that anyone ever suggested, or ever will suggest, for the benefit of California, Messrs. Huntington, Crocker and Company object. And they will back their objections with seventy millions of dollars of the public's coin that they (Huntington, Crocker and Company) have defrauded the government out of. They have a few miles of railroad track across the desert, and, when Mr. Chapman turns in the water it will necessitate the building of a few miles of trestle-bridge, or the moving of a few miles of track, all of which the government would gladly pay for. But Mr. Huntington objects, and all of that region must suffer the consequences, unless we overrule his objections. Take a look into this enterprise, Mayor Sutro, and let us have your valuable opinion on the subject. I am sure that the *Examiner* will be on the side of the people and Mr. Chapman. The New York *Herald* and the *World* favor legitimate improvements, also.

Possibly we might persuade "King" Huntington to allow the United States Government to build some boats to ferry his trains over the desert after it is turned into a lake. Huntington could then place his friend Captain Searle in command of the inland fleet.

Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Wednesday, December 9. Arrived here about nine o'clock this morning.

After the twenty-five hundred mile ride from New Orleans, across the plantations of Louisiana, the plains of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona, the scorching desert

and the hot San Joaquin Valley of California, I think a little rest is the next thing in order. During this long, dusty, tiresome journey I endeavored to make up my mind to give up my position in the Pacific Mail, and try something else. Steamship travel is certainly more agreeable than long trips by rail, but I should prefer being in some position that would not necessitate any traveling either way, unless I felt disposed to take a little pleasure trip.

There is nothing that I have seen during ten years of travel that would suit me as well as a home of my own.

It is quite true that we see many things during our travels which remind us of home, and make us wish that we possessed homes that we could live in like the rest of civilized mankind. But it seems to me that the longer one roams around the world, and the more one sees and thinks of what one should like to have, the further away grows the vision of realized hope.

Tuesday, December 22, 1891. My leave of absence expires to-day, and I will be expected to report for duty. If I go to sea again, it will be three years before I will be entitled to another furlough. I have been talking with my friend, Mr. George H. Rice, with reference to my intentions for the future. Mr. Rice, besides being a representative of the class commonly called self-made men, is a thorough gentleman. No matter how, when, or where you find him, he is invariably the same. When he speaks it is always with perfect frankness and truthfulness. And his actions, to the very minutest details, are in perfect keeping with his words. Like his friend, Mr. A. N. Towne, Mr. Rice came of an excellent family. Both of those gentlemen commenced life for themselves, after reaching manhood, with a capital stock on hand consisting chiefly of common sense and sufficient energy and

personal courage to live up to their convictions. To-day Mr. Towne is a vice president of the railroad, and Mr. Rice is traffic manager of the Pacific Mail S. S. Co. and the Occidental and Oriental S. S. Co. The opinion of

A Type of the True Mother; or, the Highest Degree in Society.

the latter gentleman I deem valuable to me at the present time.

When I told Mr. Rice that I did not wish to go to sea any more, he advised me to think well before coming to a definite decision.

In his frank way Mr. Rice said to me: "You have

been with us a long time now; you have certificates entitling you to promotion, and you have a splendid chance to become captain of one of the steamers in a few years. Therefore, I would, if I were you, consider all of these facts before giving up a certainty for an uncertainty."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Friday, June 22, 1894. It is now two years and six months since the conversation with Mr. Rice, referred to in the preceding chapter.

Acting upon Mr. Rice's friendly advice, I thought many times over the prospects of returning to duty and spending several years more on the high seas. The result of this thinking was this : Instead of returning to duty, I resigned my position. And right glad am I *now* that I did resign.

Right here I wish to correct an erroneous impression which some smart person has created concerning Captain Searle. The story that the captain is an uncle of mine is utter nonsense.

Captain Robert R. Searle is not related to me at all.

I never heard of him in my life until I met him on board the *City of New York* in 1887. He was captain of the steamer, and I was a passenger.

After entering the Pacific Mail service I simply occupied official positions under his command on board the *New York* and the *Peking*.

On the strength of my naval certificates and private recommendations I was appointed to those positions—by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company—in precisely the same way that all United States merchant naval officers are appointed.

The captain is an Englishman by birth, so he says. He has many friends all over the world, but no relatives.

The captain of a ship is always referred to by the rest

of the ship's company as "the old man." Someone not conversant with nautical terms heard me speak of Captain Searle as "the old man," and concluded that he was my uncle. I have, heretofore, regarded the "nephew" theory and "adopted son" story as huge jokes. It is only in this, my published diary, that I have taken the trouble to dispel the delusion that I am "heir to the captain's handsome fortune."

That the captain asked me to become his adopted son is true. That he told Mrs. Dr. W. F. McNutt, Mr. Lewis Ernst Phillips, General and Mrs. T. B. Bunting, and a few dozen other well known Californians that I *was* his adopted son is also true. He seemed to have an idea that because I was appointed by the Pacific Mail Co. to fill an officer's position on a ship that he happened to be in command of, that he had a right to adopt me,—whether I wanted to be adopted or not,—and make me give up my dead father's honorable name, and take the name of a foreigner, a stranger of whose pedigree or past life I knew nothing. I refused, politely of course, to be adopted by him. He is a wealthy man, it is quite true, but I do not believe in exchanging, for a few thousand dollars, the name which has been handed down to me by my ancestors.

I resigned my position in the Pacific Mail simply because I did not care to go to sea in ships controlled by C. P. Huntington, the arch-enemy to the best interest of California, my favorite State.

At first the sky of my future prospects was overcast and gloomy. Every line of business that I looked into in San Francisco was dull. To use the expression of prominent merchants, "Trade was dead." Too much competition for the local demand, coupled with Huntington's high-handed railroad freight charges, and McKin-

ley's Bunko Bill, had brought destruction to our commerce. Many of the largest firms were reducing their staffs of employees by one-half, and cutting down the salaries of the rest, in order to keep out of the receiver's hands. Bright, intelligent men, capable of attending to almost anything in the line of legitimate trade, were standing around with their hands in their pockets, like David Copperfield's friend, Micawber, waiting for something to turn up. It did not take me very long to decide that it would be a waste of time to look for a position of any kind that I would care to fill under the circumstances.

During the following winter Mr. Rice informed me several times that I could return to the Pacific Mail if I wanted to. But I had had enough salt water sailing, in an official capacity, to last me a long lifetime.

I undertook to start a new line of advertising here, and made arrangements with the late Mr. Kreling to put an advertising curtain in the Tivoli Opera House; but a bum artist named Lee Lash, a member of the Bohemian Club, and a supposed friend, whom I employed to make a sample sketch of the Tivoli drop curtain to show the merchants how the signs were to be placed on it, appropriated the contract and the idea, together with sixty dollars in cash. With the assistance of his father, and his brother Sam, and their attorney, Edward Lande of 405 California Street, Lee Lash developed the curtain scheme on the stolen idea. He made a good deal of money out of it, so I am told. I employed "Lawyer" W. M. Cannon to enjoin the Lashes from using the ideas, and have Lee arrested for obtaining money under false pretenses; but the shyster compromised with the knaves for the sixty dollars which Lee got from me. The shyster then charged me half of the amount for giving Lash a

receipt that left him in undisputable possession of the business.

This lesson taught me to steer clear of the society of sheenies and shysters. Creations like the Lashes, claiming to be Jews, are well calculated to get honest Jews a bad name.

The chapter of the Lash history with which I am personally acquainted affords such a true picture of the real character of the particular class to which he belongs that it would be an injustice to my readers to omit a brief mention of it. I see no reason in the world why I should not give it to my readers; I certainly paid for it, and paid dearly, too.

I met Mr. Lee Lash through some mutual acquaintances in January, 1891. I shall not give the names of those mutual acquaintances, for I esteem them very highly. They have expressed to me their regrets for ever having known Mr. Lash at all.

At the time of my first chance meeting with Lash, I was an officer of the *City of Peking*, and Mr. Lash was introduced to me as the "talented young artist" (?). He had a studio in the back yard of his father's house upon Post Street, but subsequently he moved out and set up in "business" in a little cottage at 2309 Bush Street, near Steiner, and right close to a big Catholic church.

In April, 1892, while I was confined to my room at the Palace Hotel from the effects of a bullet of lead which Dr. McNutt had extracted from my right leg, some lady friends of mine called upon me one day, bringing Lee Lash along to carry some flowers which they had picked for me.

Mr. Lash, in the kindness of his heart, called again. About this time, while waiting for my wounded leg to

get well, Mr. Charles Duryea Smith of New York called in to talk over the proposition of going into business in San Francisco, mentioning the advertising business. Mr. Smith proposed to put advertisements on theater drop curtains, a scheme which was well known to everybody in New York and Paris. Mr. Smith said that if I would go into business with him he would secure a contract with Mr. Kreling to advertise on the Tivoli drop curtain. He went off and made arrangements with Kreling to that effect, and, while I was not enthused with his wild ideas of vast wealth to be made in that line, I agreed to go in with him as soon as I got well enough to walk out. The young man seemed highly pleased with the prospects, and left me on the evening of April 19 in high spirits. That night there was a violent earthquake which shook San Francisco from cellar to garret. The shocks kept coming at intervals for three days, and I think they shook my poor friend Smith's mind all to pieces, for he came in to see me on the morning after the first shock, looking like a ghost.

"My God, William," said the poor boy, "do you have those things very often? If so, I will——"

He did not finish his sentence, for just then a rumbling sound, like an approaching freight train, caught his ear.

"Great Heavens, it's another earthquake!" said he.

In a second the giant caravansary began to rock and groan; windows rattled, doors flew open, and it looked for a few seconds as if we were going into the bowels of the earth.

General T. B. Bunting of Santa Cruz and Mr. M. G. Coward, now of the Chicago *Times-Herald*, were in my room at the time, and they will remember this circumstance:

"Good-by, gentlemen," said Mr. Smith, "I am going to leave this rocky, shaky city." So saying, he left the room, and hurried away to his own apartments.

The next day the bell boy handed me a note reading as follows:

PALACE HOTEL, Thursday, April 21, 1892.

MY DEAR WILLIAM:

I am going home to-night. Would have gone last night, but could not secure a sleeper. Will drop in later to tell you good-by. If you wish to develop the curtain scheme go ahead and do so; I must get out of San Francisco.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) CHAS. D. SMITH.

I waited in hopes of seeing Mr. Smith before he left. I expected him to call, but he never came.

The next day, Friday, April 22, my young friend William O. Warnock, a nephew of Mrs. Adam Forepaugh, of circus fame, called at the Palace and took me out for a drive, to give me a little fresh air. We drove down toward San Bruno and called on some young lady friends of ours living out in the country, the Misses Nellie and Kate Dowling.

Miss Nellie ran down to the front gate to meet us. Just then a boy came along crying out: "Extra *Report*, all about the suicide!" Miss Nellie got a copy of the *Report*, and read: "Suicide at the Palace Hotel. Charles D. Smith ends his earthly troubles. Failing to hear from New York relatives, and becoming completely stranded, he puts a bullet in his heart."

The *Report* went on to explain that the poor fellow was dunned for a week's board bill by Cashier Charles Clark of the hotel, and that having not the necessary funds with which to pay, had ended his life rather than ask anyone to help him out. Had he known Mr. Clark as

well as I do, he would not have bothered his head about the propriety of asking that gentleman for a little time, or even a small loan. Mr. Clark is a very obliging cashier. I have had favors from him myself, which I am happy to mention in order to clear this good man of the awful charge of having driven a guest of his hotel to suicide.

Subsequently I learned something more about poor Smith. He was the son of a wealthy New Yorker, who, like a great many other unjust fathers, as well as would-be adopted fathers,—like Captain R. R. Searle,—threw barriers in the way of the young man's matrimonial inclinations. This sad case of young Smith, and other similar cases, justify the assertion that I made in the New York *Herald*, March 17, 1895: The parent or guardian who prevents a grown son or daughter from marrying is a worse enemy to society than a murderer, for he murders the spirit of the Goddess of Love, the highest redeeming spirit in mankind.

It was on the next morning after the news of Smith's suicide that Lee Lash called. During the discussion of the unfortunate affair I called Lash's attention to the fact that it was strange that Smith should have considered himself hopelessly stranded when he had such a good money-making scheme under way. I also mentioned to Mr. Lash the fact that I intended to let Smith have some money with which to develop his scheme. At the same time I handed Lash Mr. Smith's letter.

Lash read the letter and then asked me all about the scheme. I told him the facts. In a minute Lash forgot all about the pathetic side of the story,—the suicide of the promoter of the scheme,—and began talking about my going ahead with it where Smith "left off."

"Why! see here, my dear friend, Smith has willed

you his scheme," said Lash. "I am an artist," continued Mr. Lash, "and I can paint the signs on the curtain; but you must remember that I am in a position which I cannot risk by going into trade. Sign painting is trade, you know, and I am an artist. But, since you are a friend of mine, I will do this work for you."

Mr. Lash seemed so enthusiastic, and was so persistent, that finally I told him to go ahead and make me a sketch of the Tivoli drop curtain, so that I could show it to the merchants.

I gave Lash an idea of how many signs there should be, and also how big the sketch should be.

"Good," said Mr. Lash, "I will have it ready for you in twenty-four hours." So saying he took his departure, after having explained to me that he was "hard up," and did not propose to let his pride drive him to suicide, as in Smith's case.

"Would you let a man kill himself for a few paltry dollars?" asked Mr. Lash. "All that I want is ten dollars."

He got him the ten, and went his way rejoicing.*

Mr. Lash did not complete the sketch in twenty-four hours, nor in a week. He kept running down to the Palace to tell me about some cigar signs or soap advertisements that he had seen on curtains in the *demi-monde* resorts of Paris where he had studied high art.

I humored him in his nonsense, and told him to get me some sort of sketch finished, and improve it later.

William Warnock asked me one day what Lash was doing around my room so much, and why he was in such

* I did not know at the time that Lee Lash was the same "artist" who begged permission to paint a picture of the "Old People's Home," and subsequently tried to make that charitable institution pay two thousand dollars for his worthless daub.

a confidential mood with me all the time. I told Mr. Warnock the circumstances, and was somewhat surprised at his saying that he would bet me a French dinner that Lash was playing me some trick or other.

I took the bet, and subsequently paid for the dinner.

While keeping me waiting for the sketch, Mr. Lash went quietly to Mr. Kreling and, representing himself as the rightful owner of the scheme, secured a new contract with that man on his own behalf. Then Mr. Lash wrote to his father, who was in some fake wine business in New Whatcom, Washington State, to hurry down to San Francisco and bring Sam Lash, the younger brother, with him.

On the 10th of May Lee Lash made a demand on me to pay him $50 for the sketch, which was still unfinished. (An honest sign painter would have made the sketch in a few hours for $2.50, frame and all.) Mr. Lash then came right out and told me that if I did not wish to pay so much for the sketch, I could let him have a half interest in the enterprise. The talented artist subsequently assured me that if I did not care to accept either proposition, he would start an opposition business.

Seeing that I had confided my "inherited" ideas to a false friend, having investigated the scheme and having found that there was money in it, I paid "the talented artist" $50 more, making $60 in all, and took the sketch, still only half finished.

In the meantime old Isador Lash and Sam had arrived in the city.

I took the $2.50 sketch, which had cost me $60, to Taber, the photographer, to have a copy made of it to send to Washington to have copyrighted. But the three Lashes, old man Isador, Lee, and Sam, got their heads together at the office of Edward Lande, an "attorney"

of the Lash tribe, and together they went up to Mr. Taber and raised such a piteous howl about my having the sketch photographed, telling Mr. Taber that it was theirs, that the gullible old photographer gave the sketch to the little petty larceny Shylocks, who proceeded immediately to develop the business with the money that old Lash had made out of several well planned "failures" in trade.*

After Sam Lash had secured some orders for advertisements, he and the old man and Lee opened up business in the old Merchants' Exchange building, and called it the "Art Advertising Co."

The "talented young artist" abandoned his fastidious idea that an artist should not soil his artistic hands in vulgar trade, such as painting drop curtains. He of the artistic "tastes" (I don't mean Oscar Wilde's tastes) even got up on a scaffold to add some finishing touches to a bicycle "ad."

The artistic scaffold fell down and almost killed him. I am told that this accident crippled him in such a peculiar way as to constitute an impediment to matrimonial felicity.

But of that I know nothing, never having studied surgery of that kind further than the lecture contained in Deuteronomy xxiii.

The notoriety that I got through the papers over this affair brought me before the public in such a way that a great many other "business" men with schemes and

* New York, June 6, 1895. The subjects of the above biography are carrying on the drop curtain advertising enterprise in this city. Their office is at No. 25 West 30th Street. They have an office in Diamond Street, Philadelphia, also. They call it the "Lee Lash Company," or the "Lee Lash Studios," or some such Oscar Wilde name. I can recommend the "firm" from personal knowledge.

ideas offered to let me go into partnership with them and invest various sums of money, which they assured me would "double in a little while."

One of the most promising of these schemes was laid before me by one F. E. Westervelt, a friend of Mr. Edwin Goeller of Pickens, Fulton & Co.'s Commercial Agency. Mr. Westervelt's scheme was for ceiling advertising, an entirely new invention, especially designed for barber shops. Mr. Westervelt declared that he had everything necessary to open up business and develop his talents with, except money. For fifteen hundred dollars he would let me have a half interest in his business, and guarantee me big profits. He was highly recommended by Mr. Goeller, and when he informed me that my name would not necessarily have to be used in the advertising business, I decided to invest the fifteen hundred.

Westervelt started the business with a great flourish, and succeeded in renting the ceilings of nearly all the barber shops on the Pacific Coast. Agents were sent to San José, Stockton, Sacramento, and many other interior cities, while Mr. Westervelt contracted with the San Francisco barbers in person, for the exclusive use of their ceilings and walls.

This was all smooth sailing. But, after securing thousands of gaudily papered ceilings for advertising purposes, Mr. Westervelt suddenly discovered that the experienced advertisers of the commercial world did not care to invest in ceiling advertisements.

Upon making this startling discovery Mr. Westervelt rushed up to the Palace Hotel with the heart-rending news, "just received from home," that his "wife was dying," and that he must sell out his interest in the Ceiling Advertising Co. in order to get the necessary funds with which to go on to New York to "attend the funeral."

The fifteen hundred had already been paid out, together with five hundred more; so there was nothing for me to do but buy out Mr. Westervelt's interest. The transfer having been arranged at Mr. Goeller's Commercial Agency Office, I paid Mr. Westervelt what he wanted, and took charge of the business myself, with the understanding that Mr. Westervelt was to open up a branch office in the East, and co-operate with me.

Mr. Westervelt left the same night on the east-bound overland for New York, and has not written to either Mr. Goeller or me since.

It took me just a little less than a week to discover the cause of Mr. Westervelt's sudden desire to go East to attend his "wife's funeral." Then I paid off the agents and offered the business for sale; but the Commercial Agency could not find a purchaser, even with the aid of Mr. Goeller's personal influence, so I pocketed my experience and twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of receipts for money paid out in this enterprise, locked up the office, turned the key over to the landlord, and retired from the advertising business.

After several more adventures similar, financially, to the above, I came to the conclusion that Mr. Rice's advice to think twice before launching out into the cold, deceitful business world to battle with land sharks and sheenies, was the best piece of advice that I ever had.

In the spring of '93, shortly after the experience with "fruit-pickers" mentioned in Chapter XIII, I took a trip through Southern California, after which I went to Honolulu on a visit.

Apropos of this visit to Honolulu, I sailed from San Francisco on the White Star Steamship *Oceanic*, Captain William Smith, on Tuesday, August 1, 1893.

On the 8th we arrived at Honolulu, where I put up at

the Hawaiian Hotel. Almost the first gentleman I met there was Rear-Admiral J. S. Skerrett, U. S. Navy. I had been introduced to the admiral by Lieutenant T. S. Phelps, under highly favorable circumstances, at a large naval reception given at Mare Island by the officers of the U. S. S. *Mohican*, during the previous winter. The renewal of this acquaintance at Honolulu, and what follows, marks one of the most pleasant episodes of fifteen

Steamship *Oceanic*, Wm. M. Smith, Commander. The Pacific Ocean Liner with Cricket and Tennis Courts on board.

years of travel. Mr. Blount, the commissioner sent to Hawaii by President Cleveland, left there on the day I arrived, and Admiral Skerrett assumed full charge of all the diplomatic affairs, pending Mr. Blount's return to Washington.

That these diplomatic affairs were in a pretty unsettled state about the time they were turned over to Admiral Skerrett, is shown by several indisputable, undeniable facts in connection with the most disgraceful and cowardly betrayal of public trust that those little islanders ever had perpetrated upon them.

Having been in Honolulu many times before, having

known the Damon missionary tribe of boodlers, as well as some reputable citizens of the place, having been in close touch with some of the ringleaders of the boodle "Annexation Club," and having lived in the hotel with the admiral and his staff, Flag Lieutenant Chas. E. Fox and Lieutenant Downes L. Wilson, U. S. N., and also Lieutenant Adams, Dr. F. J. D. Cordeiro, Paymaster McDonald, and others, all of whom I knew in society and with whom I conversed every day for more than a month, I am now prepared to write the truth.

For the mere sake of convenience I will state the truth plainly :

The origin of the " Provisional Government " of Honolulu, city only, had no immaculate conception, such as its promoters would have had us believe.

It was neither conceived by a pure spirit, born of an honest purpose, nor has it (up to the present time) suffered for its Judasism.

When I speak of Judasism and of the so-called government of Honolulu, I do not mean the representatives of the majority of the inhabitants of the Hawaiian group; I simply mean Sanford B. Dole, President of the pitiable little oligarchy of Honolulu ; J. A. King, Minister of the Interior ; S. M. Damon, ex-missionary, Minister of Finance ; W. O. Smith, Attorney-General, and the following flocks of classified mercenary birds of the "Paradise of the Pacific ":

"ADVISORY(?) COUNCIL.

"W. C. Wilder, Vice President; Cecil Brown, John Nott, F. W. McChesney, James F. Morgan, Ed. Suhr, J. Mendonca, J. Emmeluth, and C. T. Rodgers. Secretaries. Executive and Advisory Councils, E. D. Tenney, C. Bolte, W. F. Allen, Henry Waterhouse, A. Young, F. M. Hatch.

"SUPREME COURT (?).

"'Hon.' A. F. Judd, Chief Justice; 'Hon.' R. F. Bickerton, First Associate Justice; 'Hon.' W. F. Frear, Second Associate Justice; Henry Smith, Chief Clerk; Fred Wundenburg, Deputy Clerk; George Lucas, Second Deputy Clerk; J. Walter Jones, Stenographer.

"CIRCUIT JUDGES (?).

"First Circuit: H. E. Cooper, W. A. Whiting, Oahu; Second Circuit: A. N. Keoikai; Third and Fourth Circuits: S. L. Austin; Fifth Circuit: J. Hardy. Offices and Court Room in Government Building, King Street. Sitting in Honolulu, first Monday in February, May, August, and November.

"DISTRICT COURT (?).

"Police Station Building, Merchant Street. William Foster, Magistrate; James Thompson, Clerk.

"DEPARTMENT OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS (?).

"Office in Government Building, King Street. His Excellency(?) Sanford B. Dole, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Geo. C. Potter, Chief Clerk; W. Horace Wright and Ed. Stiles, Clerks.

"DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR (?).

"Office in Government Building, King Street. His Excellency(?) J. A. King, Minister of the Interior; Chief Clerk, John A. Hassinger; Assistant Clerks, James H. Boyd, M. K. Keohokalole (Keyhole), James Aholo, Stephen Mahaulu, George C. Ross, Edward S. Boyd.

"CHIEFS OF BUREAUS, DEPARTMENT OF INTERIOR (?).

"Surveyor-General, W. D. Alexander; Superintendent Public Works, W. E. Rowell; Superintendent Water Works, Andrew Brown; Inspector Electric Lights, John Cassidy; Registrar of Conveyances, T. G. Thrum; Deputy Registrar and Road Supervisor, Honolulu, W. H. Cummings; Chief Engineer Fire Department, F. Hustace; Superintendent Insane Asylum, Dr. A. McWayne. Office, Government Building, King Street.

"BUREAU OF AGRICULTURE (?).

"President ex-officio, His Excellency (?) J. A. King, Minister of the Interior; Members: A. Jaeger, A. Herbert, and John Ena; Commissioner of Agriculture and ex-officio Secretary of the Board, Joseph Marsden.

"DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE (?).*

"Minister of Finance, His Excellency (?) S. M. Damon, ex-missionary; Auditor-General, George S. Ross; Registrar of Accounts, Geo. E. Smithies; Clerk of Finance Office, Carl Widemann; Collector General of Customs, J. B. Castle; Tax Assessor, Oahu, Jonathan Shaw; Deputy Assessor, W. C. Weedon; Postmaster-General, J. M. Oat.

"CUSTOMS BUREAU (?).

"Office, Custom House, Esplanade, Fort Street. Collector-General, J. B. Castle; Deputy-Collector, F. B. McStocker; Harbormaster, Captain A. Fuller; Port Surveyer, M. N. Sanders; Storekeeper, Geo. Stratemeyer.

* Mr. Damon, the Minister, probably favors the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 8 to 1, instead of 16 to 1.—(See pages 290 and 291.)

"DEPARTMENT OF ATTORNEY-GENERAL (?).

"Office in Government Building, King Street. Attorney-General, W. O. Smith; Deputy Attorney-General, G. K. Wilder; Clerk, J. M. Kea; Marshal, E. G. Hitchcock; Deputy Marshal, Arthur M. Brown; Jailor, Oahu prison, Captain A. N. Tripp; Prison Physician, Dr. C. B. Cooper.

"BOARD OF IMMIGRATION (?).

"Office, Department of Interior, Government Building, King Street. President, His Excellency (?) J. A. King; Members of the Board of Immigration, Hon. J. B. Atherton, Jas. B. Castle, James G. Spencer, Mark P. Robinson; Secretary, Wray Taylor.

"BOARD OF HEALTH (?).

"Office in grounds of Government Building, corner of Mililani and Queen Streets. Members: Dr. Day, Dr. Miner, Dr. Andrews, J. O. Carter, J. T. Waterhouse, Jr., John Ena, and Attorney-General Smith. President, 'Hon.' W. O. Smith; Secretary, Chas. Wilcox; Executive Officer, C. B. Reynolds; J. D. McVeigh, Agent Board of Health; Inspector and Manager of Garbage Service, L. L. La Pierre; Inspector, G. W. C. Jones; Port Physician, Dr. Trousseau; Dispensary, Dr. H. McGrew; Leper Settlement, Dr. R. K. Oliver.

"BOARD OF EDUCATION (?).

"Office, Government Building, King Street. President, 'Hon.' C. R. Bishop; Secretary, W. James Smith; Inspector of Schools, A. T. Atkinson.

"BOARD OF CROWN LAND COMMISSIONERS (?).

"J. A. King, Minister of the Interior; W. O. Smith, Attorney-General, and C. P. Iaukea. Office in Judiciary Building."

The above lists are all copied from the so-called official directory of the Hawaiian Government.

That Dole, Damon, and many others of the little

Mr. David K. Dowsett of Honolulu, God-son of the late King, Kalakaua.

oligarchy are arch-traitors, is proved by the fact that they had been favored by the legitimate government all along. Posing as Christian missionaries they had amassed fortunes in business, Dole having become judge of the Supreme Court.

Seeing that Queen Liliokalani had become disgusted with their mercenary hypocrisy, and fearing that she would weed out the corruptionists and put honest men in office, these sweet-scented missionaries revolted.

Assisted by United States Minister Stevens, and the

man-of-war *Boston*, the missionaries soon vanquished the queen's army,—fifteen Kanaka soldiers,—and established themselves in her house.

The total population of the entire group of islands is about seventy-five thousand, or less than one-twentieth that of New York city alone. Of this number there are probably two thousand so-called Americans, including haberdashers, grocers, quacks, shysters, saloon-keepers, gamblers, renegade missionaries, bums, and loafers. The fact that this handful of mercenary wretches succeeded in attracting the attention of the entire American nation goes to show that President Cleveland's political enemies took up the case of the missionaries merely because it afforded an excuse for raising a row.

In speaking of the hypocrisy of the missionary usurpers it would be impossible to exaggerate it. When the old queen discovered their rascality and talked about replacing them with honest citizens, the holy missionaries accused her of trying to revive cannibalism.

The biggest mistake made by President Cleveland in the whole affair was in not ordering Admiral Skerrett to put the old queen back in her office.

Had Admiral Skerrett been so instructed by the president he would have erased this vile stain from the American flag.

He would have undone the wrong, and given the world the truth, if it had killed every Methodist missionary hypocrite in Honolulu.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

On the 19th of September, 1893, I took passage on the steamship *China*, at Honolulu, and went out to Japan, where I remained until Christmas.

Apropos of this visit to Japan, I must not forget to mention the "American" Legation at Tokio.

The representative of the United States at the court of the Mikado is a politician named Edwin Dun, whose proper sphere in life is evidently among the class generally found "hanging around" the beer saloons of New York and San Francisco aldermen and supervisors.

Just how this man got the appointment of United States minister seems to be a profound mystery to everyone except Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Thurman, who is said to be Dun's uncle or cousin or some near relation.

From time to time Mr. James Creelman and other war correspondents have thrown out strong hints that President Cleveland should send some reputable American citizen out there to fill Dun's place.

Numerous complaints about Dun's methods of "running the legation" have been sent to Washington City by Americans visiting Japan, but owing to some mysterious reason, no notice seems to have been taken of the facts which have been reported.

That the Japanese Government has not requested Dun's recall is probably due to the fact that Japan was involved in trouble with Russia when Dun was sent out there, and the Mikado did not care to strain Japan's friendly relations with the United States by asking for a decent minister.

Then the war with China came on, and Minister Dun was permitted to remain as a necessary evil, to preserve peace with Cleveland.

The better elements of Japanese society look upon Dun as a person of low degree.

Judge Krizuka of the Supreme Court told me that he

Hon. H. Takeda, M. P. A Japanese Gentleman.

did not consider Dun a fit person to invite into his house. Hon. H. Takeda and M. Kobiashi, two Japanese gentlemen, corroborated the judge's remarks, and declared that Dun was the last person who should have been sent to Japan as minister.

It is a well-known fact that he is "married" to a Japanese woman.* Owing to this, he is not held in any higher esteem by decent society out there than any man

* Those so-called marriages between white men and Japanese women are unholy affairs, amounting to little more than verbal contracts made for the convenience of the men during their stay in Japan. The men live with the women and pay them so much a month. Their offspring, if they have any, are poor mongrels and good for nothing.

who is known to have married his mistress is held over here.

Besides this, Dun is a heavy drinker, which naturally renders him unfit to occupy a gentleman's position. At times he is uncivil to ladies and arrogant to gentlemen. He is what I consider a coarse, vulgar man.

Dun's Secretary of Legation, Joseph R. Herod, is about as pitiable a specimen of the typical Anglomaniac ass as I have ever had the misfortune to meet.

It seems very strange that President Cleveland cannot find two gentlemen to send out to Japan to represent the United States.

The idea that any vulgar upstart is good enough to send out there is absurd.

Gambler E. V. Thorne and his disreputable associates have an *open sesame* to Dun's Legation, and they probably assist in "running it."

Thorne's little *Box of Curios* is the only alleged American paper published out there, and such "Americans" as Dun and Herod use the filthy little sheet to defend themselves in. It also comes in handy for purposes of maligning anyone who dares to criticize their insolent manner toward American citizens who sometimes find it necessary, while traveling abroad, to call at the Legation for passports.

This sweet-scented representative of tenderloindom, Thorne, may be found around the Grand Hotel in Yokohama almost any night, swindling unsuspecting tourists and others out of any and every thing that he can get, from the price of one of his lottery tickets on up. Thorne and Conan attempted to beat the author of this book out of some money, and failing, tried blackmail, which also failed. S. G. Murphy, a San Francisco banker of savory reputation,—especially among widows

MR. W. C. PARKE, OF HONOLULU, AND THE AUTHOR, IN JAPAN.

who deposit their incomes at the First National,—pretended to believe the flimsy and utterly false stories of the Yokohama "fruit-pickers," and corroborated their tales just to get his name into the papers, and finally denied having done so when I sent Mr. Von Lenthe to him to explain the law of libel.

The following note from the young attorney, who is well known, is self explanatory :

14 Sansome Street,
San Francisco, June 9, 1894.

Mr. W. H. Chambliss,
Palace Hotel, City.

Dear Sir: I have called upon Mr. Murphy, and he denies *in toto* the statement he is said to have made to Mr. F. E. Hunt of the *Chronicle*. He was very nervous, however, and I am inclined to think he was telling untruths. Trusting that his denial will satisfy you, I remain,

Faithfully yours,
Otho Von Lenthe,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.

I wish to warn the public against this Yokohama nest of gamblers. They are E. V. Thorne, "Fatty" Williams, E. L. Conan, and "Mermaid," or Hog Davis, who keeps a gambling house up on "The Bluff." They form a combination out there that rivals the Lawrence House carpet-baggers of Jackson, Miss., and the 905 Sutter Street "fruit-pickers" of San Francisco. A word of this kind is sufficient. Therefore, the reader will bear in mind to steer clear of these loathsome wretches.

Incidentally, any American citizen who recognizes Dun and Herod outside of the Legation does so at the risk of his own reputation.

In January, 1894, I returned from Japan, and in March, April, and May I made a trip through the North, East,

and South, from which latter delightful trip I returned less than a month ago.

At the present time (June 22, 1894) the sky of my future prospects, which looked so dark and gloomy two years and a half ago, is brightening up. The sun has broken through at last, and I am getting the benefit of his light; the black clouds are disappearing and the horizon is almost clear.

I can say truthfully that the future looks brighter than it ever looked before. In other words, things in general have taken a turn in my favor. I have more friends now than I ever had before, and I appreciate them as no man ever did appreciate his friends. Reading over the pages of my diary, I find many things in my own handwriting which amuse me. Having inherited an unselfish disposition from my parents, I never could enjoy anything by myself. Therefore, since the road is clear, I will let my friends have the benefit of my experiences, that they may profit by my losses.

For many years I have been taking notes of the peculiarities of various classes of society. These notes I have kept in the form of a diary with dates, and names of persons and places carefully recorded.

For some time past my friends in different parts of the world have been advising me to publish the Diary in book form. There is so much of it that it would be impossible to get it all into one book, so I have decided for the present to publish the part that relates to the Parvenucracy.

New York, May 22, 1895:

If any of my friends imagine that it is an easy thing to write, revise, edit, correct, and illustrate a book in San Francisco, they would do well to disabuse their minds of that impression before starting out in the literary line.

If anyone imagines that it is easy to get the truth published about the alleged society,—the Parvenucracy which has brought so much disgrace upon fair California,—he makes a big mistake.

If any ambitious author imagines that he can trust to the honor and honesty of San Francisco engravers and printers whom he has paid liberally in advance for their services, I wish to inform him that he is making a fatal error, unless he has some perseverance and capital.

For the enlightenment of all who may wish to know why I made the above statements I will give a brief sketch of my own experience during the past four months, in endeavoring to get this book with its illustrations before the public.

After the announcement in the *News Letter*, and the subsequent publication of a few dozen columns of extracts in the *Examiner*, nearly every newspaper on the entire Pacific Coast, as well as in San Francisco, mentioned the fact that the book was soon to be published. The *Wasp* published some spicy cartoons on the subject, and the Eastern and Southern papers took it up and informed the world that the history of parvenu society, including that of San Francisco, was about to be published in book form, and that the book would be profusely illustrated.

Letters and bids from publishers, printers, artists, and engravers began to come in from all sides. Many Eastern publishers sent in their bids. Considering the fact that California is my favorite State, and that it is for the improvement of Pacific Coast society that I am publishing the facts, experiences, and honest opinions herein set forth, I decided to have everything in connection with the illustrating and publishing done right in California.

To Miss Laura E. Foster of Alameda, the talented young artist whose name I have placed on the title page,

I gave the contract for the painting of the pictures and the drawing of the sketches.

I wish to say that Miss Foster performed her work with entire satisfaction to me in every particular.

To George O. Watkins, manager of the Union Photo-Engraving Co., of San Francisco, who called on me in person and solicited the work of engraving, I gave the contract for the making of the cuts, photo-engravings, and half-tones to print the pictures with.

Mr. Watkins and the Union Photo-Engraving Company proved themselves to be dishonest, dishonorable, and totally unworthy of confidence, credit, or trust.

They took my pictures to their work-shop, photographed them, made the cuts all ready for printing, accepted my coin in payment for same, and then refused to give me the cuts.

As if this were not enough to shame the lowest thief in San Quentin, this set of ineffable knaves refused point-blank to even deliver to me my original pictures, drawings, and paintings, that I might take the same to an honest engraving company and have other cuts made from them. Incidentally they kept my money, and would not return that until Judge Slack of the Superior Court advised them in open court to compromise the case with my attorneys. Here is the receipt in their own handwriting, showing that they had the money as well as the pictures.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Sept. 24, 1894.

Received from W. H. Chambliss fifty dollars ($50) on account.

(Signed) UNION PHOTO-ENGRAVING CO.
Per SAGE.

During the discussion between the knaves and myself over their refusal to give up my property, one of the knaves lost his temper and told me that the firm of H. S.

THE CROCKER CROWD TRYING TO SUPPRESS THE PICTURES IN CHAMBLISS' DIARY.

"Failing to scare the author, they go with their lackeys and frighten the dishonest engraving company into holding the cuts for a consideration."

Crocker & Co. had threatened to withdraw its trade from the said knaves if they delivered the pictures. It appears that some of the pictures looked too much like certain vulgar snobs, ex-bootblacks, and other impostors who pose on their "gall"; and those, headed by the Crocker crowd, tried to suppress the pictures. Failing to scare the author, they went with their little lackeys and frightened the dishonest engraving company into holding the cuts for a consideration.

Of course I brought suit against the engraving company for the return of my property, and damages enough to pay for the annoyance, additional expense, and loss of time that their dishonorable work caused me. Foreseeing that it would be a long time before I could get my property from the Union Photo-Engraving Co., I got Miss Foster to duplicate all the original drawings, and then had part of the cuts made by the San Francisco Engraving Co., and the rest by the *Illustrated American* Publishing Co., New York. These companies acted honorably with me, and took no notice of the upstarts who were trying to suppress the work.

To Walter N. Brunt, a supposed reliable San Francisco printer, I had given the contract for the printing and binding.

Mr. Brunt turned out to be as unreliable and cowardly as the Union Photo-Engraving Co.

Having paid Mr. Brunt the full amount in advance for the printing of the first edition, I did not anticipate any breach of contract with him, until the book was almost ready to go to press. When I had succeeded in getting the cuts made by the reliable engravers mentioned above, Mr. Brunt refused to complete his contract for the printing, unless I would expunge all reference to the Crocker, Huntington, S. P. Railroad faction of the Parvenucracy.

Of course I refused to modify the text of the book, because I felt that it was my duty to the honest citizens of California and elsewhere to give them the truth about that particular crowd.

Seeing that Mr. Brunt had been bought off by the Parvenucracy, I went to several other printers, and to my surprise found that the entire printing industry of San Francisco was practically controlled by the very frauds that I am exposing.

No one doubted a word that I have in the book, but all the printing firms were afraid of losing the patronage of the Parvenucracy if they printed the truth about the rottenness of its so-called society.

Determined not to be outdone by the enemies of decent society, I took the train for New York in quest of an honest printing house.

This book being devoted to the subject of *society as it really is*, and being intended to open the eyes of all good citizens to the necessity of using great care lest they be imposed upon and injured by certain animals and fiends in human form, that I have mentioned, I, of course, could not think of asking any of my friends to share the responsibility of the plain English that I use. I have been threatened with personal violence by the "fruit-pickers" for breaking up their gambling house, but that does not disturb me a little bit.

The S. P. Railroad Company and its constituency, which form the nucleus of the Parvenucracy, have threatened me with all kinds of punishment for declaring that they are vulgar upstarts. But that is an old game of theirs which doesn't work with the author of this book.

It is the author's intention to write another book, later on, in which no harsh language will be used. Snobs, upstarts, vulgar pretenders, and all classes of Parvenucracy

will be treated with the silent contempt that they deserve in a publication descriptive entirely of good form. The author extends a general invitation to his friends, as well as to all others who are in favor of improving society at large, to send him a few lines now and then on *what really is good form.* It is good form for any reputable citizen to call upon an author, even if he does not know him, if he wishes to impart any valuable information. That the author appreciates all verbal or written information, is shown by the confidential manner in which a few thousand letters and all previous calls of this kind have been treated.

Society in any new city or community can always stand a little improvement. We will take San Francisco, for instance. It has been asserted that there is no society there at all, and no less a personage than Mrs. Charles Webb Howard made the assertion. She never made a greater mistake in her life. Perhaps Mrs. Howard wanted to convey the idea that there is no good society in San Francisco, and probably she was correct so far as her personal knowledge and the doings of her own personal acquaintances were concerned. But they are not everybody.

Mr. Greenway declared that there were only 400 persons in San Francisco who were fit to go into good society, and not one of the other 299,600 persons in the city ever took the trouble to ask him who the chosen 400 were, for everyone knew that he meant the Huntington, Crocker, Fair, Mackay, Sharon, O'Brien, Flood, de Young *clique* of S. P. Railroad Royalty, which holds that a man who has not at least one mistress is not eligible to society.

Although Mr. Greenway was 400 heads nearer to the truth than Mrs. Howard, the 400 that he had reference

to were the identical persons at whom Mrs. Howard pointed her dart.

Had Mrs. Howard said what she meant, she would have been applauded, instead of laughed at, by all the other 299,600.

The leading society questions of the day are : *Who is fit for society?* and *Who is not?*

In a general way these questions may be answered with the true statement that all persons are fit for some kinds of society. There is a vast river between the highest and the lowest circles. This river is large enough to float every living human being who comes within the radius of any circle of society, except the extreme very lowest, viz. : *those who have been born outside of the bonds of wedlock.*

Like a dead fish swept through the *crevasse* on the other side of the great river opposite to the high, rocky hills on which stands the child of honor, the illegitimate heir should be banished from the society of all mankind, —except the promoters of his existence,—who should be swept through the yawning gap, to remain and keep company with the result of their unnatural work, until the vultures shall have claimed their own, and relieved this beautiful world of the disgrace and the blot that has been perpetrated upon civilization.

Members of other circles are not safe while the tainted promoters of the lowest order are permitted to run at large and unrebuked.

Anyone is liable to contract a disease that is contagious. Almost anyone is liable to be swept through the break in the *levee* in company with the offender; but no one should ever be permitted to paddle over in the direction of the safe side after he has once been thrown out of the main stream with the refuse and *débris* for such a crime against society and decency.

The male portion of mankind is to blame for all of those stains and illegitimate blots on the face of society.

Any man who attributes it to "woman's weakness" is a coward and a falsifier, and unworthy of notice.

Man, being the stronger of the two sexes, and knowing it, is the chief cause of all the shame to which the weaker sex has ever had to submit. Take any so-called *massage* artist, or any other bad woman, and trace back her history, and it will be found that her downfall was caused by some unfaithful lover, drunken, brutal husband, tyrannical father, or some unnatural old hag who was herself the result of man's perfidy.

Now, we will look into a few facts and figures and think up a plan for the improvement of the circles, between the highest and the lowest. The former is all right and the latter is beyond redemption; but the other circles are made of good material.

A few remarks might do more good than the average person would ordinarily suppose.

Let us take common sense as a foundation.

Say that San Francisco has a total population of 300,000 persons.

If we could gather together all the murderers, robbers, burglars, thieves, pickpockets, sheenies, professional gamblers, fruit-pickers, bunko-steerers, bums, tramps, toughs, hoodlums, common drunks, quacks, shysters, saloon-keepers, massage artists, fake society reporters, Chinese, Indians, niggers, mulattoes, octoroons, anarchists, street-corner orators, political bosses, dishonest officer-holders, ballot-box stuffers, and all other objectionable pests in the city, they would amount to about 100,000 two-legged animals resembling in outward appearances human beings.

Substract this 100,000 from the total population, export

the vile mass of corruption to Hawaii, and we will have a beautiful city with a legitimate population of 200,000 respectable citizens eligible to admission into the homes of each other on a basis of comparative equality and sociability.

Careful intelligent observations show conclusively that the same rule would be applicable to almost all cities where liquor is sold by the drink, if you base your estimate on a *pro rata* of population.

Mr. J. Waldere Kirk of New York, a friend of the author, asks the following questions:

"What are your remaining 200,000 peaceable citizens going to do with the late 400 members of the self-styled only polite society?"

Nothing at all, friend Kirk. It was found that when the water ran to its proper level the little "400" were absorbed in the 100,000 who got exported. The last one found his proper sphere under the head of classified pests.

"What became of the navy and army?"

Oh, the navy is all right. As I told you before, the navy people are gentlemen as a rule. The shipping committee created a few vacancies: Captain Gridley, "Bucko" Elliott, "Missionary" Wadham, "Hoofenskoofen," "Humpty Dumpty," Quack-Nut Ruhm, Heatherington, Dellyhanty, "Shorty" Evins, O'Brien, Fool Rogers, Henry Hudson, and a few other "spare articles," the loss of which is a great help to the social standing of the service.

With reference to the army, I am afraid that the division stationed at the Presidio will have to be recruited again before it will be visible to the naked eye.

The officers would mix up with the Parvenucracy of Pacific Heights and the Pacific Union Poker Club and

MR. JAMES WALDERE KIRK,

The King of Swell Dressers.

"A real gentleman never forgets that proper behavior and courtesy always add to the appearance of faultless attire."—Kirk.

the bum Bohemians, where they became thoroughly demoralized. But the navy boys had better sense.

The unmistakable genuineness of the storm-beaten veterans of the maritime division of our fighting forces, when placed side by side with the pitiful conceit of the brass-bound figureheads who appealed to the public to decide which arm a colonel should carry his overcoat on when he went calling, presented such a contrast that the deporting committee took charge of everything at the Presidio except the ordnance stores.

A certain Presidio officer in uniform at a respectable social gathering reminds one of a professional peacock procured to pose as a plaything for pretty little girls. And I don't mean "General" Graham, Lieutenant Davis, or Lieutenant Winston, either.

If the story that this officer receives a good deal of attention from females is true, it can be readily accounted for by the fact that "*new*" *women* are not as particular about how they bestow their affections as *ladies* are.

No one has a higher regard for female virtue than the mariners, and the reverse is true of some "soldiers," who appear to have a penchant for the wives of sailors, especially bleached blondes who live in hotels.

The mariner's respect for woman is based on the fact that she is all that he has to look forward to upon his return to port.

The soldier, whose life in times of peace and prosperity is spent in strutting around to the music of a brass band, to be admired by little girls and guyed by small boys, for which he vents his spleen on all who are so unfortunate as to be subject to his orders, is the very worst enemy to the peace and happiness of the absent sailor.

Ladies, don't be deceived by the uniformed "heroes"

whose smell of powder has been derived from the puffs that painted females use to embellish their wrinkled complexions with.

The Wounded Knee affair was an eye-opener for women who confided in those pretty birds.

"How about S. G. Murphy, President of First Irishonal Bank?" asks Mr. Clark Traphagan.*

Oh! he got shipped off with the first lot. You see he undertook to show that it was good form to invite a citizen to draw his money out of the "Sheeny Bank" and put it into the First Irishonal. He afterward failed to keep an agreement to notify the citizen of the arrival of a draft for one hundred dollars that was in dispute. During his spiteful efforts to discredit the citizen by misrepresenting him to newspaper reporters, the banker appropriated to his own use about eight thousand dollars of Mrs. Colton's money that was on deposit at the bank. He never was in the "Four Hundred," but of course the dumping committee took charge of that fellow.

"How about W. B. Cooke?"

Well, he didn't belong to the "Four Hundred," either, but he went with the classified fake society reporters and hangers-on, who hang around the saloons all the time. You see he held that it was good form to go to a dinner party in an intoxicated condition, and take his six foot five inch shadow, G. S. Mearns, along with him, when Mearns, who was also drunk, was not invited. The dumping gang scooped those two in along with Nosegrave, Hume, Bartlett, and a whole lot of other scavengers of that ilk.

*I met Mr. Traphagen first at Monterey, Cal., in January, 1892. In May, 1895, I had the pleasure of renewing his acquaintance, and visiting him at his home in Fordham, New York.

"Thank Heaven for that!" says Mr. Traphagen.

"Now tell us something about the 200,000 remaining citizens."

Certainly, with pleasure: they are all right, and as soon as they realize that they are entirely free from the daily annoyances of the 100,000 public nuisances they will be very happy.

Now we will get down to a common sense basis and speak of San Francisco's real social system as an example that older cities might do well to follow, up to date. Supposing the 100,000 public nuisances to have been duly exported, there certainly must be among the 200,000 law-abiding citizens at least 25,000 young people who are fond of dancing. In order that all of those young ladies and gentlemen may go to parties, and dance and have a good time once in a while, there should be 100 regularly organized clubs of 250 members each. Each member of each club should know and feel that he or she is just as good as any person in any of the other 99 clubs, and not one bit better. This feeling of patriotism should be thoroughly understood by all, but at the same time, it should not be flaunted too promiscuously. There should be no jealousy or rivalry, but on the contrary, all the clubs should harmonize.

It would be the easiest thing in the world for those 25,000 young persons to organize themselves into 100 clubs. There are several nice dancing clubs in San Francisco already. For examples, permit me to mention the *Entre Nous* (pronounced ahn-tray-noo) Cotillion; The Assembly Club; The Cotillion Club; The Club 400, and a new organization conducted under the cheerful name of "The Progressive Club." Then there is a new club just called the "Dancing Club," which I hear is a nice, quiet organization. It meets at the Palace Hotel.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Concerning the *personnel* of San Francisco's polite organizations, the *Entre Nous* Cotillion is conducted on a basis which has for its chief object the mutual pleasure and improvement of its members. It is, practically speaking, an up-to-date cotillion club.

That this club values its private individuality and family sociability more than it does the flattering praises of journalistic and literary admirers, is shown by the names of its members, who are of the good old reliable home-loving class which favors the advancement of real respectability, the foundation of polite society.

The following is a list of the *Entre Nous*' members :

Miss Alice M. Butler,
Miss Grace E. Bertz,
Miss Sarah E. Boyle,
Miss Clara Byington,
Miss Kate L. Byington,
Miss Sarah Bluxome,
Miss E. E. Cudworth,
Miss Mabelle Gilman,
Miss Nelye J. Giusti,
Miss Sadie E. Gould,
Miss Charlotte Gruenhagen,
Miss Albertia Gruenhagen,
Miss Emilie Herzer,
Miss Beatrice E. Hughes,
Miss Mae Hoesch,
Miss Marie Ibarra,
Miss Josephine E. Jourden,
Miss Elena King,
Miss Ala Keenan,
Miss Kate Kerrigan,
Mrs. Geo. F. Kincaid,
Miss Cassie Lampe,
Miss Jessie B. Lyon,
Miss Minnie Ludlow,
Miss Lotta Musto,
Miss Nella McCormick,
Miss Mattie McCormick,
Miss Julia Nevella,
Mrs. Geo. S. Nevin,
Miss Edna O'Brien,
Miss Nancy Place,
Miss Lida Platt,

North. *South.* *California.*

THE TRUTH ABOUT AMERICAN BEAUTY.

Representative types of home-loving native daughters of three distinct social centers.

Mrs. Frank L. Platt,
Miss Maude Rice,
Miss Camilla Redmond,
Miss Marie Sabatie,
Miss Kate L. Stanton,
Mrs. M. M. Stewart,
Miss Amy Teresi,
Miss Goldie Tobelmann,
Miss Jessie Taggart,
Miss Emma Umbsen,
Miss Eva Worth,
Miss Aimee Woodworth,
Miss Dollie Whelan,
Miss Leah S. Young.

THE GENTLEMEN MEMBERS ARE :

Alexander, Wallace,
Adams, George W.,
Anthes, Frank F.,
Austin, Lynn,
Bigelow, J. Edward,
Byington, Lewis F.,
Burns, Dr. John B.,
Bryant, Dr. E. R.,
Carrera, Edward G.,
Clement, Dr. Herbert,
Desmond, John H.,
Frazer, Dr. T. J.,
Fyfe, Ormiston B.,
Graham, George D.,
Gantner, J. Oscar,
Herzer, Herman H.,
Haight, Robert F.,
Hoag, O. H., Jr.,
Kelly, William,
Kase, Thomas K.,
Kerrigan, Frank H.,
Kincaid, George F.,
Lawton, Dr. Wm. P.,
Lovey, Louis W.,
Lyon, Walter S.,
Ludlow, James T.,
Lee, Eugene,
Mau, Arther H.,
Musto, Clarence,
Meussdorffer, Arthur H.,
Nunan, Robert G.,
Naylor, Arthur D.,
Nevin, George S.,
Nougues, Chas. J.,
Peters, Fred W.,
Phillips, L. Ernest,
Pixley, Will I.,
Platt, Dr. Frank L.,
Parks, Fred H.,
Robbins, James C.,
Roussy, Gaston,
Rigg, George A.,
Ross, T. Patterson,
Saxe, Harry A.,
Spalding, Chas. W.,
Umbsen, Henry P.,
Vogel, Edward J.,
Woolsey, Dr. Mark H.,
Wise, Dave W.,
Whitley, Henry A.

The directors are Mr. Sanford G. Lewald, Mr. Robert F. Haight, Mr. Charles W. Spalding, and Mr. O. B. Fyfe. To these young gentleman the club is largely indebted for its distinction of being the best organized cotillion in California.

The club which gives parties under the name of "The N. S. L. K. 10," is composed of active members of the *Entre Nous*.

The Assembly Club differs from the *Entre Nous* cotillion in that its membership is limited exclusively to the male sex. The gentlemen argue that this allows them the privilege of taking as many ladies to the dances as they can provide carriage accommodations and partners for; and it also facilitates the bringing out of *débutantes*, who were quite numerous at their last two functions which I had the pleasure of attending in the winter of '95.

The Assembly Club is composed of the following gentlemen:

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Mr. D. B. Crane, Mr. E. D. Conolley, Mr. E. C. Denigan, Mr. C. C. Moore, Mr. H. W. Spalding.

MEMBERS.

Bostwick, H. R.,
Briggs, A. A.,
Brown, J. A.,
Castelazo, Arthur,
Christie, J. A.,
Conolley, E. D.,
Cook, F. R.,
Crane, D. B.,
Day, H. L.,
Denigan, E. C.,
Elliot, W. E.,
Greenlee, F. S.,
Hecker, J. G.,
Hoag, O. A., Jr.,
Hockett, E.,
Lang, A.,
Martin, F. M.,
Melrose, C. K.,
Moore, C. C.,
Newman, G. H.,

MR. CHARLES EDWARD BLAIR,
Of Pennsylvania.
A type of the American Gentleman in private life.

Parsons, J. A.,
Rigg, G. A.,
Robinson, N. A.,
Rue, H. R.,
Runyon, F. W.,
Schlingheyde, C. E.,
Spalding, H. W.,
Sprague, P. T.,
Stevens, J. W.,
Sturdivant, B. B.,
Thornton, A. C.,
Toepke, W. H.,
Watters, T. C.,
Willis, Edward.

The Club "400" was evidently christened under that name in a spirit of sarcastic humor, for there is nothing about the membership to indicate any symptoms of the pitiable, bombastic ludicrousness which is so abundant in another so-called "four hundred" in which social standing is based on the pay-as-you-enter system.

The directors of the common sense Club "400" are: O. A. Harker, V. E. Matthews, J. Proctor Whitney, C. L. Mitchell, Lancelot H. Smith, E. P. Hulme, and C. E. L. Hildebrecht.

The Cotillion Club, which gave the Charity Ball at the Palace Hotel in January, 1895, was organized by Dr. J. F. Twist, assisted by Mr. B. Frank Priest and Dr. H. B. Soltan. These gentlemen deserve great credit for the manner in which they work to get up cotillions merely to facilitate the innocent pleasure that young ladies and gentlemen find in well conducted dancing parties.

Who says that such parties are not beneficial to polite society echoes sentiments which savor strongly of ignorance, jealousy, vindictiveness, or fanaticism, or all.

Preachers who denounce dancing and the little innocent amusement that it affords are just as much in error as infidels who denounce Christianity.

Those who took active parts in the arrangements of the cotillions of this club last winter were: Dr. J. F. Twist,

Mr. Eugene A. Mantell, Mr. B. Frank Priest, Dr. H. B. Soltan, Mr. W. E. Jackson, Mr. J. A. Christie, Mr. Will E. Fisher, Mr. J. T. Ludlow, Dr. R. L. Sutherland, Mr. J. C. Bateman, Mr. M. C. Bateman, Dr. G. S. Backman, Mr. C. T. Ryland, Jr., Lieutenant Frank A. Brooks, Lieutenant T. S. Phelps, Jr., Mr. E. N. Atwood, Mr. Charles W. Spalding, Mr. J. S. Hawkins, Mr. Charles Hilton, Mr. W. T. Baggett, Dr. T. A. Rotanzi, Mr. Frank E. Webb, Mr. H. B. Holmgren, Dr. W. P. Agnews, Hon. H. E. Highton, Mr. J. Shucking.

That the above mentioned gentlemen and all the rest of the club are far above anything like petty, social jealousy is shown by the fact that they extend invitations to the leading members of all the respectable cotillion clubs in the city to participate in their functions.

That this newly aroused sentiment of sociability is appreciated is shown by the fact that there were more dances last winter participated in by representatives of all the different clubs—which are clubs at all—than ever before known in the city.

This is the true spirit. All the nice clubs should always be on friendly terms. When honored citizens such as the president, or the great admirals or generals, visit you, give them receptions that they should remember as a credit to the social system of the city or community.

One feature of the dancing party which is growing more and more conspicuous by its absence is the irrepressible fake society reporter.

The managers of cotillion parties have found it not only advisable, but necessary to the comfort and pleasure of dancers, to suppress those news scavengers, as Tom Flynn of the *Wasp* calls them. They are not journalists at all, and it is the hope of all real journalists that the present generation will live to see the extermination of all

such poor, puny, pitiable, persistent parasites as W. B. Cooke, J. O'Hara Nosegrave, Hugh Hume, Little Birdie Irving, Charlie Nosegrave, E. M. Greenway, and all of that worse than useless tribe of professional toadies. Not one of those toadies is above receiving "tips" for special mentions.

There are some organizations which are rarely men-

An Honest Lawyer.

tioned in the "society columns" contributed to by the fakirs or scavenger reporters. Among those may be mentioned the Western Addition Literary Club; the Native Sons of Vermont, and the various parlors of the Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West. Nearly all of those organizations give monthly dances or entertainments of some kind; often for charitable purposes, but never to assist in the facilitation of society column snobbery. They leave that to the non-producing element—the Parvenucracy.

Then there are several little dancing clubs conducted on the fifty cent admission or "hat check" basis, and

devoted to the interests of good citizens who do not feel able to subscribe to the five or ten dollar cotillions. Nevertheless, those dances seem to be enjoyed by their participants, even if they are less pretentious than the frequenters of Santa Cruz, San José, Del Monte, San Mateo, Castle Crags, and Coronado.

Because a person happens to be poor, that is no reason why he should be denied the privilege of dancing, provided he does not step all over people and bump into everybody, and walk on ladies' dresses. There is no excuse for such conduct in a man who has social aspirations. Such social impediments may be overcome at Mr. W. W. Anderson's dancing academy, and also at Mr. Lunt's. Any man who wants to do right should be encouraged rather than abused.

And then again I see no reason why a man should be looked down upon by soulless society leaders simply because he did not marry a lady member of one of the cotillion clubs.

Everyone is not fortunate enough to get a belle of the *Entre Nous*, by any means, because there are not enough to go around.

What of it if a big millionaire member of the Parvenucracy *did* see fit to retain the unpretentious girl that he married before he got rich? It is nobody's business but his own; and why is it that they always ridicule a fellow like that for marrying the only girl who would have him? I mean Mr. Con. O'Connor. I heard so many unkind remarks about this gentleman that I actually felt sorry for him, and went and looked up some references to defend him with.

I found that his enemies had a very strong case against him, and that they based their opinions on facts. Although facts are hard to overcome, I propose to show

MR. EUGENE A. MANTELL,
The popular and talented young designer.
One of the best-dressed real gentlemen in America.

by those very facts, which his enemies have been prodding him in the neck with, that he (Mr. O'Connor) is civilized, or at least that he *was* civilized when he got married. Here is what Owen Meredith has to say on a similar subject:

> "We may live without poetry, music, and art;
> We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
> We may live without friends, and live without books;
> But civilized man cannot live without cooks."

I would advise all of those heartless creatures who criticise Mr. O'Connor's "domestic" affairs to paste a copy of the above in their hats, and leave the gentleman alone. What would you have him do, anyway? Would you have him eat his food raw?

You lucky rascals who marry stylish belles of the Assembly, the *Entre Nous*, the "400," or the Cotillion Club, should give Mr. O'Connor a chance to breathe, if nothing more. In my social observations I have come to regard unjust criticisms of the kind bestowed upon Mr. O'Connor in the light of poisoning your house rats: You kill the rats, 'tis true, but you raise a deuced foul odor.

Concerning the very latest and most approved methods for organizing cotillion clubs, the most successful organizers are the least pretentious. They say that it is no trouble at all to get up a subscription party or ball, provided you go about it properly.

Every young lady who goes into society at all must have some friends.

Almost any ten young ladies, assisted by ten young gentlemen to do the heavy work, can organize a club in any law-respecting community where they have any standing. All that they have to do is simply to form their

committees and circulate the report that a dancing club is being organized, and the members will come in fast enough if they are invited. But you must not freeze them out by making the subscription too high.

High priced affairs are all right for the Parvenucracy: gamblers, saloon keepers, and railroad octopuses make their money easily, and can afford to pay their leader large commissions, but decent people cannot.

For further information on this subject consult any respectable cotillion leader who has sense enough to know that you can't get all the nice dancing people in a big city into one dance hall.

Good San Francisco authorities to consult are Mr. Eugene A. Mantell, Mr. Robert F. Haight, Mr. Sanford G. Lewald, Mr. Charles W. Spalding, Mr. James B. Stokes, Mr. Edward G. Carrera, Mr. James A. Christie, Mr. Harvy B. Holmgren, Mr. B. Frank Priest, and Mr. Hall McAllister, a nephew of the late Ward McAllister.

Apropos of Mr. Ward McAllister, I believe that he had the misfortune to have been misunderstood by the public at large. In organizing his "Four Hundred" he evidently limited its membership to correspond with the dancing capacity of his favorite ballroom.

That he desired to set a good example for other ambitious leaders to follow was natural to a jolly good-natured man like Ward. That the public declined to fall into his way of thinking was also quite natural, as well as proper.

The better elements of American society have never, since the year of 1776, approved of the extension of foreign aristocracy to these shores, and that which is still more encouraging to the descendants of the F. F. V.'s is that they never will. But poor old Ward McAllister lived and danced his life away, clinging to the absurd idea that it was all right for such adventurers as Andre

THE HOODLUM SWELL AND SOCIAL DICTATOR.

"He wears a black necktie, sticks a black handkerchief in his 'vest,' blows a tin whistle, and his word is South-of-Market law as far down the road as Butchertown."—*Tar Flat Free Dump* (J. Power, Editor).

Poniatowski, or Pony-of-whisky, to come over here and marry Parvenuesses for their dollars.

Mr. McAllister evidently believed that the infusion of foreign titled blood into the steam beer blood of California Parvenucracy would improve the latter. Having lived out among those old saloon-keepers, Mr. McAllister was willing that almost any experiment that would tend to civilize their descendants should be tried. But careful intelligent observations of the disastrous failures of these experiments, as shown by the Mackay-Collonna transaction, the Prentiss-Huntington-Hatsfeldt international disgrace, and the latest nauseating transactions between Miss Gould and Count de Castellaine, all go to strengthen the belief that when noble blood becomes so diluted as to sell itself for money taken in over the counters of grogshops and stock-boards, it has ceased to be noble at all.

All Americans desiring information on how to conduct a dancing club composed of the representative members of the saloon keeper, gambling house keeper, and sporty elements of society should call upon Mr. E. M. Greenway, who is also prepared to give advice on how to malign all social clubs in the city whose members refuse to acknowledge him as anything more than a fake society reporter.

When the defunct *Nos Ostros* Cotillion Club was in existence, Mr. Greenway used to refer to it as the *Nos Ass-tros* Club, just because Messrs. Frank E. Webb, Charlie Nosegrave, A. L. Dodge, and Harry Wilber belonged to it. There is no reason why a man should hesitate about expressing his opinions of individuals, provided he is prepared to substantiate those opinions with facts as Mr. Greenway was, but it was very unkind of Ned to give a club such a name as that just in order to describe a few of its would-be leaders—like himself.

A few simple rules on arranging parties will, if observed, insure success and a good time :

Form your committees and get out your invitations on plain white paper. Do not have any vulgar embossing on the invitation, but have it engraved in neat script.

Do not put anything about dress on the invitation unless it is a military affair, because every man fit to be invited to a dance ought to have sense enough to know that gentlemen always wear evening dress to dances.*

Those who don't know that much are liable to be ignorant of other important rules of good form.

Ladies are always up to date in the matter of dress, and need no male advice on that subject further than a quiet gentle hint that it does not sound nicely to masculine ears to hear ladies criticising one another's gowns at cotillions or anywhere else.

One peculiar thing is that the most charming and the prettiest dressed ladies generally are made the victims and targets of the most cruel and uncalled-for insinuations of other ladies, who, by reason of the fact that they are permitted to sit and look on while the more fortunate ones dance, are enabled to adjust their green *lorgnettes* and look for imaginary defects, and, failing to find any, add more venom to their disappointed criticisms.

This is a failing that is particularly noticeable in females who are no longer attractive.

One well known example will serve as a description suitable for this class. An extremely uncouth old woman

* In all parts of the civilized world except California, the term "Evening Dress" means "swallow-tailed" or "claw-hammer" coats for gentlemen. Some San Francisco society leaders insist on saying "Full Dress," which is absurd. That term applies only to the military, and to societies that wear military uniforms.

THE HOODLUM SWELL AT A WASHINGTON STREET RECEPTION;
or, The Ass in the Lion's Skin.

"There ain't no salt ner pepper on this table, see?" said the South-of-Market swell of tin whistle "fame."

who keeps a "fashionable family boarding house" on Pine Street, almost under the shadow of the Hopkins Mansion, which is on the next street a little further up on Snob Hill, has a penchant for posing as a professional chaperon, in order to gain admission to functions where she is not wanted.

At a large naval reception that I attended at Mare Island, this ludicrous old creature "chaperoned" no less than four young ladies, who were guests at her boarding house.

Gentlemen were less abundant than ladies at this function, and the floor committee had its hands full trying to see that all the young ladies got some dances.

I saw a young naval lieutenant take one of his brother officers up to introduce him to this quartette, on whose invitation the professional "chaperon" had crept in, when, much to the young officer's astonishment, the fat old chaperon got up and took his arm, pretending to think that the introduction was intended for her.

The gentleman had a pretty hard time getting rid of his undesirable partner, who held on to him in order to tell him that a certain lady, who subsequently turned out to be his *fiancée*, was dressed like a servant girl. The young man then took Mme. Family Boarding House de Veller Blister back to her seat. The four young ladies never got a dance during the evening for the reason that no one else would venture up for an introduction for fear of being victimized by the chaperon.

Mothers should be careful about how they trust their daughters out with professional chaperons, and especially those who are addicted to the habit of drinking and gambling, as the one in question was, and still is.

Here are some good forms for invitations, which

should never be sent to ineligible persons or professional society parasites, but should be addressed in such a way that only the invited guests may obtain admission on them :

The Admiral, the Captain and Officers of
the U. S. S. *Mohican* request the pleasure of your company Aboard Ship,
Tuesday evening, January twenty-fourth,
at eight o'clock.

Another good form is :

The N. S. L. K. 10.
At Home,
Friday Evening, April 19, 1895,
at half past eight o'clock.
Beethoven Hall,
N. E. Cor. Post and Powell Streets.
Hotel Savoy Building.

Here is another :

The Cotillion Club requests the honor of
Governor and Mrs. James H. Budd's company
at the Charity Ball,
in aid of the Children's Hospital Fund,
at the Palace Hotel, Monday Evening, January 7, 1895.
Please answer and present this invitation for admission cards to
the committee,
or at the office of the Palace Hotel.

If it is intended that invited guests may keep their invitations as souvenirs of the function, small cards, with the name of your club engraved thereon, should be enclosed with the engraved invitations.

THE FEMALE "FRUIT-PICKER" AT THE ADMIRAL'S RECEPTION.

"Much to the young officer's astonishment, the fat old chaperon got up and took his arm, pretending to think that the introduction was intended for her."—*Mare Island Society News.*

Here is a neat form for an admission card :

THE ASSEMBLY
Golden Gate Hall, 625 Sutter Street,
Tuesday Evening, December 20, 1894, 8:45.
Admit *Mr. L. Ernst Phillips* and Lady.
(Signed) *J. A. Christie,* Member.
Not transferable.

Here is another form for admission cards:

THE MONDAY EVENING CLUB.
Palace Hotel, Feb. 6, 1893, 8:30 to 12.
Admit *Lieutenant and Mrs. D. L. Wilson, U. S. N.*
Issued at the request of *L. E. Phillips.*
Please present at Reception Room door.

. . . . . .

Students generally request your presence about as follows :

THE YOUNG MEN
OF
CHAMBERLAIN-HUNT ACADEMY
Request your presence at a Dance to be given at Odd Fellows' Hall, Port Gibson, Miss.,
Tuesday Evening, June 19th, 1894.

Enclosed with the above invitation was a little card which read, "Please present at the door." Then there were enclosed two other little cards on which were written :

Compliments of Misses Jennie and Mary Kate Sevier.

. . . . . .

Ten dances are quite enough to have between 8:30 and 12 o'clock.

Those should be arranged on a very plain white card with the name of your club or organization and date, and

where the affair is to be danced, on one side, and the list of dances on the other. Such as the following :

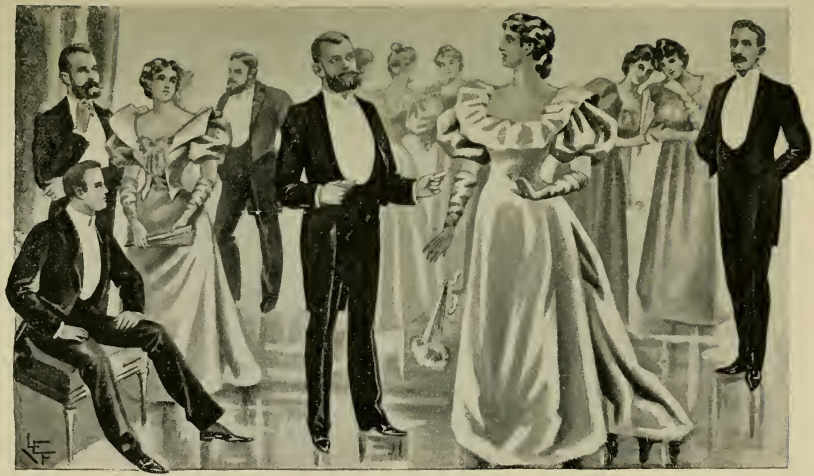
	ENGAGEMENTS.
THE N. S. L. K. 10 LUNT'S HALL, *Tuesday Evening* *February 5,* *1895.*	1. Waltz..... Miss Gould, 2. Lancers..... Miss Wooll, 3. Schottische..... Miss Loomis, 4. Polka (5-step) ... Miss Teresi, 5. Waltz..... Miss Fritchie, 6. Deux Temps..... Miss Taylor, 7. Schottische..... Miss McElroy, 8. Polka..... Miss McEwen, 9. Waltz..... Miss Gruenhagen, 10. Spanish Waltz..... Miss Collison.

If the dance or entertainment is to be given in honor of someone, the name of the guest of honor should invariable be engraved on the invitations and the programmes as well.

Here is a form :

THE YOUNG MEN OF HARRISTON,
request the honor of the company of
Doctor and Mrs. J. W. Davenport,
at a farewell dance to be given
in honor of Mrs. Robert L. Montgomery,
on Monday, May 7th, 1894, at 8:30 P. M.
Ladies reception room,
the Pioneer Hotel.

. . . . .

For a large naval reception that I attended, the invitation read :

STRICTLY OUT OF HIS ELEMENT.

Nat T. Coulson, "Dentist," distributing his business cards among the ladies at a Palace Hotel dance, January, 1893. (Coulson belongs to the Union League Club, San Francisco.)

THE OFFICERS OF MARE ISLAND NAVY YARD,
and of the Ships in Port,
request the pleasure of your company
at a Farewell Reception
to be given
Rear Admiral JOHN IRWIN, U. S. N.,
At the Sail Loft, April 19, 1893,
Dancing. 8:30 P. M.

. . . . .

At very large functions of this kind, which only happen once in a great while, dancing is generally kept up until daybreak. But it is not customary at ordinary functions to dance after supper, which is generally announced at midnight.

Before leaving the patient reader who has followed me through my long voyages in the great social sea and back to the quiet life of a literary man in New York City,—the national center of wealth, fashion, and poverty,—a few hints to ambitious society leaders may not be out of place. So I will now add a few suggestions which will be found useful to have about the house in any climate.

Since those hints have been deduced from information obtained from the leading society men of America, it might be well for the reader to remember some if not all of them :

A fondness for nice social gatherings is an excellent sign in young persons who are well-bred. It shows matrimonial inclinations.

You cannot conduct a social organization on a money making basis with any degree of real pleasure to its members. Business and pleasure will not combine in a dancing party. "Dentist" N. T. Coulson proved that at a Palace Hotel dance in 1893.

Persons who object to marriage, and try to prevent

other persons of naturally good inclinations from marrying, should be classed as murderers. They would murder the goddess of natural love.

Elderly men who pose as "adopted fathers" are sometimes more unreasonable than crazy parents.

Persons who appropriate cloaks, hats, shoes, handkerchiefs, and other wearing apparel, and run off with the horses and buggies of other guests at social gatherings, should be considered as robbers, burglars, thieves, and pickpockets.

Persons who get more invitations than they should have, and sell the surplus ones to their friends, and then forget to pay their subscriptions, should be classed as bums and tramps.

Persons who go to dances under the influence of liquor, and who keep running out between the dances and coming back among the ladies with a disgusting odor of beer, whisky, cloves, and cinnamon bark about their foul mouths, are now regarded as common drunks, toughs, and hoodlums, and are being treated accordingly in making up invitation lists.

Persons who are known to be runners for wine houses, and who claim that it is good form to have wine at cotillions and bad form to buy it from anybody except themselves, are now being looked upon the same as saloonkeepers, and are being relegated to tenderloindom, where they belong.

Persons who have not the force of character to quit drinking when they are full enough, should always take more solids than liquids.

Dentists and doctors who distribute their business cards at cotillions, and send up cards with their business addresses on them when they call upon ladies, are now regarded as quacks.

MR. MANTELL'S ADVICE TO POLITE SOCIETY.

"Bear in mind, gentlemen, that you should always take more solids than liquids," said Eugene, to O. A. Bernard, M. M. Estee, and S. M. Shortridge.

Lawyers who do similar things are looked upon as shysters.

Persons who are always finding fault with cotillion managers who do their best to please all, should be classed as social anarchists.

Persons who insist on making speeches at the table

Mr. Silas C. Wright. No relation to the "Fruit-picker."

when nobody wants to listen to them, and then get upon the music stand and announce some fake party that nobody would care to attend, should be regarded as society fakirs.

Treasurers of charity balls and entertainments who fail to account for the receipts, and then take the admission tickets which the guests deposited at the door and mark "Complimentary" on those which were paid for, and admit waiters, pawn-brokers, and others at reduced rates, and then try to lay the blame on innocent people,

should be classed as society ballot-box stuffers, and should be kicked out bodily.

Married people who object to children on the absurd idea that the world is already over-populated should learn that there always was and always will be plenty of room on this planet for properly bred children of both sexes.

Persons who ignore their marriage vows are worthy of the confidence of no one who considers an oath binding.

Young men who liquidate their board bills at fashionable boarding houses with the proceeds of private poker games, to which they invite chance acquaintances whom they meet at social gatherings, are being classed as "fruit-pickers."

Women who pose as chaperons in order to get into society to entice young men into their "family boarding houses" to be victimized are called "female fruit-pickers."

Self-elected leaders and dictators of so-called social clubs who claim that a little money and a few fake notices in the third-rate papers give high social standing to all the saloon keepers, gamblers, sports, and prize-fighters who attend their money-making "functions," should be relegated without unnecessary delay to the ranks of "colored society."

THE END.

THE OUTLOOK IN PARVENUCRACY FOR 1900.

Af-ter the ball is o-ver ;
Af-ter the truth we see ;
Greeny and Birdie in clo-ver,
Some-thing like this, will b-e-e.